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Routledge's British Poets.

SOUTHEY'S

MINOR POEMS, BALLADS, & JOAN OF ARC.

MINOR POEMS, BALLADS,

AND

JOAN OF ARC.

By ROBERT SOUTHEY,

AUTHOR OF

"THALABA," "CURSE OF KEHAMA," ETC. ETC.

With Illustrations by John Gilbert.

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DEDICATORY SONNET

TO

HIS WIFE.

With way-worn feet, a pilgrim woe-begone,
Life's upward road I journeyed many a day,
And hymning many a sad yet soothing lay
Beguiled my wandering with the charms of song.
Lonely my heart, and rugged was my way,
Yet often plucked I, as I passed along,
The wild and simple flowers of Poesy;
And as beseemed the wayward Fancy's child,
Entwined each ramdom weed that pleased mine eye.
Accept the wreath, Beloved! it is wild
And rudely garlanded; yet scorn not thou
The humble offering, where the sad rue weaves
'Mid gayer flowers its intermingled leaves,
And I have twined the myrtle for thy brow.

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SOUTHEY.

It has been well said, "that the Life of ROBERT SOUTHEY is a picture the very first sight of which elicits boundless satisfaction; frequent and very close inspection qualifies delight; a last and parting look would seem to justify the early admiration."

Robert Southey was born on the 12th of August, 1774; through both his parents he descended from respectable families of the county of Somerset. His father was in business as a linendraper in Bristol, but though a man of the highest integrity, was unsuccessful in trade; and the care of young Southey in his childhood was undertaken by his mother's maiden aunt, Miss Tyler. Of this lady, Southey, in his Autobiography, has drawn a very speaking portrait. She appears to have had a great passion for theatres and actors, and as the Bristol stage was frequently honoured by visits of the great actors of the day, they became visitors at Miss Tyler's, and at those times her appearance and manners were those of the well-bred lady; but at other times she lived in her kitchen, and her attire was literally rags. But ragged as she might be, yet her notions of uncleanness were rigid in the extreme: a chair used by one she thought an unclean person was sent to the garden to be aired; and on one occasion, a man who had *called on business, and* had the temerity to seat

himself in the lady's own chair, threw her into a paroxysm of wild distress and despair; and Southey tells us that she once buried a cup for six weeks in order to purify it from the lips of some one (no favourite, we suppose) who was considered dirty. With this oddity Southey lived till his sixth or seventh year, and to keep him from contact with dirt, he was not permitted to have playmates, nor to make any noise that might disturb the old lady. He had no propensity for boyish sports. However, as soon as he could read, he was furnished with the *History of the Seven Champions of England*, *Goody Two-shoes*, and much more such delectable literature for children, all which was splendidly bound in the flowered and gilt Dutch paper of former days. Trivial as this kind of reading may now appear, it laid the foundation of a love of books which grew with the child's growth and ceased not in age. As the boy accompanied his aunt before he was seven years old, he had been to the theatre more frequently than from the age of twenty till the day of his death. This familiarity with the drama of course directed his reading, so that by the time he was eight years old, he had read through Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher; and at nine he set about a tragedy, the subject of which was the Continence of Scipio. He had in the meantime been sent to a small day-school in Bristol, and afterwards removed to another at Corstone, near Bath. So ardent was his pursuit of knowledge, that at thirteen he had mastered Spenser, and, through translations, Tasso and Ariosto, and become acquainted with Ovid and Homer, besides all the light literature of the day that came in his way. In 1787, when in his fourteenth year, Southey was sent to Westminster School, where he remained four years, when he

was dismissed for contributing a sarcastic article on corporal punishment to a publication the boys had set on foot. In 1792 he returned to Bristol, having formed some most enduring friendships at Westminster: one was a Mr. Grosvenor Bedford, and another Mr. C. W. Wynn. By the latter an annuity of 160*l.* was for many years generously allowed Southey—in fact, until provision was made for him by the government. His father died shortly after he had left Westminster, ruined and broken-hearted.

The kindness of a maternal uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, supplied his father's place, and provided for entering him at Baliol College, Oxford, where he proceeded in 1793; it was his uncle's wish he should go into the church, but Southey had no religious opinions to justify this:—he, however, was assiduous in his studies, and at first turned his attention to medicine, but the dissecting-room turned his stomach from that direction. At Easter, 1794, Coleridge, who had just abandoned Cambridge, came on a visit to Oxford, where his fame for extraordinary powers of conversation and his stupendous talents had preceded him. He was visited by the young Oxonians, more particularly those who were admirers of the French revolution, and among them the author of the Satire on corporal punishment, who had gone to Oxford an honest republican. These young and ardent lovers of liberty formed a society among themselves, mutually addressing each other by the title of *Citizen*, and set up a club to debate questions, meeting at each other's rooms. This jacobinical assembly created great alarm among the heads of the university, and the more so, as the exemplary moral conduct of the members prevented notice being taken of their proceedings. *Southey soon after* abandoned his studies at the

university, and joined Coleridge at Bristol. The result of this intimacy was the suggestion of a wild scheme for the regeneration of society. In conjunction with Robert Lovell a young quaker, Robert Allen, George Burnett, and some few others, they formed a plan—worthy of Robert Owen—to establish a pantisocratical society on the banks of the Ohio, and there in the New World establish a community on a thoroughly social basis. The intended colonists were all to marry, and as Southey had become acquainted with a family of the name of Fricker, in which there were three daughters of a marriageable age, it was proposed that Lovell should be united to the elder, that Coleridge should marry Sara, and Southey Edith. The ladies were to cook and perform all household work, and the men cultivate the land, everything being in common; but as money—that huge evil, as Southey calls it—was needed, Lovell engaged to supply it. In this *poetical* paradise they were to live without either kings or priests, or any of the other evils of the Old World society, and to renew the patriarchal or golden age. However, Lovell's death shortly afterwards put an end to this grand scheme, which died where it was born—in the heads of its concoctors. Miss Tyler, when she became acquainted with her nephew's intended marriage and his socialist opinions, shut the door in his face, and never opened it to him again.

In 1795 was published a post 8vo volume of 125 pages: "Poems; containing The Retrospect, Odes, Sonnets, Elegies, &c. By Robert Lovell, and Robert Southey, of Baliol College, Oxford. Printed by R. Cruttwell, Bath." At the end of the preface there is a note: the signature of *Bion* distinguishes the pieces of R. Southey; *Moschus*, R. *Lovell.*

Southey, Coleridge, and Burnett lived together with great simplicity in Bristol, in 1795, and to obtain means for existence, they started as public lecturers, Southey on History, and Coleridge on Politics and Ethics; the lectures are said to have been well attended. Southey had two years before written *Joan of Arc*, an epic of considerable length, but had not means to get it printed. He however became acquainted with Joseph Cottle, a bookseller in Bristol, who, to his praise be it recorded, not only assisted Coleridge with money, but offered fifty guineas for *Joan of Arc*, and fifty copies for the author's subscribers. *Joan of Arc* was published in 1796; "a work," says Mr. Hazlitt, "in which the love of liberty is inhaled like the breath of Spring, mild, balmy, heaven-born—that is, full of fears, and virgin-sighs, and yearnings of affection after truth and good, gushing warm and crimsoned from the heart."

Soon after the sale of the copyright of his poems, Southey's uncle, the Rev. Mr. Hill, who held the appointment of a chaplain in Portugal, arrived in England. He found his nephew with but little belief in revealed religion, and with political sentiments of the wildest order. Acting the part of a father, Mr. Hill proposed a visit to Portugal, to wean him from what was supposed to be an imprudent attachment; and to gratify his mother, who urged the removal, Southey consented, but on the morning of the day of his departure, he was married to Edith Fricker. They parted immediately after the ceremony, and the wife retired, wearing her wedding-ring attached to a ribbon round her neck. After a stay of six months in Lisbon, Southey returned, and, accompanied by his wife, went to London, and entered himself a student at Gray's Inn, to begin *the study of the law*, by the wish of his uncle, who

had agreed to furnish the required funds. After a year's torture, Southey gave up this—to him—irksome toil. He had become an occasional contributor to the *Monthly Magazine*, and in conjunction with Charles Lamb, Humphrey Davy, Taylor of Norwich, and Coleridge, he published two volumes of poetry, under the title of *The Annual Anthology*. In 1800-1 he again visited Portugal for the benefit of his health, accompanied by his wife; and on his return at the latter end of 1801, through the interest of, we believe, Sir James Macintosh, he obtained the appointment of Private Secretary to the then Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, with a salary of 400*l.* a year. On his arrival in Dublin, he not only found that in his office he had nothing to do, but that the minister was so sensible of the fact, that he proposed that Southey should undertake the tuition of his son. This proposition Southey manfully rejected, and threw up his appointment a few months after. He returned to Bristol, and ere long obtained a connexion with Messrs. Longman and Rees, producing the romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, from a Spanish version, and his metrical romance of *Thalaba the Destroyer*. At this time, while struggling for himself, he learnt the forlorn condition of Mrs. Newton, sister of the unfortunate Chatterton, and to aid her, he, in conjunction with Mr. Cottle, undertook to publish by subscription a complete edition of Chatterton's writings, and they were enabled by this means to hand over 300*l.* to the family. He had now settled himself at Greta, in Cumberland, where he resided to the end of his life: and here he afforded an asylum for his wife's sister, Mrs. Lovell, and her child, who had been left without the slightest provision; and the wife and children of Coleridge, whom he had in a wayward mood

deserted, were saved much of the knowledge of their hardships by finding a home in the Sanctuary of Robert Southey. His life exhibits many traits of his sympathy for misfortune; for in 1811, when William Taylor fell into distress, he offered to contribute a yearly 10*l.*, and the same thing he did for John Morgan; and in 1821 he directs his friend Bedford to transfer to Mr. May, who had in early life rendered Southey substantial service, 625*l.*, in the 3 per cents,—his whole savings,—and wishes it was more. When mentioning these circumstances, an able writer in the leading journal of our time says,—"If biography be not utterly worthless, these illustrations of Southey's character have an inestimable value. Look at him, pen in hand, the indefatigable day labourer in his literary seclusion, with no inheritance but his vigorous intellect, no revenue but such as his well-stored mind and matchless industry can furnish, perfect in the manifold relation of husband, brother, father, friend, and by his chosen labours delighting and instructing the world, as well as ministering to the daily happiness of his needy circle,—Look, we say, and confess that heroism is here which conquerors might envy."

To another young and ardent poet—poor Henry Kirke White, whose volume had been most unmercifully attacked in a Review, Southey offered his kind assistance, and White's early death enabled him to prove his sympathy in collecting the scattered fragments, and in a memoir vindicated his title to genius. In fact, Southey's correspondence exhibits numerous instances of his kind-heartedness to all young aspirants for literary fame.

After he had fairly settled himself down amongst the mountains, he set to work for the booksellers, and what *with prose and verse, the* result of his labours was really

marvellous. In 1806, he was at the same time engaged in writing *The History of Portugal*, *Espriella's Letters*, *The Chronicle of the Cid*, and *The Curse of Kehema*. When writing to his friend, Mr. Bedford, communicating the tasks he had undertaken, he says, "I tell you I can't afford to do one thing at a time; no, nor two neither; and it's only by doing many things I continue to do as much; for I cannot work long at anything without hurting myself, and I do everything by heats; then by the time I am tired of one my inclination for another is at hand." Whether his works succeeded or failed it was all the same; his courage or perseverance never deserted him. He religiously believed future generations would recognise his talents, and he continued his almost gigantic epics.

In 1807 he produced *Specimens of the later English Poets*, and *Palmerin of England*, a translation from the Portuguese; and we learn that in the same year he had a proposal from Walter Scott to contribute to the *Edinburgh Review*. But Southey had some time before abandoned his democratic creed and taken up one diametrically opposite, and for the remainder of his life he became a most uncompromising monarchist, and in his political opinions an extreme conservative. In his answer to Scott, Southey says, "To Jeffery, as an individual, I shall ever be ready to show individual courtesy, but of Judge Jeffery of the *Edinburgh Review*, I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust." Scott, who was one of Southey's most sincere friends, knowing the large claims on his income, through Canning, had an opportunity of offering Southey some appointment worth 300*l.* a-year, but that, as well as another of a professor at one of the

universities, was declined. Southey had at this time a government pension of 160*l.* a-year, for literary services; but a more certain income was opened to him, in the well-paid remuneration provided by the *Quarterly Review*, which was set on foot, chiefly at his instigation.

In 1813, on the death of Mr. Pye, the offer of the appointment of Poet Laureate was made to Scott, but was by him declined; at the same time he recommended Southey as the most competent, therefore upon Southey it was conferred.

For the remainder of his life the labour of Southey was incessant, and by degrees the happiness of his home was flying away. First, he loses one child, of whom he was "foolishly fond;" then another—his daughter marries, and his "best days are over;" and at last, his wife, Edith, who had for forty years been the light of his life, was placed in a lunatic asylum. Upon this latter event, writing to his friend, Grosvenor Bedford, he says, "God, who has visited me with this affliction, has given me strength to bear it, and will, I know, support me to the end, whatever that may be. . . . Mine is a strong heart. I will not say the last week has been the most trying of my life, but I will say that the heart which could bear it can bear anything."

While suffering under this trying affliction, the offer of a baronetcy was made him by Sir Robert Peel, then First Lord of the Treasury; and at the same time a private letter, requesting Southey to tell him (Sir R. Peel) frankly how the minister could serve him. Southey, declining the proffered distinction, replied by a clear statement of his position: Sir Robert, without loss of time, attached his name to a warrant, adding 300*l.* per annum to Southey's income.

In 1837, his beloved wife, Edith, who had returned to her home, died in a pitiable state, after three years' affliction. After the death of his wife he became an altered man. He says, "There is no one to partake with me the recollections of the best and happiest portion of my life; and for that reason, were there no other, such recollections must henceforth be purely painful, except when I connect them with the prospects of futurity." To divert his mind, his friends proposed a continental journey, which took place in 1838. On the 5th of June, 1839, he was married a second time to Miss Caroline Anne Bowles, a lady long well known in the literary world, as the author of "Ellen Fitz-Arthur, and other Poems," "Chapters in Churchyards," &c.; Southey being then in his sixty-fifth year.

Southey never recovered the loss of his wife Edith, and his friends could see that the vigour of his faculties was evidently now gone, and his melancholy decline became rapidly progressive: forty-five years' incessant literary toil had done its work—the candle was burnt to the socket—the brain was worn out. For the last year of his life it was an utter blank. He died on the 21st of March, 1843, and was buried in Crossthwaite churchyard, where lie his beloved Edith and some children that preceded him.

We have seen that in 1806 Southey had begun his *History of Portugal*, and his correspondence frequently mentions the progress of this achievement; every spare moment from work of the moment was devoted to this cherished object, from which he always expected permanent profit; he laboured at it to the last, and it was left unfinished.

PREFACE.

THE history of *Joan of Arc* is one of those problems that render investigation fruitless. That she believed herself inspired, few will deny; that she was inspired, no one will venture to assert; and who can believe that she was herself imposed on by Charles and Dunois? That she discovered the king when he disguised himself among the courtiers to deceive her, and that, as a proof of her mission, she demanded a sword from a tomb in the church of St. Catharine, are facts in which all historians agree. If this had been done by collusion, the maid must have known herself an impostor, and with that knowledge could not have performed the enterprise she undertook. Enthusiasm, and that of no common kind, was necessary, to enable a young maiden at once to assume the profession of arms, to lead her troops to battle, to fight among the foremost, and to subdue with an inferior force an enemy then believed invincible. It is not possible that one who felt herself the puppet of a party, could have performed these things. The artifices of a court could not have persuaded her that she discovered Charles in disguise; nor could they have prompted her to demand the sword which they might have hidden, without discovering the deceit. The maid, then, was not knowingly an impostor; nor could she have been the instrument of the court; and to say that she believed herself inspired, will neither account for her *singling out the king*, or prophetically claiming the sword.

After crowning Charles, she declared that her mission was accomplished, and demanded leave to retire. Enthusiasm would not have ceased here; and if they who imposed on her, could persuade her still to go with their armies, they could still have continued her delusion.

This mysteriousness renders the story of *Joan of Arc* peculiarly fit for poetry. The aid of angels and devils is not necessary to raise her above mankind; she has no gods to lackey her, and inspire her with courage, and heal her wounds: the Maid of Orleans acts wholly from the workings of her own mind, from the deep feeling of inspiration. The palpable agency of superior powers would destroy the obscurity of her character, and sink her to the mere heroine of a fairy tale.

The alterations which I have made in the history are few and trifling. The death of Salisbury is placed later, and of the Talbots earlier than they occurred. As the battle of Patay is the concluding action of the poem, I have given it all the previous solemnity of a settled engagement. Whatever appears miraculous is historically true; and my authorities will be found in the notes.

It is the common fault of Epic poems that we feel little interest for the heroes they celebrate. The national vanity of a Greek or a Roman might have been gratified by the renown of Achilles or Æneas; but to engage the unprejudiced, there must be more of human feelings than is generally to be found in the character of a warrior. From this objection the Odyssey alone may be excepted. Ulysses appears as the father and the husband, and the affections are enlisted on his side. The judgment must applaud the well-digested plan and splendid execution of the Iliad, but the heart always bears testimony to the merit of the Odyssey: it is the poem of nature, and its *personages* inspire love rather than command admiration. *The good* herdsman Eumæus is worth a thousand heroes!

is, indeed, the best of poets, for he is at once digni-
l simple; but Pope has disguised him in fop-finery,
wper has stripped him naked.

e are few readers who do not prefer Turnus to
; a fugitive, suspected of treason, who negligently
wife, seduced Dido, deserted her, and then forcibly
avinia from her betrothed husband. What avails
piety to the gods, if in all his dealings with men
ve himself a villain? If we represent Deity as
ading a bad action, this is not exculpating the man,
minating the God.

ll chosen subjects of Lucan and Statius have pre-
them from acquiring the popularity they would
se have merited; yet in detached parts the former
e is perhaps unequalled, certainly unexcelled. The
court honoured the poet of liberty by excluding
m the edition in Usum Delphini; perhaps, for the
eason, he may hereafter be published in Usum
icæ. I do not scruple to prefer Statius to Virgil;
nferior taste, he appears to me to possess a richer
re powerful imagination; his images are strongly
ed and clearly painted, and the force of his language,
t makes the reader feel, proves that the author felt

power of story is strikingly exemplified in the
heroic poets. They please universally, even in
tions, when little but the story remains. In the
ioning his characters, Tasso has erred: Godfrey
ero of the poem, Rinaldo of the poet, and Tancred
reader. Secondary characters should not be intro-
like Gyas and Cloanthus, merely to fill a proces-
either should they be so prominent as to throw the
al into shade.

lawless magic of Ariosto, and the singular theme,
as the singular excellence of Milton, render it

impossible to deduce any rules of epic poetry from these authors. So likewise with Spenser, the favourite of my childhood, from whose frequent perusal I have always found increased delight.

Against the machinery of Camoens, a heavier charge must be brought than that of profaneness or incongruity. His floating island is but a floating brothel, and no beauty can make atonement for licentiousness. From this accusation none but a translator would attempt to justify him; but Camoens had the most able of translators. The Lusiad, though excellent in parts, is uninteresting as a whole: it is read with little emotion, and remembered with little pleasure. But it was composed in the anguish of disappointed hopes, in the fatigues of war, and in a country far from all he loved; and we should not forget, that as the poet of Portugal was among the most unfortunate of men so he should be ranked among the most respectable. Neither his own country or Spain has yet produced his equal: his heart was broken by calamity, but the spirit of integrity and independence never forsook Camoens.

I have endeavoured to avoid what appears to me the common fault of epic poems, and to render the Maid of Orleans interesting. With this intent I have given her, not the passion of love, but the remembrance of subdued affection, a lingering of human feelings not inconsistent with the enthusiasm and holiness of her character.

The multitude of obscure epic writers copy with the most gross servility their ancient models. If a tempest occurs, some envious spirit procures it from the god of the winds or the god of the sea: is there a town besieged? the eyes of the hero are opened, and he beholds the powers of heaven assisting in the attack; an angel is at hand to heal his wounds, and the leader of the enemy in his last combat is seized with the sudden cowardice of Hector. Even Tasso is too often an imitator. But notwithstanding

the censure of a satyrist, the name of Tasso will still be ranked among the best heroic poets. Perhaps Boileau only condemned him for the sake of an antithesis; it is with such writers, as with those who affect point in their conversation, they will always sacrifice truth to the gratification of their vanity.

I have avoided what seems useless and wearying in other poems, and my readers will find no descriptions of armour, no muster-rolls, no geographical catalogues, lion, tiger, bull, bear, and boar similes; Phœbuses and Auroras. Where in battle I have particularized the death of an individual, it is not I hope like the common lists of killed and wounded; my intention has been to impress upon the reader's mind a feeling of the private wretchedness occasioned by the war systems of Europe.

It has been established as a necessary rule for the epic, that the subject be national. To this rule I have acted in direct opposition, and chosen for the subject of my poem the defeat of the English. If among my readers there be one who can wish success to an unjust cause, because his country supported it, I desire not that man's approbation.

On the 8th of May, the epoch of its deliverance, an annual fête is held at Orleans; and monuments have been erected to the memory of the maid. Her family was ennobled by Charles; but it should not be forgotten in the history of this monarch, that, in the hour of misfortune, he abandoned to her fate the woman who had saved his kingdom.

Since the first publication of this poem, it has undergone a long and laborious correction. Everything miraculous is now omitted, and the reader who is acquainted *with the former edition may* judge by this circumstance

the extent of the alterations. Some errors with regar to the costume of the time had escaped me: in this poin the work is now, I trust, correct. The additional note are numerous; they are inserted as authorities for th facts related in the text, and as explanatory to thos readers who are not conversant with the ancient chronicle of this country; for we may be well read in Hume an Rapin, and yet know little of our ancestors. Whenever felt, or suspected an idea not to be original, I have place the passage underneath by which it was suggested. Wit respect to the occasional harshness of the versification, i must not be attributed to negligence or haste. I deer such variety essential in a long poem.

TO

EDITH SOUTHEY.

EDITH! I brought thee late a humble gift,
The songs of earlier youth; it was a wreath
With many an unripe blossom garlanded
And many a weed, yet mingled with some flowers
That will not wither. Now, my love, I bring
A worthier offering; thou wilt value it,
For well thou knowest it is a work that sooth'd
Times of hard care and strange inquietude,
With most sweet solace: and though to mine ear
There is no music in the hollowness
Of common praise, yet I am well content
To think that I have past in such employ
The green and vigorous season of my mind,
And hope that there are those in whom the song
Has woke some not unprofitable thoughts.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

JOAN OF ARC.

The First Book.

The Maid announces her mission to the Lord of Vaucouleur. She departs for Chinon with Dunois. Narrative of the Maid.

THERE was high feasting held at Vaucouleur,
For old Sir Robert had a noble guest,
The Bastard[1] Orleans; and the festive hours,
Cheer'd with the Trouveur's merry minstrelsy,
Pass'd lightly at the hospitable board.
But not to share the hospitable board
And hear sweet minstrelsy, Dunois had sought
Sir Robert's hall; he came to rouse Lorraine,
And glean what force the wasting war had left
For one last effort. Little had the war
Left in Lorraine, but age, and youth unripe
For slaughter yet, and widows, and young maids
Of widowed loves. And now with this high guest
The Lord of Vaucouleur sat communing
On what might profit France, and knew no hope,
Despairing of his country, when he heard
An old man and a maid awaited him
In the castle hall. He knew the old man well,
His vassal Claude, and at his bidding Claude
Approach'd, and after meet obeisance made,
Bespake Sir Robert.
"Good my Lord, I come
With a strange tale; I pray you pardon me
If it should seem impertinent, and like
An old man's weakness. But, in truth, this Maid
Did with most earnest words importune me,
And with such boding thoughts impress'd my heart,
I think that I could not have slept in peace

Denying what she sought. Her parents make
A mock of her;—it is not well to mock
The damsel, and altho' her mother be
My sister, yet in honesty I think
It is unkindly done to mock the Maid.
And then her father Confessor,—he says
She is possess'd; indeed he knows her not.
Possess'd! my niece by evil spirits possess'd!
My darling girl! there never was a thought
Of evil yet found entrance in her heart.—
I knew her, good my Lord, before her smile,
Her innocent smile, and bright black-sparkling eye
That talk'd before the tongue had learnt its office,
Did tell me she did love me."
Whilst he spake
Curious they mark'd the Damsel. She appear'd
Of eighteen years; there was no bloom of youth
Upon her cheek, yet had the loveliest hues
Of health with lesser fascination fix'd
The gazer's eye; for wan the Maiden was,
Of saintly paleness, and there seem'd to dwell
In the strong beauties of her countenance
Something that was not earthly.
"I have heard
Of this your niece's malady," replied
The Lord of Vaucouleur; "that she frequents
The loneliest haunts and deepest solitude,
Estranged from human kind and human cares
With loathing most like madness. It were best
To place her with some pious sisterhood,
Who duly morn and eve, for her soul's health
Soliciting Heaven, may likeliest remedy
The stricken mind, or frenzied or possess'd."
So as Sir Robert ceas'd, the Maiden cried,
"I am not mad. Possess'd indeed I am!
The hand of God is strong upon my soul,
And I have wrestled vainly with the Lord,
And stubbornly, I fear me. I can save
This country, sir! I can deliver France!
Yea—I must save this country! God is in me—
I speak not, think not, feel not of myself.
He knew and sanctified me ere my birth,
He to the nations hath ordained me,
And unto whom He sends me, I must go,

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JOAN OF ARC.

And that which He commands me, I must speak,
And that which He shall will, I must perform,
Most fearless in the fulness of my faith
Because the Lord is with me!"
At the first
With pity or with scorn Dunois had heard
The inspired Maid; but now he in his heart
Felt that misgiving that precedes belief
In what was disbelieved and scoff'd at late
As folly. "Damsel!" said the Chief, methinks
That it were wisely done to doubt this call,
Haply of some ill spirit prompting thee
To self-destruction."
"Doubt!" the maid exclaim'd;
"It were as easy, when I gaze around
On all this fair variety of things,
Green fields and tufted woods, and the blue depth
Of heaven, and yonder glorious sun, to doubt
Creating wisdom! when in the evening gale
I breathe the mingled odours of the spring,
And hear the wild wood melody, and hear
The populous air vocal with insect life,
To doubt God's goodness! there are feelings, Chief,
That may not lie; and I have oftentimes
Felt in the midnight silence of my soul
The call of God."
They listened to the Maid,
And they almost believed. Then spake Dunois:
"Wilt thou go with me, Maiden, to the king,
And there announce thy mission?" Thus he said,
For thoughts of politic craftiness arose
Within him, and his unconfirmed faith
Determin'd to prompt action. She replied:
"Therefore I sought the Lord of Vaucouleur,
That with such credence as prevents delay,
He to the king might send me. Now, beseech you,
Speed our departure."
Then Dunois address'd
Sir Robert: "Fare thee well, my friend and host!
It were ill done to linger here when Heaven
Has sent such strange assistance. Let what force
Lorraine may yield to Chinon follow us;
And with the tidings of this holy Maid,
Rais'd up by God, fill thou the country; soon

The country shall awake as from the sleep
Of death. Now, Maid! depart we at thy will."

"God's blessing go with thee!" exclaim'd old Claude;
"Good angels guard my girl!"—and as he spake
The tears stream'd fast adown his aged cheeks,—
"And if I do not live to see thee more,
As sure I think I shall not, yet sometimes
Remember thine old uncle. I have loved thee
Even from thy childhood, Joan! and I shall lose
The comfort of mine age in losing thee.
But God be with thee, Maid!"
He had a heart
Warm as a child's affections, and he wept.
Nor was the Maid, although subdued of soul,
Unmoved; but soon she calmed her, and bespake
The good old man. "Now go thee to thine home,
And comfort thee mine uncle, with the thought
Of what I am, for what high enterprise
Chosen from among the people. Oh, be sure
I shall remember thee, in whom I found
A parent's love, when parents were unkind;
And when the ominous broodings of my soul
Were scoff'd and made a mock of by all else,
Those most mysterious feelings thou the while
Still didst respect. Shall I forget these things?"
They pass'd without the gate, as thus she spake,
Prepar'd for their departure. To her lips
She press'd his hand, and as she press'd there fell
A tear; the old man felt it on his heart,
And dimly he beheld them on their steeds
Spring up and go their way.
So on they went;
And now along the mountain's winding path
Upward they journeyed slow, and now they paus'd
And gazed where o'er the plain the stately towers
Of Vaucouleur arose, in distance seen,
Dark and distinct; below the castled height,
Thro' fair and fertile pastures, the deep Meuse
Roll'd glittering on. Domremi's cottages
Gleam'd in the sun hard by, white cottages,
That in the evening traveller's weary mind
Had waken'd thoughts of comfort and of home,
Till his heart ached for rest. But on one spot,

One little spot, the Virgin's eye was fix'd,
Her native Arc; embowered the hamlet lay
Upon the forest edge, whose ancient woods,
With all their infinite varieties,
Now form'd a mass of shade. The distant plain
Rose on the horizon rich with pleasant groves,
And vine-yards in the greenest hue of spring,
And streams, now hidden on their devious way,
Now winding forth in light.
The Maiden gazed
Till all grew dim upon her dizzy eye.
"Oh what a blessed world were this!" she cried,
"But that the great and honourable men
Have seiz'd the earth, and of the heritage
Which God, the Sire of all, to all had given,
Disherited their brethren! happy those
Who in the after-days shall live when Time
Has spoken, and the multitude of years
Taught wisdom! Sure and certain though that hope,
Yet it is sad to gaze upon a scene
So very good, and think that Want and Guilt
And Wretchedness are there! unhappy France!
Fiercer than evening wolves thy bitter foes
Rush o'er the land and desolate and kill;
Long has the widow's and the orphan's groan
Accused Heaven's justice;—but the hour is come;
God hath inclined his ear, hath heard the voice
Of mourning, and His anger is gone forth."

Then said the Son of Orleans: "Holy Maid!
I would fain know, if blameless I may seek
Such knowledge, how the heavenly call was heard
First in thy waken'd soul; nor deem in me
Aught idly curious, if of thy past days
I ask the detail. In the hour of age,
If haply I survive to see this realm
By thee deliver'd, dear will be the thought
That I have seen the delegated Maid,
And heard from her the wondrous ways of Heaven."

"A simple tale," the mission'd Maid replied,
"Yet may it well employ the journeying hour;
And *pleasant is the memory* of the past.

"Seest thou, Sir Chief, where yonder forest skirts
The Meuse, that in its winding mazes shows
As on the farther bank the distant towers
Of Vaucouleur? there in the hamlet Arc
My father's dwelling stands; a lowly hut,
Yet nought of needful comfort wanted it,
For in Lorraine there lived no kinder lord
Than old Sir Robert, and my father Jaques
In flocks and herds was rich. A toiling man,
Intent on worldly gains, one in whose heart
Affection had no root. I never knew
A parent's love; for harsh my mother was,
And deem'd the cares that infancy demands
Irksome, and ill-repaid. Severe they were,
And would have made me fear them, but my soul
Possess'd the germ of steady fortitude,
And stubbornly I bore unkind rebuke
And wrathful chastisement. Yet was the voice
That spake in tones of tenderness most sweet
To my young heart; how have I felt it leap
With transport, when mine uncle Claude approach'd!
For he would place me on his knee, and tell
The wondrous tales that childhood loves to hear,
Listening with eager eyes and open lips
In most devout attention. Good old man!
Oh, if I ever pour'd a prayer to Heaven
Unhallowed by the grateful thought of him,
Methinks the righteous winds would scatter it!
He was a parent to me, and his home
Was mine, when, in advancing years, I found
No peace, no comfort, in my father's house.
With him I pass'd the pleasant evening hours,
By day I drove my father's flock afield
And this was happiness.
Amid these wilds
Often to summer pasture have I driven
The flock; and well I know these mountain wilds,
And every bosom'd vale, and valley stream
Is dear to memory. I have laid me down
Beside yon valley stream, that up the ascent
Scarce sends the sound of waters now, and watch'd
The tide roll glittering to the noon-tide sun,
And listened to its ceaseless murmuring,

Till all was hush'd and tranquil in my soul,
Fill'd with a strange and undefined delight
That pass'd across the mind like summer clouds
Over the lake at eve: their fleeting hues
The traveller cannot trace with memory's eye,
Yet he remembers well how fair they were,
How very lovely.
Here in solitude
My soul was nurst, amid the loveliest scenes
Of unpolluted nature. Sweet it was,
As the white mists of morning roll'd away,
To see the mountain's wooded heights appear
Dark in the early dawn, and mark its slope
Rich with the blossom'd furze, as the slant sun
On the golden ripeness pour'd a deepening light.
Pleasant at noon, beside the vocal brook
To lie me down, and watch the floating clouds,
And shape to Fancy's wild similitudes
Their ever-varying forms; and oh, most sweet!
To drive my flock at evening to the fold,
And hasten to our little hut, and hear
The voice of kindness bid me welcome home.

"Amid the village playmates of my youth
Was one whom riper years approved my friend;
A very gentle maid was Madelon.
I loved her as a sister, and long time
Her undivided tenderness possess'd,
Till that a better and a holier tie
Gave her one nearer friend; and then my heart
Partook her happiness, for never lived
A happier pair than Arnaud and his wife.

"Lorraine was call'd to arms, and with her youth
Went Arnaud to the war. The morn was fair,
Bright shone the sun, the birds sung cheerily,
And all the fields look'd lovely in the spring;
But to Domremi wretched was that day,
For there was lamentation, and the voice
Of anguish, and the deeper agony
That spake not. Never will my heart forget
The feelings that shot through me, when the sound
Of *cheerful music burst* upon our ears

Sudden, and from the arms that round their necks
Hung close entwined, as in a last embrace,
Friends, brethren, husbands went.
More frequent now
Sought I the converse of poor Madelon,
For much she needed now the soothing voice
Of friendship. Heavily the summer pass'd,
To her a joyless one, expecting still
Some tidings from the war; and as at eve
She with her mother by the cottage door
Sat in the sunshine, I have seen her eye,
If one appear'd along the distant path,
Shape to the form she loved his lineaments,
Her cheek faint flush'd by hope, that made her heart
Seem as it sunk within her. So the days
And weeks and months pass'd on, and when the leaves
Fell in the autumn, a most painful hope
That reason own'd not, that with expectation
Did never cheer her as she rose at morn,
Still lingered in her heart, and still at night
Made disappointment dreadful. Winter came,
But Arnaud never from the war return'd,
He far away had perish'd; and when late
The tidings of his certain death arriv'd,
Sore with long anguish underneath that blow
She sunk. Then would she sit and think all day
Upon the past, and talk of happiness
That never would return, as tho' she found
Best solace in the thoughts that minister'd
To sorrow: and she loved to see the sun
Go down, because another day was gone,
And then she might retire to solitude
And wakeful recollections, or perchance
To sleep more wearying far than wakefulness,
For in the visions of her heart she saw
Her husband, saw him as escaped the war,
To his own home return'd. Thus day nor night
Reposed she, and she pined and pined away.

"Bitter art thou to him that lives in rest,
O Death! and grievous in the hour of joy
The thought of thy cold dwelling; but thou comest
Most welcome to the wretched; a best friend
To him that wanteth one; a comforter,

For in the grave is peace. By the bed-side
Of Madelon I sat: when sure she felt
The hour of her deliverance drawing near,
I saw her eye kindle with heavenly hope,
I had her latest look of earthly love,
I felt her hand's last pressure. Son of Orleans!
I would not wish to live to know that hour,
When I could think upon a dear friend dead,
And weep not.
I remember, as her corse
Went to the grave, there was a lark sprung up,
And soaring in the sunshine, caroll'd loud
A joyful song; and in mine heart I thought,
That of the multitude of beings, man
Alone was wretched.
Then my soul awoke,
For it had slumber'd long in happiness,
And never feeling misery, never thought
What others suffer. I, as best I might,
Solaced the keen regret of Elinor;
And much my cares avail'd, and much her son's,
On whom, the only comfort of her age,
She centred now her love. A younger birth,
Aged nearly as myself, was Theodore,
An ardent youth, who with the kindest cares
Had sooth'd his sister's sorrows. We had knelt
By her death-bed together, and no bond
In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief.
It chanc'd as once
Beside the fire of Elinor I sat,
The night was comfortless; the loud blast howl'd;
And as we drew around the social hearth,
We heard the rain beat hard; driven by the storm
A warrior mark'd our distant taper's light.
We heapt the fire: the friendly board was spread:
The bowl of hospitality went round.
'The storm beats hard,' the stranger cried; 'safe hous'd,
Pleasant it is to hear the pelting rain.
I too were well content to dwell in peace,
Resting my head upon the lap of Love,
But that my country calls. When the winds roar,
Remember sometimes what a soldier suffers,
And think of Conrade.'

Theodore replied,
'Success go with thee! Something I have known
Of war, and of its dreadful ravages;
My soul was sick at such ferocity:
And I am well content to dwell in peace,
Albeit inglorious, thanking that good God
Who made me to be happy.'
'Did that God,'
Cried Conrade, 'form thy heart for happiness,
When Desolation royally careers
Over thy wretched country? Did that God
Form thee for peace when Slaughter is abroad,
When her brooks run with blood, and Rape and Murd
Stalk thro' her flaming towns? Live thou in peace,
Young man! my heart is human: I do feel
For what my brethren suffer.'
As he spake,
Such mingled passions charactered his face
Of fierce and terrible benevolence,
That I did tremble as I listen'd to him.
Then in mine heart tumultuous thoughts arose
Of high achievements, indistinct, and wild,
And vast, yet such they were as made me pant
As though by some divinity possess'd.

"'But is there not some duty due to those
We love?' said Theodore; and as he spake
His warm cheek crimson'd. 'Is it not most right
To cheer the evening of declining age,
With filial tenderness repaying thus
Parental care?'
'Hard is it,' Conrade cried,
'Ay, very hard, to part from those we love;
And I have suffer'd that severest pang.
I have left an aged mother; I have left
One, upon whom my heart has centred all
Its dearest, best affections. Should I live
'Till France shall see the blessed hour of Peace,
I shall return: my heart will be content,
My highest duties will be well discharg'd,
And I may dare be happy. There are those
Who deem these thoughts wild fancies of a mind
Strict beyond measure, and were well content,
If I should soften down my rigid nature

Even to inglorious ease, to honour me.
But pure of heart and high of self-esteem
I must be honoured by myself: all else,
The breath of Fame, is as the unsteady wind,
Worthless.'
So saying, from his belt he took
The encumbering sword. I held it, listening to him
And, wistless what I did, half from the sheath
Drew the well-temper'd blade. I gazed upon it,
And shuddering as I felt its edge, exclaim'd,
'It is most horrible with the keen sword
To gore the finely-fibred human frame!
I could not strike a lamb.'
He answer'd me,
'Maiden, thou hast said well. I could not strike
A lamb. But when the invader's savage fury
Spares not grey age, and mocks the infant's shriek
As he does writhe upon his cursed lance,
And forces to his foul embrace the wife
Even on her murder'd husband's gasping corse!
Almighty God! I should not be a man
If I did let one weak and pitiful feeling
Make mine arm impotent to cleave him down.
Think well of this, young man!' he cried, and seiz'd
The hand of Theodore; 'think well of this,
As you are human, as you hope to live
In peace, amid the dearest joys of home;
Think well of this! You have a tender mother;
As you do wish that she may die in peace,
As you would even to madness agonize
To hear this maiden call on you in vain
For aid, and see her dragg'd, and hear her scream
In the blood-reeking soldier's lustful arms,
Think that there are such horrors;[3] that even now,
Some city flames, and haply as in Roan,
Some famish'd babe on his dead mother's breast
Yet hangs for food.[4] Oh God! I would not lose
These horrible feelings tho' they rend my heart.'

"When we had all betaken us to rest,
Sleepless I lay, and in my mind revolv'd
The high-soul'd warrior's speech. Then Madelon
Rose in remembrance; over her the grave
Had closed; her sorrows were not register'd

In the rolls of Fame: but when the tears run down
The widow's cheek, shall not her cry be heard
In Heaven against the oppressor? will not God
In sunder smite the unmerciful, and break
The sceptre of the wicked? Thoughts like these
Possess'd my soul, till at the break of day
I slept; nor then reposed my heated brain,
For visions rose, sent as I do believe
From the Most High. I saw a high-tower'd town
Hemmed in around, with enemies begirt,
Where Famine, on a heap of carcases,
Half envious of the unutterable feast,
Mark'd the gorged raven clog his beak with gore.
I turn'd me then to the besieger's camp,
And there was revelry: the loud lewd laugh
Burst on my ears, and I beheld the chiefs
Even at their feast plan the device of death.
My soul grew sick within me: then methought
From a dark lowering cloud, the womb of tempests,
A giant arm burst forth, and dropt a sword
That pierced like lightning thro' the midnight air.
Then was there heard a voice, which in mine ear
Shall echo, at that hour of dreadful joy
When the pale foe shall wither in my rage.

"From that night I could feel my burthen'd soul
Heaving beneath incumbent Deity.
I sat in silence, musing on the days
To come, unheeding and unseeing all
Around me, in that dreaminess of soul
When every bodily sense is as it slept,
And the mind alone is wakeful. I have heard
Strange voices in the evening wind; strange forms
Dimly discovered throng'd the twilight air.
They wondered at me who had known me once
A cheerful, careless damsel. I have seen
Mine uncle gaze upon me wistfully,
A heaviness upon his aged brow,
And in his eye such meaning, that my heart
Sometimes misgave me. I had told him all
The mighty future labouring in my breast,
But that methought the hour was not yet come.

"*At length* I heard of Orleans, by the foe

Wall'd in from human succour; to the event
All look'd with fear, for there the fate of France
Hung in the balance. Now my troubled soul
Grew more disturb'd, and shunning every eye,
I loved to wander where the forest shade
Frown'd deepest; there on mightiest deeds to brood
Of shadowy vastness, such as made my heart
Throb loud: anon I paused, and in a state
Of half expectance, listen'd to the wind.

"There is a fountain in the forest, call'd
The fountain of the Fairies:[5] when a child,
With most delightful wonder I have heard
Tales of the Elfin tribe that on its banks
Hold midnight revelry. An ancient oak,
The goodliest of the forest, grows beside;
Alone it stands, upon a green grass plat,
By the woods bounded like some little isle.
It ever hath been deem'd their favourite tree;[6]
They love to lie and rock upon its leaves,
And bask them in the moonshine. Many a time
Hath the woodman shown his boy where the dark round
On the green-sward beneath its boughs, bewrays
Their nightly dance, and bade him spare the tree.
Fancy had cast a spell upon the place
And made it holy; and the villagers
Would say that never evil thing approached
Unpunish'd there. The strange and fearful pleasure
That fill'd me by that solitary spring,
Ceas'd not in riper years; and now it woke
Deeper delight, and more mysterious awe.

"Lonely the forest spring: a rocky hill
Rises beside it, and an aged yew
Bursts from the rifted crag that overbrows
The waters; cavern'd there, unseen and slow
And silently they well. The adder's tongue,
Rich with the wrinkless of its glossy glen,
Hangs down its long lank leaves, whose wavy dip
Just breaks the tranquil surface. Ancient woods
Bosom the quiet beauties of the place,
Nor ever sound profanes it, save such sounds
As Silence loves to hear, the passing wind,
Or the low murmuring of the scarce-heard stream.

"A blessed spot! oh, how my soul enjoy'd
Its holy quietness, with what delight,
Escaping humankind, I hastened there
To solitude and freedom! Thitherward
On a spring eve I had betaken me,
And there I sat, and mark'd the deep red clouds
Gather before the wind, the rising wind,
Whose sudden gusts, each wilder than the last,
Seem'd as they rock'd my senses. Soon the night
Darken'd around, and the large rain-drops fell
Heavy; anon with tempest rage the storm
Howl'd o'er the wood. Methought the heavy rain
Fell with a grateful coolness on my head,
And the hoarse dash of waters, and the rush
Of winds that mingled with the forest roar,
Made a wild music. On a rock I sat,
The glory of the tempest fill'd my soul.
And when the thunders peal'd, and the long flash
Hung durable in heaven, and to mine eye
Spread the grey forest, all remembrance left
My mind, annihilate was every thought,
A most full quietness of strange delight;
Suspended all my powers; I seem'd as though
Diffused into the scene.
At length a light
Approach'd the spring; I saw my uncle Claude;
His grey locks dripping with the midnight storm.
He came, and caught me in his arms, and cried,
'My God! my child is safe!'
I felt his words
Pierce in my heart; my soul was overcharged;
I fell upon his neck and told him all;
God was within me; as I felt I spake,
And he believed.
Ay, Chieftain, and the world
Shall soon believe my mission; for the Lord
Will raise up indignation, and pour out
His wrath, and they shall perish who oppress."

The Second Book.

Dunois and the Maid rest at a cottage. Their host speaks of the battle of Azincour, and the siege of Roan.

And now, beneath the horizon westering slow,
Had sunk the orb of day: o'er all the vale
A purple softness spread, save where the tree
Its giant shadow stretch'd, or winding stream
Mirror'd the light of heaven, still traced distinct
When twilight dimly shrouded all beside.
A grateful coolness freshen'd the calm air,
And the hoarse grasshoppers their evening song
Sung shrill and ceaseless, as the dews of night
Descended. On their way the travellers wend,
Cheering the road with converse, till far off
They mark a cottage taper's glimmering light
Gleam through the embower'd gloom: to that they turn.
An aged man came forth; his thin grey locks
Waved on the night breeze, and on his shrunk face
The characters of age were written deep.
Them, louting low with rustic courtesy,
He welcom'd in; on the white-ember'd hearth
Heapt up fresh fuel; then, with friendly care,
Spread out the homely board, and fill'd the bowl
With the red produce of the vine that arched
His evening seat; they of the plain repast
Partook, and quaff'd the pure and pleasant bowl.

"Strangers, your fare is homely," said their host
"But such it is as we poor countrymen
Earn with hard toil: in faith, ye are welcome to it!
I love a soldier! and at sight of one
My old heart feels as it were young again.
Poor and decrepit as I am, my arm
Once grasp'd the sword full firmly, and my limbs
Were strong as thine, sir warrior! God be with thee,
And send thee better fortune than old Bertram!
I *would that I were young* again, to meet
These haughty English in the field of fight;

Such as I was when on the fatal plain
Of Azincour I met them."
"Wert thou, then,
A sharer in that dreadful day's defeat?"
Exclaim'd the Bastard. "Didst thou know the chief
Of Orleans?"
"Know him!" the old veteran cried;
"I saw him, ere the bloody fight began,
Riding from rank to rank, his beaver up,
The long lance quivering in his mighty grasp.
Full was his eye, and fierce, yet beaming still
On all his countrymen cheerful and mild,
Winning all hearts. Looking at thee, sir knight,
Methinks I see him now; such was his eye,
So mild in peace; such was his manly brow.
Beshrew me, but I weep at the remembrance."
"Full was his eye," exclaimed the Bastard Son
Of Orleans, "yet it beamed benevolence.
I never yet saw love so dignified!
There lived not one his vassal, but adored
The good, the gallant Chief. Amid his halls
High blazed the hospitable hearth; the pilgrim
Of other countries, seeing his high towers,
Rejoiced, for he had often heard of Orleans.
He lives, my brother! bound in the hard chain,
He lives most wretched."
The big tear roll'd down
The warrior's cheeks. "But he shall live, Dunois,"
Exclaim'd the mission'd Maid; "but he shall live
To hear good tidings; hear of liberty,
Of his own liberty, by his brother's arm
Achiev'd in hard-fought battle. He shall live
Happy: the memory of his prison'd years
Shall heighten all his joys, and his grey hairs
Go to the grave in peace."
"I would fain live
To see that day," replied their aged host.
"How would my heart leap once more to behold
The gallant, generous chieftain! I fought by him
When all the hopes of victory were lost,
And down his batter'd arms the blood stream'd fast
From many a wound. Like wolves they hemm'd us in
Fierce in unhoped-for conquest: all around
Our dead and dying countrymen lay heap'd;

Yet still he strove;—I wondered at his valour!
There was not one who on that fatal day
Fought bravelier."
"Fatal was that day to France,"
Exclaim'd the Bastard; "there Alencon died,
Valiant in vain; and he, the haughty chief,
D'Albert, who, rashly arrogant of strength,
Impetuous rushed to ruin. Brabant fell,
Vaudemont, and Marle, and Bar, and Faquenberg,
Her noblest warriors; daring in despair
Fought the fierce foe; ranks fell on ranks before them;
The prisoners of that shameful day out-summ'd
Their victors!"[7]
"There are those," old Bertram cried,
"Who for his deeds will honour Henry's name.
That honour that a conqueror may deserve
He merits, for right valiantly he fought
On that disastrous day. Nor deem thou, Chief,
That cowardice disgraced the sons of France;
They, by their leaders' arrogance led on
With heedless fury, found all numbers vain,
All efforts fruitless there; and hadst thou seen,
Skilful as brave, how Henry's ready eye
Lost not a thicket, not a hillock's aid;
From his hersed[8] bowmen how the arrows fled
Thick as the snow flakes, and with lightning force!
Thou wouldst have known such soldiers, such a chief,
Might never be subdued.
But when the field
Was won, and those who had escaped the carnage
Had yielded up their arms, it was most foul
To glut on the defenceless[9] prisoners
The blunted sword of conquest. Girt around
I to their mercy had surrendered me,
When lo! I heard the dreadful groan of death.
Not as amid the fray, when man met man
And in fair combat gave the mortal blow;
Here the poor captives, weaponless and bound,
Saw their stern victors draw again the sword,
And groan'd and strove in vain to free their hands,
And bade them think upon their plighted faith,
And pray'd for mercy in the name of God,
In vain: *the king*[10] *had bade* them massacre;
And in their helpless prisoners' naked breasts

They drove the sword. Then I expected death,
And at that moment death was terrible;
For the heat of fight was over: of my home
I thought, and of my wife and little ones,
In bitterness of heart. The gallant man,
Whose by the chance of war I had become,
Had pity, and he loos'd my hands, and said,
'Frenchman! I would have killed thee in the battle,
But my arm shrinks at murder! Get thee hence.'
It was the will of Heaven that I should live,
Childless and old, to think upon the past,
And wish that I had perish'd!"
The old man
Wept as he spake. "Ye may perhaps have heard
Of the hard siege so long by Roan endur'd.
I dwelt there, strangers; I had then a wife,
And I had children tenderly beloved,
Who I did hope should cheer me in old age
And close mine eyes. The tale of misery
Mayhap were tedious, or I could relate
Much of that dreadful siege."
The Maid replied,
Anxious of that devoted town to learn.
Thus then the veteran:
"So by Heaven preserved,
From that disastrous plain of Azincour,[11]
I speeded homewards and abode in peace.
Henry,[12] as wise as brave, had back to England
Led his victorious army; well aware
That France was mighty, that her warrior sons,
Impatient of a foreign victor's sway,
Might rise impetuous, and with multitudes
Tread down the invaders. Wisely he return'd,
For the proud Barons in their private broils
Wasted the strength of France. I dwelt at home,
And, with the little I possess'd content,
Lived happily. A pleasant sight it was
To see my children, as at eve I sat
Beneath the vine, come clustering round my knee,
That they might hear again the oft-told tale
Of the dangers I had past: their little eyes
Did with such anxious eagerness attend
The tale of life preserved, as made me feel
Life's value. My poor children! a hard fate

Had they! But oft and bitterly I wish
That God had to his mercy taken me
In childhood; for it is a heavy thing
To linger out old age in loneliness!
Ah me! when war the masters of mankind,
Wo to the poor man! If he sow the field,
He shall not reap the harvest; if he see
His blooming children rise around, his heart
Aches at the thought that they are multiplied
To the sword! Again from England the fierce foe
Rush'd on our ravaged coasts. In battle bold,
Savage in conquest, their victorious king
Swept like the desolating tempest round.
Dambieres submits; on Caen's subjected wall
The flag of England waved. Roan still remain'd,
Embattled Roan, bulwark of Normandy;
Nor unresisted round our massy walls
Pitched they their camp. I need not tell, sir knight,
How oft and boldly on the invading host
We burst with fierce assault impetuous forth,
For many were the warrior[13] sons of Roan.
O'er all that gallant citizen was famed,
For virtuous hardihood pre-eminent,
Blanchard. He, gathering round his countrymen,
With his own courage kindling every breast,
Had bade them[14] vow before Almighty God
Never to yield them to the usurping foe
While yet their arms could lift the spear, while yet
Life was, to think of every pledge that man
Most values. To the God of Hosts we vow'd;
And we had baffled the besieging power,
But our cold-hearted foeman drew around
His strong entrenchments. From the watch-tower's top
In vain with fearful hearts along the Seine
We strain'd the eye, and every distant wave
That in the sunbeam glitter'd, fondly thought
The white sail of supply. Ah me! no more
Rose on our aching sight the food-fraught bark;
For guarded was the Seine, and our stern foe
Had made a league with Famine.[15] How my heart
Sunk in me when at night I carried home
The scanty pittance of to-morrow's meal!
You *know not, strangers!* what it is to see
The asking eye of hunger!

"Still we strove,
Expecting aid; nor longer force to force,
Valour to valour in the fight oppos'd,
But to the exasperate patience of the foe,
Desperate endurance. Though with Christian zeal
Ursino would have pour'd the balm of peace
Into our wounds, Ambition's ear, best pleas'd
With the War's clamour and the groan of Death,
Was deaf to prayer. Day after day fled on;
We heard no voice of comfort. From the walls
Could we behold the savage Irish Kernes,[16]
Ruffians half-clothed, half-human, half-baptised,
Come with their spoil, mingling their hideous shouts
With the moan of weary flocks, and the piteous low
Of kine sore-laden, in the mirthful camp
Scattering abundance; while the loathliest food
We prized above all price, while in our streets
The dying groan of hunger, and the scream
Of famishing infants echoed, and we heard,
With the strange selfishness of misery,
We heard and heeded not.
Thou wouldst have deem'
Roan must have fallen an easy sacrifice,
Young warrior! hadst thou seen our meagre limbs,
And pale and shrunken cheeks, and hollow eyes;
Yet still we struggled nobly! Blanchard still
Spake of the savage fury of the foe,
Of Harfleur's wretched race, cast on the world[17]
Houseless and destitute, while that fierce king
Knelt at the altar,[18] and with impious prayer
Gave God the glory, even while the blood
That he had shed was reeking up to Heaven.
He bade us think what mercy they had found
Who yielded on the plain of Azincour,
And what the gallant sons of Caen, by him,
In cold blood[19] murder'd. Then, his scanty food
Sharing with the most wretched, he would bid us
Bear with our miseries cheerly.
Thus distress'd
Lest all should perish thus, our chiefs decreed
Women and children, the infirm and old,
All who were useless in the work of war,
Should forth and find their fortunes. Age, that make
The joys and sorrows of the distant years
Like a half-remembered dream, yet on my heart

Leaves deep impress'd the horrors of that hour.
Then as our widow wives clung round our necks,
And the deep sob of anguish interrupted
The prayer of parting, even the pious priest,
As he implored his God to strengthen us,
And told us we should meet again in heaven,
He groan'd and curs'd in bitterness of heart
That merciless man. The wretched crowd pass'd on:
My wife—my children—thro' the gates they pass'd,
Then the gates clos'd.—Would I were in my grave,
That I might lose remembrance.
What is man,
That he can hear the groan of wretchedness
And feel no fleshly pang! Why did the All-Good
Create these warrior scourges of mankind,
These who delight in slaughter? I did think
There was not on this earth a heart so hard
Could hear a famish'd woman cry for bread,
And know no pity. As the outcast train
Drew near, the English monarch bade his troops
Force[20] back the miserable multitude.
They drove them to the walls—it was the depth
Of winter—we had no relief to grant.
The aged ones groan'd to our foe in vain;
The mother pleaded for her dying child,
And they felt no remorse!"
The mission'd Maid
Starts from her seat—"The old and the infirm,
The mother and her babes!—and yet no lightning
Blasted this man!"
"Ay, lady," Bertram cried;
"And when we sent the herald to implore
His mercy on the helpless, he relax'd
His stern face into savage merriment,
Scoffing their agonies. On the high wall
I stood and mark'd the miserable outcasts,
And every moment thought that Henry's heart,
Hard as it was, must feel. All night I stood—
Their deep groans sounded on the midnight gale;
Fainter they grew, for the cold wintry wind
Blew bleak; fainter they grew, and at the last
All was still, save that ever and anon
Some *mother shriek'd o'er* her expiring child
The shriek of frenzying anguish.
From that hour

On all the busy turmoil of the world
I gaz'd with strange indifference; bearing want
With the sick patience of a mind worn out.
Nor[21] when the traitor yielded up our town,
Ought heeded I as through our ruin'd streets,
Through putrid heaps of famish'd carcases,
Pass'd the long pomp of triumph. One keen pang
I felt, when by that bloody king's command
The gallant Blanchard died. Calmly he died,
And as he bow'd beneath the axe, thank'd God
That he had done his duty.
I survive,
A solitary, friendless, wretched one,
Knowing no joy save in the faith I feel
That I shall soon be gather'd to my sires,
And soon repose there, where the wicked cease
From troubling, and the weary are at rest."

"And happy," cried the delegated Maid,
"And happy they, who in that holy faith
Bow meekly to the rod! A little while
Shall they endure the proud man's contumely,
The hard wrongs of the great. A little while,
Though shelterless they feel the wintry wind,
The wind shall whistle o'er their turf-grown grave,
And all beneath be peace. But wo to those,
Wo to the mighty ones, who send abroad
Their train'd assassins, and who give to Fury
The flaming firebrand; these indeed shall live
The heroes of the wandering minstrel's song;
But they have their reward: the innocent blood
Steams up to Heaven against them.—God shall hear
The widow's groan."
"I saw him," Bertram cried,
"Henry of Azincour, this conqueror-king,
Go to his grave. The long procession past
Slowly from town to town, and when I heard
The deep-toned dirge, and saw the banners wave
A pompous shade, and the high torches glare
In the mid-day sun a dim and gloomy light,
I thought what he had been on earth who now
Was gone to his account, and blest my God
I was not such as he!"
So spake the old man,
And they betook them to their homely rest.

The Third Book.

Dunois and the Maid arrive at Chinon. Dunois announces the mission of Joan. Despondency and incredulity of the King. She discovers and addresses him. Charles convenes the Doctors of Theology. They examine the Maid.

Fair dawn'd the morning, and the early sun
Pour'd on the latticed cot a cheerful gleam,
And up the travellers rose, and on their way
Hasten'd, their dangerous way, thro' fertile tracks
The waste of war. They pass'd the Auxerrois;
The autumnal rains had beaten to the earth
The unreap'd harvest, from the village church
No even-song bell was heard, the shepherd's dog
Prey'd on the scatter'd flock, for there was now
No hand to feed him, and upon the hearth
Where he had slumber'd at his master's feet
The rank weed flourish'd. Did they sometimes find
A welcome, he who welcomed them was one
Who lingered in the place where he was born,
For that was all that he had left to love.
They past the Yonne, they past the rapid Loire,
Still urging on their way with cautious speed,
Shunning Auxerre and Bar's embattled wall
And Romorantin's towers.
So journeying on,
Fast by a spring, that welling at his feet
With many a winding crept along the mead,
A knight they saw, who at his plain repast
Let the west wind play round his ungirt brow.
Approaching near, the Bastard recognis'd
The gallant friend of Orleans, the brave chief
Du Chastel; and, the mutual greeting pass'd,
They, on the streamlet's mossy bank reclin'd,
Paus'd on their way, the frugal fare partook,
And drank the running waters.
"Art thou bound
For the Court, Dunois?" exclaimed the aged knight;

"I deem'd thee far away, coop'd in the walls
Of Orleans; a hard siege her valiant sons
Right loyally endure!"
"I left the town,"
Dunois replied, "thinking that my prompt speed
Might seize the hostile stores, and with fresh force
Re-enter. Fastoffe's better fate prevail'd,
And from the field of shame my maddening horse
Bore me, for the barb'd arrow gored his flank.
Fatigued and faint with that day's dangerous toil,
My deep wounds bleeding, vainly with weak hand
Check'd I the powerless rein. Nor aught avail'd
When heal'd at length, defeated and alone
Again to enter Orleans. In Lorraine
I sought to raise new powers, and now, return'd
With strangest and most unexpected aid
Sent by high Heaven, I seek the Court, and thence
To that beleaguered town shall lead such force,
That the proud English in their fields of blood
Shall perish."
"I too," Tanneguy replied,
"May haply in the battle once again
Serve him my royal Master; in his cause
My youth adventur'd much, nor can my age
Find better close than in the clang of arms
To die for him whom I have liv'd to serve.
Thou art for the Court; Son of the Chief I lov'd!
Be wise by my experience. He who seeks
Court favour, ventures like the boy who leans
Over the brink of some high precipice
To reach the o'er-hanging fruit. Thou seest me her
A banish'd man, Dunois! so to appease
The proud and powerful Richemont, who, long time
Most sternly jealous of the royal ear,
With midnight murder leagues, and down the Loire
Rolls the black carcase of his strangled foe.
Now confident of strength, at the king's feet
He stabs the king's best friends, and then demands,
As with a conqueror's imperious tone,
The post of honour. Son of that lov'd chief
Whose death my arm avenged, may thy days
Be happy; serve thy country in the field,
And in the hour of peace, amid thy friends
Dwell thou without ambition."

So he spake.
But when the Bastard told the wondrous tale,
How interposing Heaven had its high aid
Vouchsafed to France, the old man's eyes flash'd fire,
And rising from the bank, the stately steed
That grazed beside he mounts. "Farewell, Dunois,
Thou, too, the delegate of Heaven, farewell!
I go to raise the standard! we shall meet
At Orleans." O'er the plain he spurr'd his steed.

They journey on their way till Chinon's towers
Rose to the distant view; imperial seat
Of Charles; for Paris, with her servile sons,
A headstrong, mutable, ferocious race,
Bow'd to the invader's yoke, since that sad hour[22]
When Faction o'er her streets with giant stride
Strode terrible, and Murder and Revenge,
As by the midnight torches' lurid light
They mark'd their mangled victims writhe convuls'd,
Listen'd the deep death-groan. Ill-fated scene!
Thro' many a dark age drenched with innocent blood,
And one day doom'd to know the damning guilt
Of Brissot murder'd, and the blameless wife
Of Roland! Martyr'd patriots, spirits pure,
Wept by the good ye fell! Yet still survives,
Sown by your toil, and by your blood manur'd,
The imperishable seed; and now its roots
Spread, and strike deep, and soon shall it become
That Tree beneath whose shade the sons of men
Shall pitch their tents in peace.
In Paris now
Triumphed the Invader. On an infant's head
Had Bedford placed the crown of Charlemagne,
And factious nobles bow'd the subject knee
In homage to their king, their baby lord,
Their cradled mighty one!
"Belov'd of Heaven,"
So spake the Son of Orleans as they pass'd,
"Lo these the walls of Chinon, this the abode
Of Charles our monarch. Here in revelry
He of his armies vanquish'd, his fair towns
Subdued, hears careless, and prolongs the dance.
And little *marvel I that to* the cares
Of empire still he turns the unwilling ear;

For loss on loss, defeat upon defeat,
His strong holds taken, and his bravest chiefs
Or dead or captur'd, and the hopes of youth
All blasted, have subdued the royal mind,
Undisciplin'd in Fortitude's stern school.
So may thy voice arouse his sleeping virtues!"

The mission'd maid replied, "Go thou, Dunois,
Announce my mission to the royal ear.
I on the river's winding banks the while
Would roam, collecting for high enterprise
My thoughts, troubled though firm. He who essays
Achievements of vast import, will perforce
Feel his heart heave; and in my breast I feel
Such perturbation."

On the banks of Vienne
Devious the Damsel turn'd. Through Chinon's gates
The Son of Orleans press'd with rapid step,
Seeking the king. Him from the public view
He found secluded with his blameless queen,
And her, partaker of the unlawful bed,
The lofty-minded Agnes.

"Son of Orleans!"
So as he enter'd cried the haughty fair,
"Thou art well come to witness the disgrace,
The weak, unmanly, mean despondency
Of this thy Sovereign Liege. He will retreat
To distant Dauphinè and fly the war!
Go then, unworthy of thy rank! retreat
To distant Dauphinè, and fly the war,
Recreant from battle! I will not partake
A fugitive's fate; when thou hast lost thy crown
Thou hast lost Agnes.—Dost not blush, Dunois!
To bleed in combat for a Prince like this,
Fit only, like the Merovingian race,
On a May[23] morning deck'd with flowers, to mount
His gay-bedizened car, and ride abroad
And make the multitude a holyday.
Go, Charles—and hide thee in a woman's garb,
And these long locks[24] will not disgrace thee then!"

"Nay, Agnes!" Charles replied, "reproach me no
I have enough of sorrow. Look around,
See this fair country ravaged by the foe,

My strong holds taken, and my bravest chiefs
Fall'n in the field, or captives far away.
Dead is the Douglas; cold thy warrior frame,
Illustrious Buchan; ye from Scotland's hills,
Not mindless of your old ally distress'd,
Rush'd to his succour: in his cause ye fought,
For him ye perish'd. Rash, impetuous Narbonne
Thy mangled corse waves to the winds of heaven.
Cold, Graville, is thy sinewy arm in death;
Fall'n is Ventadaur; silent in the grave
Rambouillet sleeps: Bretagne's unfaithful chief
Leagues with my foes, and Richemont, or in arms
Defies my weak control, or from my side,
A friend more dreaded than the enemy,
Drives my best servants with the assassin sword.
Soon must the towers of Orleans fall!—But now
These sad thoughts boot not. Welcome to our court,
Dunois! We yet can give the friendly feast,
And from the heavy cares of empire win
One hospitable day of merriment."

The Chief replied: "So may thy future years
Pass from misfortune free, as all these ills
Shall vanish like a vision of the night!
To thee, to France I come the messenger
Of aid from Heaven. The delegated Maid
With me, whom Providence all-wise decrees
The saviour of the realm;—a holy Maid,
Bearing strange promise of miraculous things;
One whom it were not possible to hear
And disbelieve."

Astonish'd by his speech
Stood Charles. "At one of meaner estimation
I should have smil'd, Dunois. Thy well-known worth,
The loyalty of all thy noble house,
Compel me even to this, a most strange tale,
To lend a serious ear. A woman sent
From Heaven, the Saviour of this wasted realm,
One whom it were not possible to hear
And disbelieve! Dunois, ill now beseems
Ought wild and hazardous; the throne of France
Totters upon destruction. Is my person
Known *to this woman?*"

"She has liv'd retir'd,"

The Bastard answer'd, "ignorant of courts,
And little heeding, till the spirit of God
Rous'd her to this great work."
To him the king:
"If, then, she knows me not, abide thou here,
And hither, by a speedy messenger,
Summon the Maiden. On the throne, meantime,
I the while mingling with the menial throng,
Some courtier shall be seated. If this Maid
Be by the holy spirit of God inspir'd,
That holy spirit will gift her with the power
To pierce deception. But if, strange of mind,
Enthusiast fancy fire her wilder'd brain,
Thus proved, she to obscurity again
May guiltlessly retire. Our English foes
Might well exult to see the sons of France
Led by a frenzied female." So he said;
And, with a doubtful hope, the son of Orleans
Dispatched a speedy messenger, to seek
Beside the banks of Vienne, the mission'd Maid.

Soon is the court convened; the jewell'd crown
Shines on a menial's head. Amid the throng
The monarch stands, and anxious for the event,
His heart beats high. She comes, the inspired Maid!
And as the Bastard led her to the throne,
Quick glancing o'er the mimic Majesty,
Fix'd full her eye on Charles.
"Thou art the King.
I come the avenging delegate of Heaven,
Wielding the wrathful weapon, from whose death,
Their stern arts palsied by the arm of God,
Far, far from Orleans shall the English wolves
Speed their disastrous flight. Monarch of France!
Spread the good tidings through thy ravaged realm!
The Maid is come, the mission'd Maid, whose hand
Shall in the consecrated walls of Rheims
Crown thee the anointed king."
In wonder mute
The courtiers heard. The astonish'd king exclaim'd,
"This is indeed the agency of Heaven!
Hard, Maiden, were I of belief," he cried,
"*Did I* not now, with full and confirm'd faith,
Thee the redeemer of this ravaged realm

Believe. Not doubting, therefore, the strange will
Of the all-wise Providence, delay I now
Instant to marshal the brave sons of France
Beneath thy banners; but to satisfy
Those who at distance from this most clear proof
May hear and disbelieve, or yield at best
A cold assent. These fully to confirm,
And more to manifest thy holy power,
Forthwith with all due speed I shall convene
The Doctors of Theology, wise men,
And skilful in the mysteries of Heaven.
By these thy mission studied and approved,
As needs it must, their sanction to all minds
Shall bring conviction, and the firm belief
Lead on thy favour'd troops to mightiest deeds,
Surpassing human credibility."

Well pleas'd the Maiden heard. Her the king leads
From the disbanding throng, meantime to dwell
With Mary. Watchful for her lord's return
She sat with Agnes; Agnes, proud of heart,
Majestically fair, whose large full eye
Or flashing anger, or with scornful scowl,
Deform'd her beauteous features. Yet with her,
The lawless idol of the monarch's heart,
Mary, obedient to her husband's will,
Dwelt peaceful, from the proudly-generous mind
Of Agnes winning friendship. Soon the Maid
Lov'd the mild queen, and sojourning with her,
Expects the solemn summons.
Through the realm
Meantime the king's convoking voice was heard,
And from their palaces and monasteries
Swarm'd forth the doctors, men acute and deep,
Grown grey in study; priests and bishops haste
To Chinon: teachers wise and with high names,
Seraphic, Subtile, or Irrefragable,
By their admiring pupils dignified.

The doctors met; from cloister gloom recluse,
Or from the haunts luxurious of the abode
Episcopal, they met, and sought the place
Of judgment. *Very ancient* was the dome,
The floor with many a monumental stone

O'erspread, and brass-ensculptur'd effigy
Of holy abbots honour'd in their day,
Now to the grave gone down. The branching arms
Of many a ponderous pillar met aloft,
Wreath'd on the roof emboss'd. The windows gleam'd
Awful and dim their many-colour'd light,
Through the rich robes of eremites and saints,
Trees, mountains, castles, ships, sun, moon, and stars—
Splendid confusion! the pure wave beneath
Reflects and trembles in the purpling beam.
On the altar burns that mystic lamp whose flame
May not be quenched.
Circling round the vase
They bow the knee, uttering the half-heard prayer;
Mysterious power communicating thus
To the hallowed water, deem'd a mightier spell
O'er the fierce fiends of Satan's fallen crew,
Than e'er the hell-hags taught in Thessaly,
Or they who, sitting on the rifled grave,
Dim seen by the blue tomb-fire's lurid light,
Partake the Vampire's banquet.
This perform'd,
The Maid is summon'd. Round the holy vase
Mark'd with the mystic tonsure, and enrob'd
In sacred vests, a venerable train,
They stand. The delegated Maid obeys
Their summons. As she came, a loveliest blush
O'er her fair cheek suffus'd, such as became
One mindful still of maiden modesty,
Though of her own worth conscious. Thro' the aisle
The cold wind moaning, as it pass'd along
Waved her dark flowing locks. Before the train,
In reverend silence waiting their sage will,
With half-averted eye she stood composed.
So have I seen the simple snow-drop rise
Amid the russet leaves that hide the earth
In early spring, so seen its gentle bend
Of modest loveliness amid the waste
Of desolation.
By the maiden's side
The Son of Orleans stood, prepar'd to vouch
That when on Charles the Maiden's eye had fix'd,
As led by power miraculous, no fraud,
No juggling artifice of secret sign

Dissembled inspiration. As he stood
Steadily viewing the mysterious rites,
Thus to the attentive Maid the Arch-Priest spake
Severe.
"Woman, if any fiend of hell
Lurk in thy bosom, so to prompt the vaunt
Of inspiration, and to mock the power
Of God and holy church, thus by the virtue
Of water hallowed in the name of God
That damned spirit adjure I to depart
From his possessed prey."
Slowly he spake,
And sprinkled water on the virgin's face.
Indignant at the unworthy charge, the Maid
Felt her cheek flush, but soon, the transient glow
Fading, she answered meek:
"Most holy sires,
Ye reverend fathers of the Christian church,
Most catholic! before your view I stand
A poor, weak woman. Of the grace vouchsafed
How far unworthy, conscious: yet though mean,
Guiltless of fraud, and chosen by highest Heaven
The minister of aid. Strange voices heard,
The dark and shadowing visions of the night,
And feelings that I may not dare to doubt—
These portents make me conscious of the God
Within me; he who gifted my purged eye
To know the monarch 'mid the menial throng,
Unseen before. Thus much it boots to say.
The life of simple virgin ill deserves
To call your minds from studies wise and deep,
Not to be fathom'd by the weaker sense
Of man profane."
"Thou speakest," said the Priest,
"Of dark and shadowing visions of the night.
Canst thou remember, Maid! what vision first
Seem'd more than Fancy's shaping? from such tale,
Minutely told with accurate circumstance,
Best judgment might be formed."
The Maid replied:
"Amid the mountain valleys I had driven
My father's flock. The eve was drawing on,
When, by *the sudden storm* surprised, I sought
A chapel's neighbouring shelter; ruined now;

But I remember when its vesper bell
Was heard among the hills, a pleasant sound,
That made me pause upon my homeward road,
Awaking in me comfortable thoughts
Of holiness. The unsparing soldiery
Had sack'd the hamlet near, and none was left
Duly at sacred seasons to attend
St. Agnes' chapel. In the desolate pile
I drove my flock, with no irreverent thoughts,
Nor mindless that the place on which I trod
Was holy ground. It was a fearful night!
Devoutly to the virgin saint I pray'd,
Then heap'd the wither'd leaves that the autumn wind
Had drifted in, and laid me down upon them,
And sure I think I slept. But so it was
That, in the dead of night, Saint Agnes stood
Before mine eyes, such and so beautiful
As when, amid the house of wickedness,
The power whom with such fervent love she served
Veiled her with glory. And she seem'd to point
To the moss-grown altar, and the crucifix
Half hid by the long grass;—and then I thought
I could have withered armies with a look,
For from the present saint such divine power
I felt infused—'twas but a dream, perhaps.
And yet methought that when a louder peal
Burst o'er the roof, and all was left again
Utterly dark, each bodily sense was clear
And sensible to every circumstance
Of time and place."
Attentive to her words
Thus the Priest answered:
"Brethren, ye have heard
The woman's tale. Beseems us now to ask
Whether of holy church a duteous child
Before our court appears, so not unlike
Heaven might vouchsafe its gracious miracle;
Or silly heretic, whose erring thoughts,
Monstrous and vain, perchance might stray beyond
All reason, and conceit strange dreams and signs
Impossible. Say, woman, from thy youth
Hast thou, as rightly mother church demands,
Confess'd to the holy priest each secret sin,

That by the grace vouchsafed to him from Heaven,
He might absolve thee?"
"Father," she replied,
"The forms of worship in mine earlier years
Waked my young mind to artificial awe,
And made me fear my God. Warm with the glow
Of health and exercise, whene'er I pass'd
The threshold of the house of prayer, I felt
A cold damp chill me; I beheld the flame
That with a pale and feeble glimmering
Dimmed the noonlight; I heard the solemn mass,
And with strange feelings and mysterious dread
Telling my beads, gave to the mystic prayers
Devoutest meaning. Often when I saw
The pictured flames writhe round a penanced soul,
Have I retired, and knelt before the cross
And wept for grace, and trembled and believed
A God of Terrors. But in riper years,
When as my soul grew strong in solitude,
I saw the eternal energy pervade
The boundless range of nature, with the sun
Pour life and radiance from his flamy path,
And on the lowliest flowret of the field
The kindly dew-drops shed. And then I felt
That He who form'd this goodly frame of things
Must needs be good, and with a Father's name
I call'd on Him, and from my burthen'd heart
Pour'd out the yearnings of unmingled love.
Methinks it is not strange, then, that I fled
The house of prayer, and made the lonely grove
My temple, at the foot of some old oak
Watching the little tribes that had their world
Within its mossy bark; or laid me down
Beside the rivulet, whose murmuring
Was silence to my soul, and mark'd the swarm
Whose light-edged shadows on the bedded sand
Mirror'd their mazy sports; the insect hum,
The flow of waters, and the song of birds
Making most holy music to mine ear:
Oh! was it strange, if for such scenes as these,
Such deep devoutness, such intense delight
Of quiet adoration, I forsook
The house of *worship? strange*, that when I felt

That God had made my spirit quick to feel
And love whate'er was beautiful and good,
And from ought evil and deform'd to shrink
Even as with instinct;—father! was it strange
That in my heart I had no thought of sin
And did not need forgiveness?"
As she spake,
The doctors stood astonish'd, and some while
They listen'd still in wonder. But at length
A priest replied:
"Woman, thou seemst to scorn
The ordinances of the holy church,
And, if I rightly understand thy words,
Thou sayest that solitude and nature taught
Thy feelings of religion, and that now
Masses and absolutions and the use
Of mystic wafer, are to thee unknown.
How, then, could Nature teach thee true religion,
Deprived of these? Nature can teach to sin,
But 'tis the priest alone can teach remorse,
Can bid St. Peter ope the gates of heaven,
And from the penal fires of purgatory
Absolve the soul. Could Nature teach thee this?
Or tell thee that St. Peter holds the keys,
And that his successor's unbounded power
Extends o'er either world? Although thy life
Of sin were free, if of this holy truth
Ignorant, thy soul in liquid flames must rue
Transgression."
Thus he spake; the applauding look
Went round. Nor dubious to reply the Maid
Was silent.
"Fathers of the holy church,
If on these points abstruse a simple maid
Like me, should err, impute not you the crime
To self-will'd reason, vaunting its own strength
Above the eternal wisdom. True it is
That for long time I have not heard the sound
Of mass high-chanted, nor with trembling lips
Partook the mystic wafer: yet the bird
That to the matin ray prelusive pour'd
His joyous song, methought did warble forth
Sweeter thanksgiving to religion's ear
In his wild melody of happiness,

Than ever rung along the high-arched roofs
Of man. Yet never from the bending vine
Pluck'd I its ripen'd clusters thanklessly,
Of that good God unmindful, who bestow'd
The bloodless banquet. Ye have told me, sirs,
That Nature only teaches man to sin!
If it be sin to seek the wounded lamb,
To bind its wounds, and bathe them with my tears,
This is what Nature taught! No, fathers! no,
It is not Nature that can teach to sin:
Nature is all benevolence, all love,
All beauty! In the greenwood's simple shade
There is no vice that to the indignant cheek
Bids the red current rush; no misery there;
No wretched mother, that with pallid face
And famine-fall'n, hangs o'er her hungry babes
With such a look, so wan, so wo-begone,
As shall one day, with damning eloquence,
Against the mighty plead! Nature teach sin!
Oh blasphemy against the Holy One,
Who made us in the image of Himself,
Who made us all for happiness and love—
Infinite happiness, infinite love,
Partakers of his own eternity."

Solemn and slow the reverend priest replied:
"Much, woman, do I doubt that all-wise Heaven
Would thus vouchsafe its gracious miracles
On one fore-doom'd to misery; for so doom'd
Is that deluded one, who, of the mass
Unheeding, and the church's saving power,
Deems Nature sinless. Therefore, mark me well,
Brethren, I would propose this woman try
The holy ordeal. Let her, bound and stript,
Lest haply in her clothes should be conceal'd
Some holy relic so profaned, be cast
In the deep pond; there if she float, no doubt
Some fiend upholds, but if she instant sink,
Sure sign is that that Providence displays
Her free from witchcraft. This done, let her walk
Blinded and bare o'er ploughshares heated red,
And o'er these past, her naked arm plunge deep
In scalding *water. If from* these she pass
Unhurt, to holy father of the church,

Most blessed Pope, we then refer the cause
For judgment: and this chief, the Son of Orleans,
Who comes to vouch the royal person known
By her miraculous power, shall pass with her
The sacred trial."
"Grace of God!" exclaim'd
The astonish'd Bastard; "plunge me in the pool,
O'er red-hot ploughshares make me dance, to please
Your dotard fancies! Fathers of the church,
Where is your gravity? What! elder-like,
This fairer than Susannah would you eye?
Ye call for ordeals; and I too demand
The noblest ordeal, on the English host
In victory to prove the mission sent
From favouring Heaven. To the Pope refer
For judgment! Know ye not that France even now
Stands tottering on destruction!"
Starting wild,
With a strange look, the mission'd Maid exclaim'd,
"The sword of God is here! the grave shall speak
To manifest me!"
Even as she spake,
A pale blue flame rose from the trophied tomb
Beside her. A deep silence through the dome
Dwelt awful: sudden from that house of death
The clash of arms was heard, as though within
The shrouded warrior shook his mailed limbs.

"Hear ye!" the damsel cried; "these are the arms
That shall flash terror o'er the hostile host—
These, in the presence of our lord the king,
And the assembled people, I shall take
From this the sepulchre, where many an age
Incorruptible they have lain conceal'd,
Destined for me, the delegate of Heaven."

Recovering from amaze, the priest replied:
"Thou art indeed the delegate of Heaven!
What thou hast said surely thou shalt perform!
We ratify thy mission. Go in peace."

The Fourth Book.

A Messenger from Orleans requests immediate succour. The Maid takes her armour from a tomb in the church of St. Catharine. She announces her intention of marching on the morrow.

THE Feast was spread, the sparkling bowl went round,
And to the assembled court the minstrel harp'd
The song of other days. Sudden they heard
The horn's loud blast. "This is no time for cares;
Feast ye the messenger without!" cried Charles,
"Enough is given of the wearying day
To the public weal."
Obedient to the king
The guard invites the traveller to his fare.
"Nay, I shall see the monarch," he replied,
"And he shall hear my tidings; duty-urged,
For many a long league have I hasten'd on,
Not now to be repell'd." Then with strong arm
Removing him who barr'd his onward way,
The hall he enters.
"King of France, I come
From Orleans, speedy and effectual aid
Demanding for her gallant garrison,
Faithful to thee, though thinn'd in many a fight,
And wither'd now by want. Thee it beseems,
For ever anxious for thy people's weal,
To succour these brave men, whose honest breasts
Bulwark thy throne."
He said, and from the hall
With upright step departing, in amaze
At his so bold deportment, left the Court.
The king exclaim'd, "But little need to send
Quick succour to this gallant garrison,
If to the English half so firm a front
They bear in battle!"
"In the field, my liege,"
Dunois replied, "that man has serv'd thee well.

Him have I seen the foremost of the fight,
Wielding so fearfully his death-red axe,
His eye so fury-fired, that the pale foe
Let fall their palsied arms with powerless stroke,
Desperate of safety. I do marvel much
That he is here: Orleans must be hard press'd
When one, the bravest of her garrison,
Is thus commission'd."
Swift the Maid exclaim'd,
"I tell thee, Chief, that there the English wolves
Shall never pour their yells of victory!
The will of God defends those fated walls,
And resting in full faith on that high will,
I mock their efforts. But the night draws on;
Retire we to repose. To-morrow's sun,
Breaking the darkness of the sepulchre,
Shall on that armour gleam, through many an age
Kept holy and inviolate by time."
She said, and rising, from the board retired.

Meantime the herald's brazen voice proclaim'd
Coming solemnity, and far and wide
Spread the strange tidings. Every labour ceas'd;
The ploughman from the unfinish'd furrow hastes;
The armorer's anvil beats no more the din
Of future slaughter. Through the thronging streets
The buzz of asking wonder hums along.

On to St. Catherine's sacred fane they go;
The holy fathers with the imaged cross
Leading the long procession. Next, as one
Suppliant for mercy to the King of Kings,
And grateful for the benefits of Heaven,
The monarch pass'd, and by his side the Maid,
Her lovely limbs robed in a snow-white vest.
Wistless that every eye on her was fix'd,
With stately step she moved: her labouring soul
To high thoughts elevate; and gazing round
With the wild eye, that of the circling throng
And of the visible world unseeing, saw
The shapes of holy phantasy. By her
The warrior Son of Orleans strode along
Pre-eminent. He, nerving his young frame
With manly exercise, had scaled the cliff,

And dashing in the torrent's foaming flood,
Stemm'd with broad breast its fury; so his form,
Sinewy and firm, and fit for loftiest deeds,
Tower'd high amid the throng effeminate;
No dainty bath had from his hardy limbs
Effaced the hauberk's honourable marks;
His helmet bore of hostile steel the dints
Many and deep; upon his pictur'd shield
A lion vainly struggled in the toils,
Whilst by his side the cub, with pious rage
His young mane floating to the desert air,
Rends the fallen huntsman. Tremouille him behind,
The worthless favourite of the slothful prince,
Stalk'd arrogant, in shining armour clasp'd,
Emboss'd with gold and gems of richest hue,
Gaudily graceful, by no hostile blade
Defaced, and rusted by no hostile blood;
Trimly-accoutred court habiliments,
Gay lady-dazzling armour, to adorn
In dangerless manœuvres some review,
The mockery of murder! follow'd him
The train of courtiers; summer-flies, that sport
In the sun beam of favour; insects, sprung
From the court dunghill; greedy blood suckers,
The foul corruption-gender'd swarm of state.

As o'er some flowery field the busy bees
Pour their deep music, pleasant melody
To the tired traveller, under some old oak
Stretch'd in the chequer'd shade; or as the sound
Of many waters down the far-off steep
Dash'd with loud uproar, rose the murmur round
Of admiration. Every gazing eye
Dwelt on the mission'd Maid; of all beside,
The long procession and the gorgeous train,
Though glittering they with gold and sparkling gems,
And their rich plumes high waving to the air,
Heedless.
The consecrated dome they reach,
Rear'd to St. Catharine's holy memory.
Her tale the altar told; when Maximin,
His rais'd lip kindled with a savage smile,
In such *deep fury bade* the tenter'd wheel
Tear her life piecemeal, that the very face

Of the hard executioner relax'd
With horror; calm she heard; no drop of blood
Forsook her cheek; her steady eye was turn'd
Heavenward, and Hope and meekest Piety
Beam'd in that patient look. Nor vain her trust:
For lo! the Angel of the Lord descends
And crumbles with his fiery touch the wheel!
One glance of holy triumph Catharine cast,
Then bow'd her to the sword of martyrdom.

Her eye averting from the storied wo,
The delegated damsel knelt, and pour'd
To Heaven the earnest prayer.
A trophied tomb
Close to the altar rear'd its ancient bulk.
Two pointless javelins and a broken sword,
Time-mouldering now, proclaim'd some warrior slept
The sleep of death beneath. A massy stone
And rude-ensculptur'd effigy o'erlaid
The sepulchre. In silent wonderment
The expectant multitude with eager eye
Gaze, listening as the mattock's heavy stroke
Invades the tomb's repose: the heavy stroke
Sounds hollow; over the high-vaulted roof
Roll the repeated echoes: soon the day
Dawns on the grave's long night, the slant sunbeam
Beams on the enshrined arms, the crested helm,
The bauldrick's strength, the shield, the sacred sword.
A sound of awe-repress'd astonishment
Rose from the crowd. The delegated Maid
Over her robes the hallowed breast-plate threw,
Self-fitted to her form; on her helm'd head
The white plumes nod majestically slow;
She lifts the buckler and the sacred sword,
Gleaming portentous light.
The amazed crowd
Raise the loud shout of transport. "God of Heaven!
The Maid exclaim'd; "Father all-merciful!
Devoted to whose holy will, I wield
The sword of Vengeance, go before our host!
All-just Avenger of the innocent,
Be thou our Champion! God of Love, preserve
Those whom no lust of glory leads to arms."

She ceas'd, and with an eager hush the crowd
Still listened; a brief while throughout the dome
Deep silence dwelt; then with a sudden burst,
Devout and full, they rais'd the choral hymn—
"Thee, Lord, we praise, our God!" The throng without
Catch the strange tidings, join the hymn of joy,
And thundering transport peals along the heavens.

As thro' the parting crowd the virgin pass'd,
He who from Orleans on the yesternight
Demanded succour, clasp'd with warmth her hand,
And with a bosom-thrilling voice exclaim'd,
"Ill-omen'd Maid! victim of thine own worth,
Devoted for the king-curst realm of France!—
Ill-omen'd Maid, I pity thee!" So saying,
He turn'd into the crowd. At his strange words
Disturb'd, the warrior-virgin pass'd along,
And much revolving in her troubled mind,
Retreads the court.
And now the horn announced
The ready banquet; they partook the feast,
Then rose, and in the cooling water cleansed
Their hands, and seated at the board again,
Enjoyed the bowl, or scented high with spice,
Or flavour'd with the fragrant summer fruit,
Or luscious with metheglin mingled rich.
Meantime the Trouveur struck the harp: he sung
Of Lancelot du Lake, the truest knight
That ever loved fair lady; and the youth
Of Cornwall, underneath whose maiden sword
The strength of Ireland fell; and he who struck
The dolorous stroke, the blameless and the brave.
Who died beneath a brother's erring arm.
Ye have not perish'd, Chiefs of Carduel!
The songs of earlier years embalm your fame,
And haply yet some poet shall arise,
Like that divinest Tuscan, and enwreathe
The immortal garland for himself and you.

The full sound echoed o'er the arched roof,
And listening eager to the favourite lay,
The guests sat silent, when into the hall
The *messenger from that* besieged town

Stalk'd stately. "It is pleasant, King of France,
To feast at ease and hear the harper's song;
Far other music hear the men of Orleans!
Death is among them; there the voice of Wo
Moans ceaseless."
"Rude, unmannerly intruder!"
Exclaim'd the monarch: "Cease to interrupt
The hour of merriment; it is not thine
To instruct me in my duty."
Of reproof
Heedless, the stranger to the minstrel cried:
"Why harpest thou of good King Arthur's fame
Amid these walls? Virtue and Genius love
That lofty lay. Hast thou no loose lewd tale
To pamper and provoke the appetite?
Such should procure thee worthy recompence!
Or rather sing thou of that mighty one,
Who tore the ewe lamb from the poor man's bosom,
That was to him even as a daughter! Charles,
This holy tale would I tell, prophet-like,
And look at thee, and cry, 'Thou art the man!'"

He said, and with a quick and troubled step
Retired. Astonish'd at his daring phrase,
The guests sat heedless of the minstrel's song,
Pondering the words mysterious. Soon the harp
Beguil'd their senses of anxiety.

The court dispers'd: retiring from the hall,
Charles and the delegated damsel sought
The inner palace. There awaited them
The Queen: with her JOAN loved to pass the hours,
By various converse cheer'd; for she had won
The Virgin's heart by her mild melancholy,
The calm and duteous patience that deplor'd
A husband's cold half-love. To her she told
With what strange words the messenger from Orleans
Had rous'd uneasy wonder in her mind;
For on her ear yet vibrated the voice,
"Ill-omened Maid, I pity thee!" when lo!
Again that man stalk'd to the door, and stood
Scowling around.
"Why dost thou haunt me thus?"
The monarch cried. "Is there no place secure

From thy rude insolence?' Unmanner'd man!
I know thee not!"
"Then learn to know me, Charles!"
Solemnly he replied. "Read well my face,
That thou mayest know it on that dreadful day,
When at the throne of God I shall demand
His justice on thee!" Turning from the king,
To Agnes as she enter'd, in a tone
More low, more awfully severe, he cried,
"Dost thou, too, know me not?"
She glanced on him,
And pale and breathless hid her head, convuls'd,
In the Maid's bosom.
"King of France!" he said,
"She lov'd me! Day by day I dwelt with her;
Her voice was music, very sweet her smiles!
I left her! left her, Charles, in evil hour,
To fight thy battles. Thou meantime didst come,
Staining most foul her spotless purity;
For she was pure.—Alas! these courtly robes
Hide not the hideous stain of infamy.
Thou canst not with thy golden belt put on
An honourable name, unhappy one!
My poor, polluted Agnes!—Thou bad man!
Thou hast almost shaken my faith in Heaven.
I see thee rioting in sloth and guilt,
And yet thou restest pillowing thy head
Even on her bosom! I, though innocent
Of ill, the victim of another's vice,
Drag on the loathsome burthen of existence,
And doubt Heaven's justice!"
So he said, and frown'd
Dark as that man who at Mohammed's door
Knock'd fierce and frequent; from whose fearful look,
Bath'd with cold damps, every beholder fled.
Even he the Prophet, almost terrified,
Endur'd but half to view him; for he knew
Azrael, stern-brow'd Messenger of Fate,
And his death-day was come. Guilt-petrified
The monarch sat, nor could endure to face
His bosom-probing frown. The mission'd Maid
Read anxious his stern features, and exclaim'd
"I *know thee, Conrade!*" Rising from her seat,
She took his hand, for he stood motionless,

Gazing on Agnes now with full-fix'd eye,
Dreadful, though calm: him from the court she drew
And to the river's banks, resisting not,
Both sadly silent, led; till at the last,
As from a dream awaking, Conrade look'd
Full on the Maid, and falling on her neck,
He wept.
"I know thee, damsel!" he exclaim'd.
"Dost thou remember that tempestuous night,
When I, a weather-beaten traveller, sought
Your hospitable doors? Ah me! I then
Was happy! You too sojourn'd then in peace.
Fool that I was; I blam'd such happiness;
Arraign'd it as a guilty, selfish sloth,
Unhappily prevailing; so I fear me;
Or why art thou at Chinon?"
Him the Maid
Answering, address'd: "I do remember well
That night, for then the holy spirit first
Waked by thy words, possess'd me."
Conrade cried:
"Poor Maiden, thou wert happy! thou hadst liv'd
Blessing and blest, if I had never stray'd
Needlessly rigid from my peaceful path.
And thou hast left thine home, then, and obey'd
The feverish fancies of thine ardent brain!
And hast thou left him, too, the youth, whose eye
For ever glancing on thee, spake so well
Affection's eloquent tale?
So as he said,
Rush'd the warm purple to the Virgin's cheek.
"I am alone," she answer'd, "for this realm
Devoted." Nor to answer more the Maid
Endur'd; for many a melancholy thought
Throng'd on her aching memory. Her mind's eye
Beheld Domremi and the fields of Arc:
Her burthen'd heart was full; such grief she felt,
Yet such sweet solacing of self applause
As cheers the banish'd patriot's lonely hours
When Fancy pictures to him all he loved,
Till the big tear-drop rushes o'er its orb,
And drowns the soft enchantment.
With a look,
That spake solicitous wonder, Conrade eyed

The silent Maid; nor would the Maid suppress
The thoughts that swell'd within her, or from him
Hide her soul's workings. "'Twas on the last night
Before I left Domremi's pleasant home,
I sate beside the brook, my labouring soul
Full, as inebriate with Divinity.
Then, Conrade! I beheld the ruffian herd
Circle a flaming pile, where at the stake
A female stood; the iron bruised her breast,
And round her limbs ungarmented, the fire
Curl'd its fierce flakes. I saw her countenance;
I knew myself." Then, in subdued tones
Of calmness, "There are moments when the soul
From her own impulse with strange dread recoils,
Suspicious of herself: but with most full
And perfect faith I know this vision sent
From Heaven, and feel of its unerring truth,
As that God liveth, that I live myself,
The feeling that deceives not."
By the hand
Her Conrade held, and cried, "Ill-fated Maid,
That I have torn thee from Affection's breast,
My soul will groan in anguish. Thou wilt serve,
Like me, the worthless Court, and having serv'd,
In the hour of ill abandon'd, thou shalt curse
The duty that deluded. Of the world
Fatigued, and loathing at my fellow men,
I shall be seen no more. There is a path—
The eagle hath not mark'd it, the young wolf
Knows not its hidden windings: I have trod
That path, and mark'd a melancholy den,
Where one whose jaundiced soul abhors itself,
May pamper him in complete wretchedness.
There sepulchred, the ghost of what he was,
Conrade shall dwell; and in the languid hour,
When the jarr'd senses sink to a sick calm,
Shall mourn the waste of frenzy!"
Then the Maid
Fix'd upon Conrade her commanding eye:
"I pass'd the fertile Auxerrois," she cried;
"The vines had spread their interwoven shoots
Over the unpruned vineyards, the rich grapes
Rotted *beneath the leaves*, for there was none
To tread the vintage, and the birds of heaven

Had glutted them. I saw the cattle start
As they did hear[25] the loud alarum-bell,
And with a piteous moaning vainly seek
To fly the death to come. I have look'd back
Upon the cottage where I had partook
The peasant's meal, and seen it wrapt in flames;
And then I thank'd my God that I had burst
The stubborn ties that fetter down the soul
To selfish happiness, and on this earth
Was as a pilgrim.—Conrade! rouse thyself!
Cast the weak nature off! a time like this
Is not for gentler feelings, for the glow
Of love, the overflowings of the heart.
There is oppression in thy country, Conrade!
There is a cause, a holy cause, that needs
The just man's aid. Live for it, and enjoy
Earth's noblest recompence, thine own esteem;
Or die in that good cause, and thy reward
Shall sure be found in heaven."
He answer'd not,
But clasping to his heart the Virgin's hand,
Sped rapid o'er the plain. She with dim eyes,
For gushing tears obscur'd them, follow'd him
Till lost in distance. With a weight of thought
Opprest, along the poplar-planted Vienne
Awhile she wandered; then upon the bank
She laid her down, and watch'd the tranquil stream
Flow with a quiet murmuring, by the clouds
Of evening purpled. The perpetual flow,
The ceaseless murmuring, lull'd her to such dreams
As Memory in her melancholy mood
Most loves. The wonted scenes of Arc arose;
She saw the forest brook, the weed that waved
Its long green tresses in the stream, the crag
That overbrow'd the spring, and the old yew
That through the bare and rifted rock had forced
Its twisted trunk, the berries cheerful red
Starring its gloomy green. Her pleasant home
She saw, and those who made that home so dear,
Her loved, lost friends. The mingled feelings fill'd
Her eye, when from behind a voice address'd her:
"Forgive the intrusion, lady! I would ask
Where I might meet that Heaven-commission'd Maid,
Call'd to deliver France."

The well-known tones
l'd her; her heart throbb'd fast; she started up,
fell upon the neck of Theodore.

h! I have found thee!" cried the enraptur'd youth,
I shall dare the battle by thy side,
shield thee from the war! but tell me, JOAN,
didst thou brood in such strange mystery,
thy Heaven-doom'd purpose? Trust me, Maiden,
e shed many tears for that wild gloom
so estranged thee from thy Theodore!
ou couldst know the anguish I endur'd
ı thou wert gone! in sooth, it was unkind
ave us thus!"
Mindless of her high call,
ı the lowly shepherdess of Arc,
lf-articulated words the Maid
ess'd her joy. Of Elinor she ask'd,
from a doting mother he had come
ms array'd.
"Thou wakest in my mind
ought that makes me sad," the youth replied,
Elinor wept much at my resolve,
eloquent with all a mother's fears,
d me to leave her not. My wayward heart
e me, as I look'd back and saw her wave
ı! but high in hope I soon beguil'd
melancholy feelings, by the thought
we should both return to cheer her age,
nission well fulfill'd, and quit no more
opse-embosom'd cottage."
But the Maid
started from her dream of happiness,
n her memory flash'd the flaming pile.
ıth-like paleness at the dreadful thought
er'd her cheek; the dews on her cold brow
ed, and on the arm of Theodore,
e and faint, she hung. His eager eye,
ntring all the anguish of the soul,
strain'd in anxious love, on her wan cheek
ully silent gazed. But by the thought
r high mission rous'd, the Maiden's soul
ted, and *she spake.*
"My Theodore,

Thou hast done wrong to quit thy mother's home!
Alone and aged, she will weep for thee,
Wasting the little that is left of life
In anguish. Go thee back again to Arc,
And cheering so her wintry hour of age,
Cherish my memory there."
Swift he exclaim'd,
"Nay, Maid! the pang of parting is o'erpast,
And Elinor looks on to the glad hour
When we shall both return. Amid the war
How many an arm will seek thy single life,
How many a sword pierce thro' thy brittle mail,
Wound thy fair face, or, driven with impious rage,
Gore thy white bosom! JOAN, I will go with thee,
And spread the guardian shield!"
Again the Maid
Grew pale; for of her last and terrible hour
The vision'd scene she saw. "Nay," she replied,
"I shall not need thy succour in the war.
Me Heaven, if so seem good to its high will,
Will save. I shall be happier, Theodore,
Thinking that thou dost sojourn safe at home,
And make thy mother happy."
The youth's cheek
A rapid blush disorder'd. "O! the Court
Is pleasant, and thy soul would fain forget
An obscure villager, who only boasts
The treasure of the heart!"
She look'd at him
With the reproaching eye of tenderness:
"Devoted for the realm of France, I go
A willing victim. The unpierced veil
To me was rais'd, my gifted eye beheld
The fearful features of Futurity.
Yes, Theodore, I shall redeem my country,
Abandoning for this the joys of life,
Yea, life itself!" Then on his neck she fell,
And with a faltering voice, "Return to Arc!
I do not tell thee there are other maids
As fair; for thou wilt love my memory,
Hallowing to it the temple of thy heart.
Worthy a happier, not a better love,
My Theodore!"—Then, pressing his pale lips,
A last and holy kiss the virgin fix'd,
And rush'd across the plain.

She reach'd the court
Breathless. The mingled movements of her mind
Shook every fibre. Sad and sick at heart,
Fain to her lonely chamber's solitude
The Maiden had retir'd; but her the king
Met on the threshold. He of the late scene
Forgetful and his crime, as cheerful seem'd
As though there had not been a God in Heaven!
"Enter the hall," he cried, "the maskers there
Join in the dance. Why, Maiden, art thou sad?
Has that rude madman shook thy gentle frame
With his strange frenzies?"
Ere the Maid replied,
The son of Orleans came with joyful speed,
Poising his massy javelin.
"Thou hast rous'd
The sleeping virtue of the sons of France;
They crowd around the standard," cried the chief.
"My lance is ponderous, I have sharp'd my sword
To meet the mortal combat. Mission'd Maid,
Our brethren sieged in Orleans, every moment
Gaze from the watch-tower with the sick'ning eye
Of expectation."
Then the King exclaim'd,
"O chosen by Heaven! defer one day thy march,
That humbled at the altar we may join
The general prayer. Be these our holy rites
To-morrow's task;—to-night for merriment!"

The Maid replied, "The wretched ones in Orleans,
In fear and hunger and expiring hope,
Await my succour, and my prayers would plead
In Heaven against me, did they waste one hour
When active duty calls. For this night's mirth
Hold me excused; in truth I am not fit
For merriment; a heavy charge is on me,
And I must let go from me mortal thoughts."

Her heart was full, and pausing, she repress'd
The unbidden anguish. "Lo! they crowd around
The standard! Thou, Dunois, the chosen troops
Marshal in speed, for early with the dawn
We march to rescue Orleans from the foe."

The Fifth Book.

The Maid receives a consecrated Banner. The troops under her command march towards Orleans. They meet with one of the female outcasts from that city. Her history, including that of the siege.

Scarce had the earliest ray from Chinon's towers
Made visible the mists that curl'd along
The winding waves of Vienne, when from her couch
Started the martial maid. She mail'd her limbs;
The white plumes nodded o'er her helmed head;
She girt the sacred falchion by her side,
And, like some youth that from his mother's arms,
For his first field impatient, breaks away,
Poising the lance went forth.
Twelve hundred men,
Rearing in order'd ranks their well-sharp'd spears,
Await her coming. Terrible in arms,
Before them towered Dunois, his manly face
Dark-shadow'd by the helmet's iron cheeks.
The assembled court gaz'd on the marshall'd train,
And at the gate the aged prelate stood
To pour his blessing on the chosen host.
And now a soft and solemn symphony
Was heard, and chanting high the hallow'd hymn,
From the near convent came the vestal maids.
A holy banner, woven by virgin hands,
Snow-white they bore. A mingled sentiment
Of awe, and eager ardour for the fight,
Thrill'd through the troops, as he the reverend man
Took the white standard, and with heaven-ward eye
Call'd on the God of Justice, blessing it.
The Maid, her brows in reverence unhelm'd,
Her dark hair floating on the morning gale,
Knelt to his prayer, and stretching forth her hand,
Receiv'd the mystic ensign. From the host
A loud and universal shout burst forth,
As rising from the ground, on her white brow
She placed the plumed casque, and waved on high

The banner'd lilies. On their way they march,
And dim in distance, soon the towers of Chinon
Fade from the eye reverted.
The sixth sun,
Purpling the sky with his dilated light,
Sunk westering; when embosomed in the depth
Of[26] that old forest, that for many a league
Shadows the hills and vales of Orleannois,
They pitch their tents. The hum of occupation
Sounds ceaseless. Waving to the evening gale,
The streamers wanton; and, ascending slow
Beneath the foliage of the forest trees,
With many a light hue tinged, the curling smoke
Melts in the impurpled air. Leaving her tent,
The martial Maiden wander'd through the wood;
There, by a streamlet, on the mossy bank
Reclined, she saw a damsel; her long locks
Engarlanded, and as she nearer came,
The Virgin knew it for the willow weed.
Resting his head upon her lap, there lay
A dark-hair'd man, listening as she did sing
Sad ditties, and enwreathe to bind his brow
The melancholy rue. Scared at the sound
Of one in arms approaching, she had fled;
But Conrade, looking upward, recognis'd
The Maid of Arc. "Fear not, poor Isabel,"
Said he, "for this is one of gentle kind,
Whom even the wretched need not fear to love."

So saying, he arose and took her hand,
And held it to his bosom. "My weak heart,
Though school'd by wrongs to loath at human kind,
Beats high, a rebel to its own resolves.
Come hither, outcast one! and call her friend,
And she shall be thy friend more readily
Because thou art unhappy."
Isabel
Saw a tear starting in the Virgin's eye,
And glancing upon Conrade, she too wept,
Wailing his wilder'd senses.
"Mission'd Maid!"
The warrior cried, "be happy! for thy power
Can make *this wanderer* so. From Orleans driven,
Orphan'd by war, and torn away from one

Her only friend, I found her in the wilds,
Worn out with want and wretchedness. Thou, Joan,
Wilt his beloved to the youth restore;
And trust me, Maid! the miserable feel
When they on others bestow happiness,
High joys and soul ennobling."
She replied,
Pressing the damsel's hand, in the mild tone
Of equal friendship, solacing her cares.
"Soon shall we enter Orleans," said the Maid;
"A few hours in her dream of victory
England shall triumph; then to be awaked
By the loud thunder of Almighty wrath!
Irksome meantime the busy camp to me
A solitary woman. Isabel,
Wert thou the while companion of my tent,
Lightly the time would pass. Return with me,
I may not long be absent."
So she spake.
The wanderer in half-uttered words express'd
Grateful assent. "Art thou astonish'd, Maid,
That one though powerful is benevolent?
In truth thou well mayst wonder!" Conrade cried.
"But little cause to love the mighty ones
Has the low cottager! for with its shade
Does Power, a barren, death-dew-dropping tree,
Blast ev'ry herb beneath its baleful boughs!
Tell thou thy sufferings, Isabel! Relate
How warr'd the chieftains, and the people died.
The mission'd Virgin hath not heard thy woes;
And pleasant to mine ear, the twice-told tale
Of sorrow."
Gazing on the martial Maid,
She read her wish and spake. "A wanderer now,
Friendless and hopeless; still I love to think
Upon my pleasant home, and call to mind
Each haunt of careless youth; the woodbin'd wall,
The jessamine that round the straw-roof'd cot
Its fragrant branches wreath'd, beneath whose shade
I wont to sit and watch the setting sun,
And hear the redbreast's lay. Nor far remote,
As o'er the subject landskip round I gazed,
The towers of Jenville rose upon the view.
A foreign master holds my father's home!

I, far away, remember the past years,
And weep.
Two brethren form'd our family;
Humble we were, and happy. Honest toil
Procur'd our homely sustenance; our herds,
Duly at morn and evening to my hand
Gave their full stores; the vineyard he had rear'd,
Purpled its clusters in the southern sun,
And, plenteous produce of my father's toil,
The yellow harvest billow'd o'er the plain.
How cheerful, seated round the blazing hearth,
When all the labour of the day was done,
We past the evening hours! for they would sing,
Or cheerful roundelay, or ditty sad,
Of maid forsaken and the willow weed;
Or of the doughty Paladins of France,
Some warlike fit, the while my spinning wheel
Humm'd not unpleasing round!
Thus long we lived,
And happy. To a neighbouring youth my hand,
In holy wedlock soon to be conbin'd,
Was plighted: my poor Francis!" Here she paus'd,
And here she wept awhile.
"We did not dream
The desolating sword of War would stoop
To us; but soon, as with the whirlwind's speed,
Ruin[27] rushed round us. Mehun, Clery, fell,
The banner'd Leopard waved on Gergeau's wall;
Baugenci yielded; soon the foe approach'd
The towers of Jenville.
Fatal was the hour
To wretched Isabel: for from the wall
The rusty sword was taken, and the shield,
That long had mouldered on the mouldering nail,
To meet the war repair'd. No more was heard
The ballad, or the merry roundelay;
The clattering hammer's clank, the grating file,
Harsh sounded through the day a dismal din.
I never shall forget their mournful sound!

"My father stood encircling his old limbs
In long-forgotten arms. 'Come, boys,' he cried,
'I did *not think that this* grey head again,
Should bear the helmet's weight! but in the field,

Better to boldly die a soldier's death,
Than here be tamely butcher'd. Thou, my child,
Go to the Abbey; here is gold to buy
The safe protection of the holy church.
Fare thee well, Isabel! if we survive
And conquer, we shall meet again: if not,
There is a better world!'
In broken words,
Lifting his looks to Heaven, my father breath'd
His blessing on me. As they strode away,
My brethren gazed on me and prest my hand
In silence, for they lov'd their Isabel.
From the near cottage Francis join'd the troop.
Then did I look on our forsaken home,
And almost sob my very soul away!
For all my hopes of happiness were fled,
Like a vain dream!"
"Perish these mighty ones,"
Cried Conrade, "these prime ministers of death,
Who stalk elated o'er their fields of fame,
And count the thousands they have massacred,
And with the bodies of the innocent, rear
Their pyramid of glory! perish these,
The epitome of all the pestilent plagues
That Egypt knew! who pour their locust swarms
O'er ravaged realms, and bid the brooks run blood.
Fear and Destruction go before their path,
And famine dogs their footsteps. God of Justice,
Let not the innocent blood cry out in vain!"

Thus whilst he spake the murmur of the camp
Rose on their ear: first like the distant sound
When the full-foliaged forest to the storm
Shakes its hoarse head; anon with louder din;
And through the opening glade gleamed many a fire.
The virgin's tent they enter'd; there the board
Was spread, the wanderer of the fare partook,
Then thus her tale renew'd.
"Slow o'er the hill
Whose rising head conceal'd our cot I past,
Yet on my journey paus'd awhile, and gaz'd
And wept; for often had I crost the hill
With cheerful step, and seen the rising smoke
Of hospitable fire; alas! no smoke

Curl'd o'er the melancholy chimneys now!
Orleans I reach'd. There in the suburbs stood
The abbey; and ere long I learnt the fall
Of Jenville.
On a day, a soldier ask'd
For Isabel. Scarce could my faltering feet
Support me. It was Francis, and alone—
The sole survivor of the fatal fight!

"And soon the foes approach'd: impending war
Soon sadden'd Orleans. There the bravest chiefs
Assemble: Thouars, Coarase, Chabannes,
And the Sire Chapelle in successful war
Since wounded to the death, and that good knight
Giresme of Rhodes, who in a better cause
Can never wield the crucifix[28] that hilts
His hallowed sword, and Xaintrailles ransom'd now,
And Fayette late releas'd, and that young duke
Who at Verneuil senseless with many a wound
Fell prisoner, and La Hire, the merriest[29] man
That ever yet did win his soldiers' love,
And over all for hardihood renown'd
The Bastard Orleans.
These within the town
Expect the foe. Twelve hundred chosen men
Well tried in war, uprear the guardian shield
Beneath their banners. Dreadful was the sight
Of preparation. The wide suburbs stretch'd
Along the pleasant borders of the Loire,
Late throng'd with multitudes, now feel the hand
Of ruin.[30] These preventive care destroys,
Lest England, shelter'd by the friendly walls,
Securely should approach. The monasteries
Fell in the general waste. The holy monks
Unwillingly their long-accustomed haunts
Abandon, haunts where every gloomy nook
Call'd to awakened memory some trace
Of vision seen, or sound miraculous.
Trembling and terrified, their noiseless cells
For the rude uproar of a world unknown,
The nuns desert: their abbess, more composed,
Collects her maids around, and tells her beads,
And *pours the timid* prayer of piety.
The citizens with strong and ceaseless stroke

Dug up the violated earth, to impede
The foe: the hollow chambers of the dead
Echoed beneath. The brazen-trophied tomb
Thrown in the furnace, now prepares to give
The death it late recorded. It was sad
To see so wide a waste; the aged ones
Hanging their heads, and weeping as they went
O'er the fall'n dwellings of their happier years;
The stern and sullen silence of the men
Musing on vengeance: and, but ill represt,
The mother's fears as to her breast she clasp'd
Her ill-doom'd infant. Soon the suburbs lay
One ample ruin; the huge stones remov'd,
Wait in the town to rain the storm of death.

"And now without the walls the desolate plain
Stretch'd wide, a rough and melancholy waste,
With uptorn pavements and foundations deep
Of many a ruined dwelling: nor within
Less dreary was the scene; at evening hour
No more the merry viol's note was heard,
No more the aged matron at her door
Humm'd cheery to her spinning wheel, and mark'd
Her children dancing to the roundelay.
The chieftains strengthening still the massy walls,
Survey them with the prying eye of fear.
The eager youth in dreadful preparation
Strive in the mimic war. Silent and stern,
With the hurrying restlessness of fear, they urge
Their gloomy labours. In the city dwelt
A most dead silence of all pleasant sounds,
But all day long the armourer's beat was heard,
And all the night it echoed.
Soon the foe
Led to our walls the siege: as on they move
The clarion's clangor, and the cheerful fife,
According to the thundering drum's deep sound,
Direct their measur'd march. Before the ranks
Stalks the stern form of Salisbury, the scourge
Of France; and Talbot towered by his side,
Talbot, at whose dread name the froward child
Clings mute and trembling to his nurse's breast.
Suffolk was there, and Hungerford, and Scales,

And Fastolffe, victor in the frequent fight.
Dark as the autumnal storm they roll'd along,
A countless host! From the high tower I mark'd
The dreadful scene! I saw the iron blaze
Of javelins sparkling to the noontide sun,
Their banners tossing to the troubled gale,
And—fearful music—heard upon the wind
The modulated step of multitudes.

"There in the midst, shuddering with fear, I saw
The dreadful stores of death; tremendous roll'd
Over rough roads the harsh wheels; the brazen tubes
Flash'd in the sun their fearful splendour far,
And last the loaded waggons creak'd along

"Nor were our chieftains, whilst their care procur'd
Human defence, neglectful to implore
That heavenly aid, deprived of which the strength
Of man is weakness. Bearing through our streets
The precious relics of the holy dead,
The monks and nuns pour'd many an earnest prayer
Devoutly join'd by all. Saint Aignan's shrine
Was throng'd by supplicants; the general voice
Call'd on Saint Aignan's name again to save
His people, as of yore, before he past
Into the fulness of eternal rest,
When by the Spirit to the lingering camp
Of Ætius borne, he brought the timely aid,
And Attila with all his multitudes
Far off retreated to their field of shame."

And now Dunois, for he had seen the camp
Well-order'd, enter'd. "One night more in peace
England shall rest," he cried, "ere yet the storm
Bursts on her guilty head! then their proud vaunts
Forgotten, or remember'd to their shame,
Vainly her chiefs shall curse the hour when first
They pitch'd their tents round Orleans."
"Of that siege,"
The Maid of Arc replied, "gladly I hear
The detail. Isabel, proceed! for soon
Destin'd to rescue that devoted town,
All that *has chanced, the* ills she has endur'd,
I listen sorrowing for the past, and feel

High satisfaction at the saviour power
To me commission'd."
Thus the virgin spake,
Nor Isabel delayed. "And now more near
The hostile host advancing pitch their tents.
Unnumber'd streamers wave, and clamorous shouts,
Anticipating conquest, rend the air
With universal uproar. From their camp
A herald comes; his garb emblazon'd o'er
With leopards and the lilies of our realm;
Foul shame to France! The summons of the foe
He brought."
The Bastard, interrupting, cried:
"I was with Gaucour and the assembled chiefs,
When by his office, privileged and proud,
That herald spake, as certain of success
As he had made a league with victory.
'Nobles of France rebellious! from the chief
Of yon victorious host, the mighty earl
Of Salisbury, now there in place of him
Your regent John of Bedford: in his name
I come, and in our sovereign Lord the king's,
Henry. Ye know full well our master's claim
Incontrovertible to this good realm,
By right descent, and solemnly confirm'd
By your great monarch, and our mighty king,
Fifth Henry, in the treaty ratified
At Troyes, wherein your monarch did disclaim
All future right and title to this crown,
His own exempted, for his son and heirs
Down to the end of time. This sign'd and seal'd
At the holy altar, and by nuptial knot
Of Henry and your Princess, yields the realm,
Charles dead and Henry, to his infant son,
Henry of Windsor. Who then dares oppose
My master's title, in the face of God,
Of wilful perjury, most atrocious crime,
Stands guilty, and of flat rebellion 'gainst
The Lord's anointed. He at Paris crown'd,
With loud acclaim from the duteous multitude
Thus speaks by me. Deliver up your town
To Salisbury, and yield yourselves and arms,
So shall your lives be safe: and—mark his grace!
If of your free accord, to him you pay

Due homage as your sovereign lord and king,
Your rich estates, your houses shall be safe,
And you in favour stand, as is the duke,
Philip of Burgundy. But—mark we well!
If obstinately wilful, you persist
To scorn his proffer'd mercy, not one stone
Upon another of this wretched town
Shall then be left: and when the English host
Triumphant in the dust have trod the towers
Of Orleans, who survive the dreadful war
Shall die like traitors by the hangman's hand.
Ye men of France, remember Caen and Roan!'

"He ceased: nor Gaucour for a moment paus'd
To form reply.
'Herald! to all thy vaunts
Of English sovereignty let this suffice
For answer: France will only own as king
Him whom the people choose. On Charles's brow
Transmitted through a long and good descent,
The crown remains. We know no homage due
To English robbers, and disclaim the peace
Inglorious made at Troyes by factious men
Hostile to France. Thy master's proffer'd grace
Meets the contempt it merits. Herald, yes,
We shall remember Meaux, and Caen, and Roan!
Go, tell the mighty Earl of Salisbury,
That as like Blanchard, Gaucour dares his power;
Like Blanchard, he can mock his cruelty,
And triumph by enduring. Speak I well,
Ye men of Orleans?'
"Never did I hear
A shout so universal as ensued
Of approbation. The assembled host
As with one voice pour'd forth their loyalty,
And struck their sounding shields. The towers of Orleans
Echoed the loud uproar. The herald went.
The work of war began."
"A fearful scene,"
Cried Isabel. "The iron storm of death
Clash'd in the sky; from the strong engines hurl'd
Huge rocks with tempest force convulsed the air;
Then was there heard at once the clang of arms,
The bellowing cannons, and the soldier's shouts,

The female's shriek, the affrighted infant's cry,
The groan of death: discord of dreadful sounds
That jarr'd the soul!
Nor while the encircling foe
Leaguer'd the walls of Orleans, idly slept
Our friends; for winning down the Loire its way
The frequent vessel with provision fraught,
And men, and all the artillery of death,
Cheer'd us with welcome succour. At the bridge
These safely stranded mock'd the foeman's force.
This to prevent, Salisbury, their watchful chief,
Prepares the amazing work. Around our walls
Encircling walls he builds, surrounding thus
The city. Firm'd with massiest buttresses,
At equal distance, sixty forts protect
The pile. But chief where in the sieged town,
The six great avenues meet in the midst,
Six castles there he rear'd impregnable,
With deep-dug moats and bridges drawn aloft,
Where over the strong gate suspended hung
The dread portcullis. Thence the gunner's eye
From his safe shelter could with ease survey
Intended sally, or approaching aid,
And point destruction.
It were long to tell
And tedious, how with many a bold assault
The men of Orleans rush'd upon their foes;
How after difficult fight the enemy
Possess'd the [31] Tournelles, and the embattled tower
That shadows from the bridge the subject Loire;
Though numbering now three thousand daring men,
Frequent and fierce the garrison repell'd
Their far-outnumbering foes. From every aid
Included, they in Orleans groan'd beneath
All ills accumulate. The shatter'd roofs
Gave to the dews of night free passage there,
And ever and anon the ponderous stone,
Ruining where'er it fell, with hideous crash
Came like an earthquake, startling from his sleep
The affrighted soldier. From the brazen slings
The wild fire-balls shower'd through the midnight sky,
And often their huge engines cast among us
The dead and loathsome cattle of their camp,
As though our enemies, to most deadly league

Forcing the common air, would make us breathe
Poisonous pollution. Through the streets were seen
The frequent fire, and heaps of dead, in haste
Piled up and steaming to infected Heaven.
For ever the incessant storm of death
Pours down, and shrouded in unwholesome vaults
The wretched females hide; not idle there,
Wasting the hours in tears, but all employ'd,
Or to provide the hungry soldier's meal,
Or tear their garments to bind up his wounds;
A sad equality of wretchedness!

"Now came the worst of ills, for famine came!
The provident hand deals out its scanty dole,
Yielding so little a supply to life
As but protracted death. The loathliest food
Hunted with eager eye, and dainty deem'd;
The dog is slain, that at his master's feet
Howling with hunger lay; with jealous fear,
Hating a rival's look, the husband hides
His miserable meal; the famished babe
Clings closely to his dying mother's breast;
And—horrible to tell!—where, thrown aside
There lay unburied in the open streets
Huge heaps of carcasses, the soldier stands
Eager to seize the carrion crow for food.

"Oh, peaceful scenes of childhood! pleasant fields!
Haunts of mine infancy, where I have stray'd
Tracing the brook along its winding way,
Or pluck'd the primrose, or with giddy speed
Chased the gay butterfly from flower to flower!
Oh days in vain remember'd! how my soul,
Sick with calamity, and the sore ills
Of hunger, dwelt upon you! quiet home!
Thinking of you amid the waste of war,
I could in bitterness have cursed the great
Who made me what I was—a helpless one,
Orphan'd, and wanting bread!"
"And be they curst,"
Conrade exclaim'd, his dark eye flashing rage,
"And be they curst! O groves and woodland shades,
How *blest indeed* were you, if the iron rod
Should one day from oppression's hand be wrenched

By everlasting justice! come that hour
When in the sun the angel of the Lord
Shall stand and cry to all the fowls of heaven,
'Gather ye to the supper of your God,
That ye may eat the flesh of mighty men,
Of captains, and of kings!' Then shall be peace."

"And now, lest all should perish," she pursued,
"The females and the infirm must from the town
Go forth, and seek their fate.
I will not now
Recal the moment when on my poor Francis
With a long look I hung! At dead of night,
Made mute by fear, we mount the secret bark,
And glide adown the stream with silent oars.
Thus thrown upon the mercy of mankind,
I wandered reckless where, till wearied out
And cold at heart, I laid me down to die:
So by this warrior found. Him I had known
And loved, for all loved Conrade who had known him;
Nor did I feel so pressing the hard hand
Of want in Orleans, ere he parted thence
On perilous envoy. For of his small fare"—

"Of this enough," said Conrade. "Holy Maid!
One duty yet awaits me to perform.
Orleans her envoy sent me, claiming aid
From her inactive sovereign. Willingly
Did I achieve the hazardous enterprise,
For rumour had already made me fear
The ill that has fallen on me. It remains,
Ere I do banish me from human kind,
That I re-enter Orleans, and announce
Thy march. 'Tis night—and hark! how dead a silence!
Fit hour to tread so perilous a path!"

So saying, Conrade from the tent went forth.

The Sixth Book.

Conrade on his way to Orleans releases a French soldier. Council of the leaders. Summons of the Maid to the English Generals. The Maid attacks, defeats them, and enters Orleans in triumph at midnight, amid thunder and lightning.

THE night was calm, and many a moving cloud
Shadowed the moon. Along the forest glade
With swift foot Conrade past, and now had reach'd
The plain, where whilome by the pleasant Loire,
Cheer'd with the song, the rustics had beheld
The day go down upon their merriment:
No song of peace now echoed on its banks.
There tents were pitched, and there the sentinel,
Slow pacing on his sullen rounds, beheld
The frequent corse roll down the tainted stream.
Conrade with wider sweep pursued his way,
Shunning the camp, now hush'd in sleep and still.
And now no sound was heard save of the Loire,
Murmuring along. The noise of coming feet
Alarm'd him; nearer drew the fearful sound
As of pursuit; anon—the clash of arms!
That instant rising o'er a broken cloud
The moonbeams shone, where two with combined force
Prest on a single foe; he, warding still
Their swords, retreated in the unequal fight,
As he would make the city. Conrade shook
His long lance for the war, and strode along.
Full in the breast of one with forceful arm
Plunged he the spear of death; and as, dismayed
The other fled, "Now haste we to the gates,
Frenchman!" he cried. On to the stream they speed,
And plunging stemm'd with sinewy stroke the tide,
Soon on the opposite shore arrived and safe.

"Whence *art thou?*" cried the warrior; "on what charge *Commission'd?*"

"Is it not the voice of Conrade?"
Francis exclaim'd; "and dost thou bring to us
Tidings of speedy aid? oh! had it come
A few hours earlier! Isabel is gone!"

"Nay, she is safe," cried Conrade; "her I found
When wilder'd in the forest, and consign'd
To the protection of that holy Maid,
The delegate of Heaven. One evening more
And thou shalt have thine Isabel. Now say,
Wherefore alone? A fugitive from Orleans,
Or sent on dangerous service from the town?"

"There is no food in Orleans," he replied.
"Scarce a meal more! the assembled chiefs resolved,
If thou shouldst bring no tidings of near aid,
To cut their way to safety, or by death
Prevent the pang of famine.[32] One they sought
Who venturous in the English camp should spy
Where safest they might rush upon the foe.
The perilous task I chose, then desperate
Of happiness."
So saying, they approach'd
The gate. The sentinel, soon as he heard
Thitherward footsteps, with uplifted lance
Challenged the darkling travellers. At their voice
He draws the strong bolts back, and painful turns
The massy entrance. To the careful chiefs
They pass. At midnight of their extreme state
Counselling they sat, serious and stern. To them
Conrade.
"Assembled warriors! sent from God
There is a holy Maid by miracles
Made manifest. Twelve hundred chosen men
Follow her hallowed standard. These Dunois,
The strength of France, arrays. With the next noon
Ye shall behold their march."
Astonishment
Seized the convened chiefs, and joy by doubt
Little repress'd. "Open the granaries!"
Xaintrailles exclaim'd; "give we to all the host
With hand unsparing now the plenteous meal;
To-morrow we are safe! for Heaven all just
Has seen our sufferings and decreed their end.

Let the glad tidings echo through the town!
God is with us!"
"Rest not in too full faith,"
Graville replied, "on this miraculous aid.
Some frenzied female whose wild phantasy,
Shaping vain dreams, infects the credulous
With her own madness! that Dunois is there,
Leading in arms twelve hundred chosen men,
Cheers me: yet let not we our little food
Be lavish'd, lest the warrior in the fight
Should haply fail, and Orleans be the prey
Of England!"
"Chief! I tell thee," Conrade cried,
"I did myself behold the sepulchre,
Fulfilling what she spake, give up those arms
That surely for no common end the grave
Through many an age has held inviolate.
She is the delegate of the Most High,
And shall deliver Orleans!"
Gaucour then,
"Be it as thou hast said. High hope I feel,
For to no vulgar tale would Conrade yield
Belief, or he the Bastard. Our small stores
Must yield us, ere another week elapse,
To death or England. Tell through all our troops
There is a holy Virgin sent from God;
They in that faith invincible shall war
With more than mortal fury."
Thus the chief,
And what he said seemed good. The men of Orleans,
Long by their foemen bayed, a victim band
To war, and woe, and want, such transport felt,
As when the Mexicans,[33] with eager eye
Gazing to Huixachtla's distant top,
On that last night, doubtful if ever morn
Again shall cheer them, mark the mystic fire
Flame on the breast of some brave prisoner,
A dreadful altar. As they see the blaze
Beaming on Iztapalapan's near towers,
Or on Tezcuco's calmy lake flash'd far,
Songs of thanksgiving and the shout of joy
Wake the loud echo; the glad husband tears
The mantling *aloe from* the female's face,
And children, now delivered from the dread

Of everlasting darkness, look abroad,
Hail the good omen, and expect the sun
Uninjured still to run his flaming race.
Thus whilst in that besieged town the night
Wan'd sleepless, silent slept the hallowed host.
And now the morning came. From his hard couch,
Lightly upstarting and bedight in arms,
The Bastard moved along, with provident eye
Marshalling the troops. All high in hope they marc
And now the sun shot from the southern sky
His noon-tide radiance, when afar they hear
The hum of men, and mark the distant towers
Of Orleans, and the bulwarks of the foe,
And many a streamer wantoning in air.
These as they saw and thought of all the ills
Their brethren had endured, beleaguer'd there
For many a month; such ardour for the fight
Burnt in each bosom, as young Ali felt
When to the assembled tribe Mohammed spake,
Asking for one his Vizir. Fierce in faith
Forth from the race of Hashem stept the youth,
"Prophet of God! lo, I will be the man!"
And well did Ali merit that high post,
Victorious upon Beder's fertile vale,
And on mount Ohud, and before the walls
Of Chaibar, then when cleaving to the chest
His giant foe, he grasp'd the massy gate,
Shook with strong arm and tore it from the fort,
And lifted it in air, portentous shield!

"Behold the towers of Orleans," cried Dunois.
"Lo! this the vale where on the banks of Loire,
Of yore, at close of day the rustic band
Danced to the roundelay. In younger years
As oft I glided down the silver stream,
Frequent upon the lifted oar I paus'd
Listening the sound of far-off merriment.
There wave the English banners! martial Maid,
Give thou the signal—let me rush upon
These ministers of murder, who have sack'd
The fruitful fields, and made the hamlet haunts
Silent—or hearing but the widow's groan.
Give thou the signal, Maiden!"

Her dark eye

Fix'd sadly on the foe, the holy Maid
Answer'd him. "Ere the bloody sword be drawn,
Ere slaughter be let loose, befits us send
Some peaceful messenger, who shall make known
The will of Heaven. So timely warn'd, our foes
Haply may yet repent, and quit in peace
Besieged Orleans. Victory is sad
When even one man is murder'd."
So she said,
And as she spake a soldier from the ranks
Advanced. "I will be thy messenger,
Maiden of God! I to the English camp
Will bear thy bidding."
"Go," the Virgin cried,
"Say to the chief of Salisbury, and the host
Attending, Suffolk, Fastolffe, Talbot, Scales,
Invaders of the country, say, thus says
The Maid of Orleans. 'With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native England; for the God of Hosts
Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice,
Of duteous subjects hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes
Arm'd with his sword; yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner.'" To the English camp
Fearless the warrior strode.
At midday-meal,
With all the dissonance of boisterous mirth,
The British chiefs carous'd and quaff'd the bowl
To future conquest. By the sentinel
Conducted came the Frank.
"Chiefs," he exclaim'd,
"Salisbury, and ye the representatives
Of the English king, usurper of this realm;
To ye the leaders of the invading host
I come, no welcome messenger. Thus says
The Maid of Orleans. 'With your troops retire
In peace. Of every captur'd town the keys
Restore to Charles; so bloodless you may seek
Your native England; for the God of Hosts

Thus has decreed. To Charles the rightful heir,
By long descent and voluntary choice
Of duteous subjects, hath the Lord assign'd
His conquest. In his name the Virgin comes,
Arm'd with his sword, yet not of mercy void.
Depart in peace: for ere the morrow dawns,
Victorious upon Orleans' wall shall wave
The holy banner.'"

Wonder made a pause;
To this the laugh succeeds. "What!" Fastolffe cried,
"A woman warrior has your monarch sent
To save devoted Orleans? By the rood,
I thank his Grace. If she be young and fair,
No worthless prize, my lords! Go tell your Maid,
Joyful we wait her coming."

There was one
Among the English chiefs, who had grown old
In arms, yet had not age unnerved his limbs,
But from the flexile nimbleness of youth
Braced to unyielding strength. One, who had seen
The warrior at the feast, might well have deem'd
That Talbot with his whole collected might
Wielded the sword in war; for on his neck
The veins were full, and every muscle bore
Most powerful character He his stern eye
Fix'd on the herald, and before he spake,
His silence threaten'd.

"Get thee gone!" exclaimed
The indignant chief; "away! nor think to scare
With girlish phantasies the English host
That scorns your bravest warriors. Hie thee hence,
Insolent herald! tell this frantic girl,
This courtly minion, to avoid my wrath,
For if she dares the war, I will not stain
My good-blood-rusted sword—but she shall meet
The mockery of the camp!"

"Nay, scare her not,"
Replied their chief; "go tell this Maid of Orleans,
That Salisbury longs to meet her in the fight.
Nor let her fear that rude and iron chains
Shall gall her tender limbs; for I myself
Will be her prison, and——"

"Contemptuous ma
No more," the Frank exclaimed, as to his cheek

Rush'd the red anger. "Bearing words of peace
And timely warning, came I to your camp,
Here with rude mockery and stern insolence
Received. Bear witness, chieftains! that the French,
Free from blood-guiltiness, shall meet the war."

"And who art thou?" cried Suffolk, and his eye
Grew fierce and wrath-inflamed; "what fool art thou
That at this woman's bidding comest to brave
The host of England? Thou shalt have thy meed!"
Then, turning to the sentinel, he cried,
"Prepare the stake! and let the men of Orleans,
And let this woman, who believes her name
May privilege her apostle, see the fire
Consume him. Build the stake! for by my God
He shall be kalendered of this new faith
First martyr."

As he spake, a sudden flush
Came o'er the herald's cheek, and his heart beat
With quicker action; but the sudden flush,
Alarmed Nature's impulse, faded soon
To such a steady hue as spake the soul
Rous'd up with all its powers, and unsubdued,
And glorying in endurance. Through the camp
Soon as the tidings spread, a shout arose,
A hideous shout, more savage than the howl
Of midnight wolves; and round the Frank they throng'd
To gaze upon their victim. He pass'd on,
And as they led him to the appointed place
Look'd round, as though forgetful of himself,
And cried aloud, "Oh! I am sad to think
So many men shall never see the sun
Go down! Ye English mothers, mourn ye now,
Daughters of England, weep! for hard of heart
Still your mad leaders urge the impious war,
And for their folly and their wickedness,
Your sons, your husbands, by the sword must fall.
Long-suffering is the Lord, and slow to wrath,
But heavy are his judgments!"

He who spake
Was young and comely; had his cheek been pale
With dread, and had his eye look'd fearfully,
Sure he had won compassion; but the blood
Gave now a livelier meaning to his cheek,

As with a prophet's look and prophet's voice
He spake the ominous words: and they who heard,
Wonder'd, and they who rear'd the stake urged on
With half-unwilling hands their slacken'd toil,
And doubted what might follow.
Not unseen
Rear'd they the stake, and piled around the wood;
In sight of Orleans and the Maiden's host,
Had Suffolk's arrogant fierceness bade the work
Of death be done. The Maiden's host beheld:
At once in eager wrath they rais'd the loud
And general clamour, "Lead us to the foe!"
"Not upon us, O God!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Not upon us cry out the innocent blood!"
And bade the signal sound. In the English camp
The clarion and the trumpet's blare was heard,
In haste they seize their arms, in haste they form,
Some by bold words seeking to hide their fear
Even from themselves, some silently in prayer,
For much their hearts misgave them.
But the rage
Of Suffolk swell'd within him, "Speed your work!"
Exclaim'd the savage earl; "kindle the pile,
That France may see the fire, and in defeat
Feel aggravated shame!"
And now they bound
The herald to the stake: he cried aloud,
And fix'd his eye on Suffolk, "Let not him
Who girdeth on his harness boast himself
As he that puts it off! They come! they come!
God and the Maid!"
The host of France approached,
And Suffolk eagerly beheld the fire
Draw near the pile: sudden a fearful shout
Towards Orleans turn'd his eye, and thence he saw
A mailed man upon a mailed steed
Come thundering on.
As when Chederles comes
To aid the righteous on his deathless steed,
Swaying his sword with such resistless arm,
Such mightiest force, as he had newly quaff'd
*The hid*den waters of eternal youth,
Till with the copious draught of life and strength
Inebriate; such, so fierce, so terrible,

Came Conrade through the camp; aright, aleft
The affrighted English scatter from his spear.
Onward he drives, and now the circling throng
Fly from the stake; and now he checks his course,
And cuts the herald's bonds, and bids him live,
And arm, and fight, and conquer.
"Haste thee hence
"To Orleans," cried the warrior, "Tell the chiefs
There is confusion in the English camp.
Bid them come forth." On Conrade's steed the youth
Leapt up and hasten'd onward. He the while
Turn'd to the war.
Like two conflicting clouds,
Pregnant with thunder, rush'd the hostile hosts.
Then man met man, then, on the batter'd shield,
Rung the loud lance, and through the darken'd sky
Fast fell the arrowy storm. Amid his foes
The Bastard's arm sway'd irresistible
The strokes of death; and by his side the Maid
Led the fierce fight—the Maid, though all unused
To the rude conflict, now inspired by Heaven,
Flashing her flamy falchion through the troops,
That like the thunderbolt, where'er it fell,
Scattered the trembling ranks; the Saracen,
Though arm'd from Cashbin or Damascus, wields
A weaker sword; nor might that magic blade
Compare with this that Oriana saw
Flame in the brutal Ardan's robber hand,
When, sick and cold as the grave, she turn'd away
Her dizzy eyes, lest they should see the death
Of her own Amadis. Nor plated shield,
Nor the strong hauberk, nor the crested casque,
Stay that descending sword. Dreadful she moved,
Like as the angel of the Lord went forth
And smote his army, when the Assyrian king,
Haughty of Hamath and Sepharvaim fallen,
Blasphem'd the God of Israel.
Yet the fight
Hung doubtful where, exampling hardiest deeds,
Salisbury mow'd down the foe, and Fastolffe strove,
And in the hottest doings of the war
Towered Talbot. He, remembering the past day
When from his name the affrighted sons of France
Fled trembling, all astonish'd at their force

And wontless valour, rages round the field
Dreadful in fury; yet in every man
Meeting a foe fearless, and in the faith
Of Heaven's assistance firm.
The clang of arms
Reaches the walls of Orleans. For the war
Prepared, and confident of victory,
Speed forth the troops. Not when afar exhaled
The hungry raven snuffs the steam of blood
That from some carcass-cover'd field of fame
Taints the pure air, wings he more eagerly
To riot on the gore, than rush'd the ranks;
Impatient now, for many an ill endured
In the long siege, to wreak upon their foes
Due vengeance. Then more fearful grew the fray;
The swords that late flash'd to the evening sun,
Now quenched in blood their radiance.
O'er the host
Howl'd the deep wind that, ominous of storms,
Roll'd on the lurid clouds. The blacken'd night
Frown'd, and the thunder from the troubled sky
Roar'd hollow. Javelins clash'd and bucklers rang;
Shield prest on shield; loud on the helmet jarr'd
The ponderous battle-axe; the frequent groan
Of death commingling with the storm was heard,
And the shrill shriek of fear.
Even such a storm
Before the walls of Chartres quell'd the pride
Of the third Edward, when the heavy hail
Smote down his soldiers, and the conqueror heard
God in the tempest, and remembered him
Of the widows he had made, and, in the name
Of blessed Mary, vowed the vow of peace.
Lo! where the holy banner waved aloft,
The lambent lightnings play'd. Irradiate round,
As with a blaze of glory, o'er the field
It stream'd miraculous splendour. Then their hearts
Sunk, and the English trembled; with such fear
Possessed, as when the combined host beheld
The sun stand still on Gibeon, at the voice
Of that king-conquering warrior, he who smote
The country of the hills, and of the south,
From Baal-gad to Halak, and their kings,
Even as the Lord commanded. Swift they fled

From that portentous banner, and the sword
Of France; though Talbot, with vain valiancy,
Yet urged the war, and stemm'd alone the tide
Of conquest. Even their leaders felt dismay;
Fastolffe fled fast, and Salisbury in the rout
Mingles, and, all impatient of defeat,
Borne backward, Talbot turns. Then echoed loud
The cry of conquest; deeper grew the storm;
And darkness, hovering o'er on raven wing,
Brooded the field of death.
Nor in the camp
Deem themselves safe the trembling fugitives.
On to the forts they haste. Bewilder'd there
Amid the moats by fear, and the dead gloom
Of more than midnight darkness, plunge the troops,
Crush'd by fast following numbers, who partake
The death they give. As rushing from the snows
Of winter liquefied, the torrent tide
Resistless down the mountain rolls along,
Till at the brink of giddy precipice
Arrived, with deafening clamour down it falls:
Thus borne along, the affrighted English troops,
Driven by the force behind them, plunge amid
The liquid death. Then rose the dreadful cries
More dreadful, and the dash of breaking waves
That to the passing lightning as they broke
Gleam'd horrible.
Nor of the host so late
Triumphing in the pride of victory,
And swoln with confidence, had now escaped
One wretched remnant, had not Talbot's mind,
Slow as he moved unwilling from the war,
What most might profit the defeated ranks
Pondered. He, reaching safe the massy fort,
By St. John's name made holy, kindled up
The guiding fire. Not unobserved it blazed;
The watchful guards on Tournelles, and the pile
Of that proud city, in remembrance fond
Call'd London, light the beacon. Soon the fires
Flame on the summit of the circling forts
That, firm entrenched with walls and deep-delved moats
Included Orleans. O'er the shadowy plain
They cast a lurid splendour; to the troops
Grateful, as to the way-worn traveller,

Wandering with parched feet o'er the Arabian sands,
The far-seen cistern; he for many a league
Travelling the trackless desolate, where heaved
With tempest swell the desert billows round,
Pauses, and shudders at his perils past,
Then wild with joy speeds on to taste the wave
So long bewail'd.
Swift as the affrighted herd
Scud o'er the plain, when frequent through the sky
Flash the fierce lightnings, speed the routed host
Of England. To the sheltering forts they haste,
Though safe, of safety doubtful, still appall'd
And trembling, as the pilgrim, who by night
On his way wilder'd, to the wolf's deep howl
Hears the wood echo, when from the fell beast
Escaped, of some tall tree the topmost branch
He grasps close clinging, still of that keen fang
Fearful, his teeth jar, and the big drops stand
On his cold quivering limbs.
Nor now the Maid,
Greedy of vengeance, urges the pursuit.
She bids the trumpet of retreat resound;
A pleasant music to the routed ranks
Blows the loud blast. Obedient to its voice
The French, though eager on the invaders' heads
To wreak their wrath, stay the victorious sword.

Loud is the cry of conquest, as they turn
To Orleans. There what few to guard the town,
Unwilling had remained, haste forth to meet
The triumph. Many a blazing torch they held,
That rais'd aloft, amid the midnight storm,
Flash'd far a festive light. The Maid advanced;
Deep[34] through the sky the hollow thunders roll'd;
Innocuous lightnings round the hallowed banner
Wreathed their red radiance.
Through the opened gate
Slow past the laden convoy. Then was heard
The shout of exultation, and such joy
The men of Orleans at that welcome sight
Possess'd, as when from Bactria late subdued,
The Macedonian Madman led his troops
Amid the Sogdian desert where no stream
Wastes on the wild its fertilizing waves;

Fearful alike to pause, or to proceed;
Scorch'd by the sun that o'er their morning march
Steam'd his hot vapours, heart-subdued and faint;
Such joy as then they felt, when from the heights
Burst the soul-gladdening sound! for thence was seen
The evening sun silvering the vale below,
Where Oxus roll'd along.
Clamours of joy
Echo along the streets of Orleans, wont
Long time to hear the infant's feeble cry,
The mother's frantic shriek, or the dread sound,
When from the cannon burst its stores of death,
Far flames the fire of joy on ruin'd piles,
And high-heap'd carcasses, whence scared away
From his abhorred meal on clattering wing
Rose the night-raven slow.
In the English forts
Sad was the scene. There all the livelong night
Steals in the straggling fugitive; as when
Past is the storm, and o'er the azure sky
Serenely shines the sun; with every breeze
The waving branches drop their gather'd rain,
Renewing the remembrance of the storm.

The Seventh Book.

Description of the English forts. The French troops attack and capture the forts of St. Loup and St. John. Attack of Fort London. Salisbury encounters the Maid. Event of that encounter. The Tournelles surrounded by the French, who despatch a troop to Orleans for provisions, and encamp before it for the night.

STRONG were the English forts, by daily toil
Of thousands rear'd on high, when arrogant
With fancied conquest, Salisbury bade rise
The amazing pile, from succour to include
Besieged Orleans. Round the city walls
Stretched the wide circle, massy as the fence
Erst by the fearful Roman on the bounds
Of Caledonia rais'd, for soul-enslaved,
Her hireling plunderers fear'd the car-borne chiefs
Who rush'd from Morven down.
Strong battlements
Crested the mighty bulwark, on whose top
Secure the charioteer might wheel along.
The frequent buttress at just distance rose,
Declining from its base, and sixty forts
Lifted aloft their turret-crowned heads,
All firm and massy. But of these most firm,
As though of some large castle each the keep,
Stood six square fortresses with turrets flank'd,
Piles of unequall'd strength, though now deem'd weak
'Gainst puissance more than mortal. Safely hence
The skilful archer, entering with his eye
The city, might, himself the while unseen,
Through the long opening shower his winged deaths.
Loire's waves diverted, fill the deep-dug moat.
Circling the pile, a bulwark vast, as what
Round their disheartened camp and stranded ships
The Greeks uprear'd, a common sepulchre
Of thousands slaughtered, and the doom'd death-place
Of many a chief, when Priam's patriot son
Rush'd in his wrath, and scattered their pale tribes.

But, cowering now amid their sheltering forts,
Tremble the English host. Their leader's care,
In anxious vigilance, prepares to ward
Assault expected. Nor the Maid's intent
Did he not rightly areed; though vain the attempt
To kindle in their breasts the wonted flame
Of valour, for by prodigies unmann'd,
They wait the morn; the soldiers' pride was gone.
The blood was on their swords, their bucklers lay
Unburnish'd and defiled, they sharpened not
Their blunted spears, the affrighted archer's hand
Relaxed not his bent bow. To them, confused
With fears of unknown danger, the long night
Was dreadful; but more dreadful dawn'd the day.
The morning came. The martial Maid arose.
Lovely in arms she moved. Around the gate,
Eager again for conquest, throng the troops.
High towered the Son of Orleans, in his strength
Poising the ponderous spear. His batter'd shield,
Witnessing the fierce fray of yesternight,
Hung on his sinewy arm.
"Maiden of Arc,"
So as he spake, approaching, cried the chief,
"Well hast thou prov'd thy mission, as, by words
And miracles attested, when dismayed,
The stern theologists forget their doubts,
So in the field of slaughter now confirm'd.
Yon well-fenced forts protect the fugitives,
And seem as in their strength they mock'd our force.
Yet must they fall."
"And fall they shall!" replied
The Maid of Orleans. "Ere the sun be set
The lily on that shattered wall shall wave
Triumphant.—Men of France! ye have fought well
On that blood-reeking plain. Your humbled foes
Lurk trembling now amid their massy walls;
Wolves that have ravaged the neglected flock!
The Shepherd—the great Shepherd is arisen!
Ye fly! yet shall not ye by flight escape
His vengeance. Men of Orleans! it were vain
By words to waken wrath within your breasts.
Look round! Your holy buildings and your homes—
Ruins *that choke the way*! your populous town—
One open sepulchre! Who is there here

That does not mourn a friend, a brother slain,
A parent famish'd, or his dear loved wife
Torn from his bosom—outcast—broken hearted—
Cast on the mercy of mankind?"
She ceased.
The cry of indignation from the host
Burst forth, and all impatient for the war
Demand the signal. These Dunois arrays
In four battalions. Xaintrailles, tried in war,
Commands the first; Xaintrailles, who oft subdued
By adverse fortune to the captive chain,
Still more tremendous to the enemy,
Lifted his death-fraught lance, as erst from earth
Antæus, vaunting in his giant bulk,
When grasp't by force Herculean, down he fell
Vanquisht; anon uprose more fierce for war.

Gaucour o'er one presides, the steady friend
To long-imprison'd Orleans; of his town
Beloved guardian; he the dreadful siege
Firmly abiding, prudent still to plan
Irruption, and with youthful vigour swift
To lead the battle; from his soldiers' love
Prompter obedience gained, than ever fear
Forced from the heart reluctant.
The third band
Alencon leads. He on the fatal field
Verneuil, when Buchan and the Douglas died,
Fell senseless. Guiltless he of that day's loss,
Wore undisgraced awhile the captive chain.
The monarch him mindful of his high rank
Had ransom'd, once again to meet the foe
With better fortune.
O'er the last presides
Dunois the Bastard, mighty in the war.
His prowess knew the foes, and his fair fame
Confess'd, since when before his stripling arm
Fled Warwick. Warwick, he whose fair renown
Greece knew, and Antioch, and the holy soil
Of Palestine, since there in arms he pass'd
On gallant pilgrimage, yet by Dunois
Baffled, and yielding him the conqueror's praise.
And by his side the martial Maiden pass'd,
Lovely in arms as that Arcadian boy

Parthenopæus, when the war of beasts
Disdaining, he to murder man rush'd forth,
Bearing the bow, and those Dictæan shafts
Diana gave, when she the youth's fair form
Saw softened, and forgave the mother's fault.

Saint Loup's strong fort stood first. Here Gladdisdale
Commands the fearful troops.
As lowering clouds
Swept by the hoarse wind o'er the blacken'd plain
Mov'd on the host of France: they from the fort
Through secret opening, shower their pointed shafts,
Or from the battlements the death-tipt spear
Hurl fierce. Nor from the strong arm only launch'd
The javelin fled, but driven by the strained force
Of the balista, in one carcass spent,
Stay'd not; through arms and men it makes its way,
And leaving death behind, still holds its course,
By many a death unclogg'd. With rapid march
Right onward they advanced, and soon the shafts,
Impell'd by that strong stroke beyond the host,
Wasting their force, fell harmless. Now they reach'd,
Where by the bayle's embattled wall in arms,
The knights of England stood. There Poynings shook
His lance, and Gladdisdale his heavy mace,
For the death-blow prepar'd. Alencon here,
And here the Bastard strode, and by the Maid
That daring man, who to the English host,
Then insolent of many a conquest gain'd,
Bore her bold bidding. A rude coat of mail,
Unhosed, unhooded, as of lowly line
Arm'd him. Though here amid the high-born chiefs
Pre-eminent for prowess. On his head
A black plume shadowed the rude-featur'd helm.
Then was the war of men, when front to front
They rear'd the hostile hand, for low the wall
Where the bold Frenchman's upward-driven spear
Might pierce the foemen.
As Alencon moved,
On his crown-crested helm, with ponderous blow,
Fell Gladdisdale's huge mace. Back he recoil'd
Astounded; soon recovering, his keen lance
Thrust on the *warrior's shield*: there fast infix'd,
Nor could Alencon the deep-driven spear

Recover, nor the foeman from his grasp
Wrench the contended weapon. Fierce again
He lifts the mace, that on the ashen hilt
Fell full; it shiver'd, and the Frenchman held
A pointless truncheon. Where the Bastard fought,
The spear of Poynings, through his plated mail
Pierced, and against the iron fence beneath,
Blunted its point. Again he speeds the spear;
At once Dunois on his broad buckler bears
The unharming stroke, and aims with better fate,
His javelin. Through his sword-arm did it pierce
Maugre the mail. Hot from the streaming wound
Again the weapon fell, and in his breast,
Even through the hauberk drove.
But there the war
Raged fiercest where the martial Maiden moved,
The minister of wrath; for thither throng'd
The bravest champions of the adverse host.
And on her either side two warriors stood
Of unmatch'd prowess, still with eager eye
Shielding her form, and aiming at her foes
Their deadly weapons, of themselves the while
Little regarding. One was that bold man
Who bade defiance to the English chiefs.
Firmly he stood, untir'd and undismay'd,
Though on his burgonet the frequent spear
Drove fierce, and on his arm the buckler hung
Heavy, thick-bristled with the hostile shafts,
Even like the porcupine, when in his rage
Rous'd, he collects within him all his force,
Himself a quiver. And of loftier port,
On the other hand towered Conrade. Firmly fenced,
A jazerent of double mail he wore,
Beneath whose weight one but of common strength
Had sunk. Untir'd the conflict he endur'd,
Wielding a battle-axe ponderous and keen,
That gave no second stroke; for where it fell,
Not the strong buckler nor the plated mail
Might save, nor crested casque. On Molyn's head,
As at the Maid he aimed his javelin,
Forceful it fell, and shiver'd with the blow
The iron helm, and to his brain-pan drove
The fragments. At their comrade's death amaz'd,
And for a moment fearful shrunk the foes.

That instant, Conrade, with an active bound,
Sprung on the battlements; there firm he stood,
Guarding ascent. The warrior Maid of Arc,
And he the partner of that battle's fame,
Followed, and soon the exulting cry of France
Along the lists was heard, as waved aloft
The holy banner. Gladdisdale beheld,
And hasting from his well-defended post,
Sped to the fiercer conflict. To the Maid
He strode, on her resolved to wreak his rage,
With her to end the war. Nor did not Joan
Areed his purpose: lifting up her shield,
Prepar'd she stood, and pois'd her sparkling spear.
The English chief came on; he raised his mace;
With circling force, the iron weight swung high,
As Gladdisdale with his collected might
Drove the full blow. The man of lowly line,
That instant rush'd between, and rear'd his shield
And met the broken blow, and thrust his lance
Fierce through the gorget of the English knight.
A gallant man, of no ignoble line,
Was Gladdisdale. His sires had lived in peace,
They heap'd the hospitable hearth, they spread
The feast, their vassals loved them, and afar
The traveller told their fame. In peace they died;
For them the venerable fathers pour'd
A requiem when they slept, and o'er them rais'd
The sculptured monument. Now far away
Their offspring falls, the last of all his race,
Slain in a foreign land, and doom'd to share
The common grave.
Then terror seized the host
Their chieftain dead. And lo! where on the wall,
Bulwark'd of late by Gladdisdale so well,
The son of Orleans stood, and swayed around
His falchion, keeping thus at bay the foe,
Till on the battlements his comrades sprang,
And rais'd the shout of conquest. Then appall'd
The English fled; nor fled they unpursued,
For mingling with the foremost fugitives,
The gallant Conrade rush'd; and with the throng,
The knights of France together o'er the bridge
Fast speeded. *Nor the* garrison within
Durst let the ponderous portcullis fall,

For in the entrance of the fort the fight
Raged fiercely, and together through the gate
The vanquish'd English and their eager foes
Pass'd in the flying conflict.
Well I deem
And wisely did that daring Spaniard act
At Vera-Cruz, when he his yet sound ships
Dismantling, left no spot where treacherous fear
Might still with wild and wistful eye look back.
For knowing no retreat, his desperate troops
In conquest sought their safety. Victors hence
At Tlascala, and o'er the Cholulans,
And by Otompan, on that bloody field
When Mexico her patriot thousands pour'd,
Fierce in vain valour on their ruffian foes.
There was a portal to the English fort
That opened on the wall; a speedier path
In the hour of safety, whence the charmed eye
Might linger down the river's pleasant course.
Fierce in the gate-way raged the deadly war;
For there the Maiden strove, and Conrade there,
And he of lowly line, bravelier than whom
Fought not in that day's battle. Of success
Desperate, for from above, the garrison
Could wield no arms, so certain to bestow
Equal destruction, of the portal's aid
The foe bethought them: then with lesser force
Their weapons fell; abandoned was the gate;
And soon from Orleans the glad citizens
Beheld the hallowed banner on the tower
Triumphant. Swift along the lofty wall,
The English haste to St. John's neighbouring fort,
Flying with fearful speed. Nor from pursuit
The victors ceased, but with the fugitives
Mingled, and waged the war: the combatants,
Lock'd in the hostile grasp, together fall
Precipitate.
But foremost of the French,
Dealing destruction, Conrade rush'd along:
Heedless of danger, he to the near fort
Pass'd in the fight; nor did not then the chief
What most might serve bethink him! firm he stood
In the portal, and one moment looking back,
Lifted his loud voice: thrice the warrior cried,

Then to the war addrest him; now assail'd
By numerous foes, who arrogant of power,
Threatened his single valour. He the while
Stood firm, not vainly confident, or rash,
But of his own strength conscious, and the post
Friendly; for narrow was the portal way.
To one alone fit passage, from above,
O'erbrow'd by no out-jutting parapet
Whence death might crush him. He in double mail
Was arm'd; a massy burgonet, well tried
In many a hard-fought field, helming his head;
A buckler broad, and fenced with iron plates,
Bulwark'd his breast. Nor to dislodge the chief
Could the English pour their numbers, for the way
By upward steps, presented from the fort
Narrow ascent, where one alone could meet
The war. Yet were they of their numbers proud,
Though useless numbers were in that strait path,
Save by assault unceasing to outlast
A single warrior, who at length must sink,
Fatigued with conquering, by long victory
Vanquish'd.
There was amid the garrison
A fearless knight, who at Verneuil had fought,
And high renown for his bold chivalry
Acquir'd in that day's conquest. To his fame
The thronging English yield the foremost place.
He his long javelin to transpierce the Frank
Thrust forceful: harmless in his shield it fix'd,
Advantaging the foe, for Conrade lifts
The battle-axe, and smote upon the lance,
And hurl'd its severed point with mighty arm
Fierce on the foe. With wary bend, the foe
Shrunk from the flying death; yet not in vain
From that strong hand the fate-fraught weapon fled:
Full on the corselet of a meaner man
It fell, and pierced, there where the heaving lungs,
With purer air distended, to the heart
Roll back their purged tide: from the deep wound
The red blood gush'd: prone on the steps he fell,
And in the strong convulsive grasp of death,
Grasp'd his long pike. Of unrecorded name
Died the *mean man; yet* did he leave behind
One who did never say her daily prayers

Of him forgetful; who to every tale
Of the distant war, lending an eager ear,
Grew pale and trembled. At her cottage door,
The wretched one shall sit, and with dim eye
Gaze o'er the plain, where on his parting steps,
Her last look hung. Nor ever shall she know
Her husband dead, but tortur'd with vain hope,
Gaze on—then heart-sick, turn to her poor babe,
And weep it fatherless!

The enraged knight
Drew his keen falchion, and with dauntless step
Moved to the closer conflict. Then the Frank
Held forth his buckler, and his battle-axe
Uplifted. Where the buckler was below
Rounded, the falchion struck, but impotent
To pierce its plated folds; more forceful driven,
Fierce on his crested helm, the Frenchman's stroke
Fell; the helm shivered; from his eyes the blood
Started; with blood, the chambers of the brain
Were fill'd; his breast-plate, with convulsive throes,
Heaved as he fell; victorious, he the prize,
At many a tournament had borne away
In the mimic war: happy, if so content
With bloodless glory, he had never left
The mansion of his sires.

But terrified
The English stood; nor durst adventure now
Near that death-doing man. Amid their host
Was one who well could from the stubborn bow
Shower his sharp shafts: well skill'd in wood-craft he,
Even as the merry outlaws, who their haunts
In Sherwood held, and bade their bugles rouse
The sleeping stag, ere on the web-woven grass
The dew-drops sparkled to the rising sun.
He safe in distance at the warrior aim'd
The feather'd dart; with force he drew the bow;
Loud on his bracer struck the sounding string:
And swift and strong the well-winged arrow fled.
Deep in his shield it hung: then Conrade rais'd
Again his echoing voice, and call'd for aid,
Nor was the call unheard: the troops of France,
From St. Loup's captured fort along the wall
Haste to the portal; cheering was the sound
Of their near footsteps to the chief; he drew

His falchion forth, and down the steps he rush'd.
Then terror seized the English, for their foes
Swarm'd through the open portal, and the sword
Of Conrade was among them. Not more fierce
The injured Turnus swayed his angry arm,
Slaughtering the robber fugitives of Troy;
Nor with more fury through the streets of Paris
Rush'd he, the King of Sarza, Rodomont,
Clad in his dragon mail.
Like some tall rock,
Around whose billow-beaten foot the waves
Waste their wild fury, stood the unshaken man;
Though round him prest his foemen, by despair
Hearten'd. He, mowing through the throng his path,
Call'd on the troops of France, and bade them haste
Where he should lead the way. A daring band
Followed the adventurous chieftain: he moved on
Unterrified, amid the arrowy shower,
Though on his shield and helm the darts fell fast,
As the sear'd leaves that from the trembling tree
The autumnal whirlwind shakes.
Nor Conrade paus'd,
Still through the fierce fight urging on his way,
Till to the gate he came, and with strong hand
Seiz'd on the massy bolts. These as he drew,
Full on his helm the weighty English sword
Descended; swift he turn'd to wreak his wrath,
When lo! the assailant gasping on the ground,
Cleft by the maiden's falchion: she herself
To the foe opposing with that lowly man,
For they alone following the adventurous steps
Of Conrade, still had equall'd his bold course,
Shielded him, as with eager hand he drew
The bolts: the gate turn'd slow: forth leapt the chief
And shivered with his battle-axe the chains
That hung on high the bridge. The impetuous troops,
By Gaucour led, rush'd o'er to victory.

The banner'd lilies on the captur'd wall
Toss'd to the wind. "On to the neighbouring fort!"
Cried Conrade, "Xaintrailles! ere the night draws on
Once more to conquest lead the troops of France!
Force ye the *lists*, and fill the deep-dug moat,
And with the ram, shake down their batter'd walls.

Anon I shall be with you." Thus he said;
Then to the damsel. "Maid of Arc! awhile
Cease we from battle, and by short repose
Renew our strength." So saying he his helm
Unlaced, and in the Loire's near-flowing stream
Cool'd his hot face. The Maid her head unhelm'd,
And stooping to the stream, reflected there
Saw her white plumage stain'd with human blood!
Shuddering she saw, but soon her steady soul
Collected: on the banks she laid her down,
Freely awhile respiring, for her breath
Quick panted from the fight: silent they lay,
For gratefully the cooling breezes bathed
Their throbbing temples.
It was now the noon:
The sun-beams on the gently-waving stream
Danced sparkling. Lost in thought the warrior lay,
And softening sadly his stern face, exclaim'd,
"Maiden of Arc! at such an hour as this,
Beneath the o'er-arching forest's chequer'd shade,
With that lost woman have I wandered on,
Talking of years of happiness to come!
Oh hours for ever fled! delightful dreams
Of the unsuspecting heart! I do believe
If Agnes on a worthier one had fix'd
Her love, that though mine aching heart had nurst
Its sorrows, I had never on her choice
Pour'd one upbraiding—but to stoop to him!
A harlot!—an adulteress!"
In his eye
Red anger flash'd; anon of what she was
Ere yet the foul pollution of the Court
Stain'd her fair fame, he thought. "Oh, happy age!"
He cried, "when all the family of man
Freely enjoyed their goodly heritage,
And only bow'd the knee in prayer to God!
Calm flow'd the unruffled stream of years along,
Till o'er the peaceful rustic's head, grew grey
The hairs in full of time. Then he would sit
Beneath the coetaneous oak, whilst round,
Sons, grandsons, and their offspring join'd to form
The blameless merriment; and learnt of him
What time to yoke the oxen to the plough,
What hollow moanings of the western wind

Foretel the storm, and in what lurid clouds
The embryo lightning lies. Well pleas'd, he taught,
The heart-smile glowing on his aged cheek,
Mild as the summer's sun's decaying light.
Thus quietly the stream of life flow'd on
Till in the shoreless ocean lost at length.
Around the bed of death his numerous race
Listen'd, in no unprofitable grief,
His last advice, and caught his latest sigh:
And when he died, as he had fallen asleep,
Beneath the aged tree that grew with him
They delved the narrow house: there oft at eve
Drew round their children of the after days
And pointing to the turf, told how he lived,
And taught by his example how to die.
Maiden! and such the evening of my days
Fondly I hoped; and would that I had lived
In those old times, or till some better years
Slumber'd unborn; for this is a hard race,
An evil generation! nor by day
Nor in the night have respite from their cares
And wretchedness. But I shall be at rest
Soon, in that better world of peace and love
Where evil is not: in that better world
Joan! we shall meet, and he too will be there,
Thy Theodore."
Sooth'd by his words, the Maid
Had listened sadly, till at that loved name
She wept. "Nay, Maid!" he cried, "I did not think
To wake a tear; but pleasant is thy grief!
Thou knowest not what it is, round thy warm heart
To have a false one wreath in viper folds.
But to the battle! in the clang of arms,
We win forgetfulness."
Then from the bank
He sprung, and helm'd his head. The Maid arose,
Bidding awhile adieu to milder thoughts.
On to the fort they speed, whose name recall'd
England's proud capital to the English host.
Now half subdued, anticipating death,
And vainly wishing they from her white cliffs
Had never spread the sail. Cold terror creeps
Through every vein: already they turn back
Their eager eyes to meditate the flight,

Though Talbot there presided, with their chief,
The gallant Salisbury.
"Soldiers famed in arms"
Thus, in vain hope to renovate the strength
Of England, spake the chief: "Victorious friends,
So oft victorious in the hard-fought fight,
What—shrink ye now dismay'd? have ye forgot
The plains of Azincour, when vanquish'd France
Fled with her thousands from your fathers' arms,
Though worn with sickness? or your own exploits,
When on Verneuil, the flower of chivalry
Fell by your daring prowess? when the Scot
Bit the red earth in death, and Narbonne died;
And the young boaster this Alencon felt
The weight of English fetters? then we broke
The plated shield, and cleft the warrior's helm,
For ever victors. On Baugenci's wall
Ye placed the English flag; beneath your force
Fell Jenville and Gergeau, the neighbouring towns
Of well-nigh captured Orleans. I omit
To speak of Caen subdued, and vanquish'd Roan,
And that late day when Clermont fled the fight,
And the young Bastard of that prison'd duke.
Shame! shame! that beaten boy is here in arms,
And ye will fly before the fugitives;
Fly from a woman! from a frenzied girl!
That with her empty mummeries, would blast
Your courage; or if miracles she brings,
Aid of the devil! who is there among you
False to his country—to his former fame—
To me—your leader in the frequent field,
The field of glory?"
From the heartless host
A timid shout arose; then Talbot's cheek
Grew red with indignation. "Earl!" he cried,
Addressing him the chief: "there is no hope
From these white-liver'd dastards; and this fort
Will fall an easy conquest: it were well
To reach the Tournelles, better fortified,
Fit to endure long siege: the hope in view
To reach a safer fortress, these our troops
Shall better dare the battle."
So he spake,
Wisely advising. Him the chief replied:

"Well hast thou said: and, Talbot, if our swords
Could through the thickest ranks this sorceress reach
The hopes of France were blasted. I have strove
In many a field, yet never to a foe
Stoop'd my proud crest: nor difficult to meet
This wizard girl, for, from the battlements,
Her have I mark'd the foremost in attack,
Playing right valiantly the soldier's part;
Yet shall not all her witcheries avail
To blunt my good sword's edge."
Thus communed they,
And through the host the gladdening tidings ran,
That they should seek the Tournelles. Then their hearts
Gathered new strength, placing on those strong walls
Dependence; empty hope! nor the strong wall,
Nor the deep moat can save, if fear within
Palsy the soldier's arm.
Them issuing forth,
As from the river's banks they past along,
The Maid beheld! "Lo! Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
"The foes advance to meet us—look! they lower
The bridge—and now they rush upon the troops:
A gallant onset! Dost thou mark that man
Who all the day has by our side endur'd
The hottest conflict? I did then behold
His force, and wonder: now his deeds of death
Make all the actions of the former fight
Seem as of no account: know'st thou the man?
There is not one amid the host of France,
Of fairer promise."
"He," the chief replied,
"Wretched and prodigal of life, achieves
The exploits of despair: a gallant youth
Widowed like me of hope, and but for whom,
I had been seen among mankind no more.
Maiden! with me thy comrade in the war,
His arm is vowed to Heaven! Lo! where he stands
Bearing the battle's brunt in unmoved strength.
Firm as the mountain round whose misty head,
The unharming tempest breaks!"
Nor paus'd they now
In farther converse, to the perilous fray
Speeding, *not unobserved;* them Salisbury saw
And call'd on Talbot. Six, the bravest knights

And vow'd with them against the Virgin's life
Bent their fierce course. She by that unknow
Now urged the war, when on her plumed helm
The hostile falchion fell. On high she lifts
Her hallowed sword, the tenant of the tomb,
And drench'd it in his bosom. On the front
Of one, his comrade, fell the battle-axe
Of him, the dark-brow'd chief; the ponderous
Shattered his brain. With Talbot's giant force
The daring herald urged unequal fight;
For like some oak that firm with deep-fix'd roo
Mocks at the storm, the undaunted earl endur'
His rude assault. Warding with wary eye
The angry sword, the Frank around his foe
Wheels rapid, flashing his keen weapon fast;
Now as he marks the earl's descending stroke
Bending, anon more fierce in swift attack.
Ill-fated man! one deed of glory more
Shall with the short-lived lightning's splendour
This thy death-day; for slaughter even now
Stands o'er the loom of life, and lifts his sword.

Upon her shield the martial maiden bore
An English warrior's blow, and in his side
Pierced him: that instant Salisbury speeds his s
Thus glancing from her helm fell on the folds
That arm'd her neck, and making there its way,
Stain'd with her blood its edge. The herald saw
He saw her red blood gushing from the wound,
And turn'd from Talbot heedless of himself,
And lifting up his pavilion, all his force
Concentred. On the breast of Salisbury
It fell, and pierced his mail, and through the plat
Beneath drove fierce, and in his heart's-blood plu
Lo! as he struck the strength of Talbot came:
Full on his treacherous helm he smote: it burst,
And the stern earl against his breathless head
Drives with strong arm the murderous sword. S
Nor could the Maiden save her Chevalier.

Quarrie beheld, and from his vanquish'd foe
Quarrie [illegible] vengeance. Front to front
They stood, and each for the battle-blow prepar'd
Their mighty might. At once their weapons fell,

The Frank's huge battle-axe, and the keen sword
Of Talbot. He, stunn'd by the weighty blow,
Sunk senseless; by his followers from the field
Conveyed with fearful speed: nor did his stroke
Fall vainly on the Frenchman's crested helm,
Though weak to wound, for from his eyes the fire
Sparkled, and back recoiling with the blow,
He in the Maiden's arms astounded fell.

But now their troops all captainless confus'd,
Fear seized the English. Not with more dismay,
When over wild Caffraria's wooded hills,
Echoes the lion's roar, the timid herd
Fly the death-boding sound. The forts they seek,
Now reckless which, so from that battle's rage
A present refuge. On their flying ranks
The victors press, and mark their course with blood.

But loud the trumpet of retreat resounds,
For now the westering sun with many a hue
Streak'd the gay clouds.
"Dunois!" the Maiden cried,
"Form we around yon stronger pile the siege,
There for the night encamping." So she said.
The chief to Orleans for their needful food,
And enginery to batter that huge pile,
Dismiss'd a troop, and round the Tournelles led
The host beleaguering. There they pitch their tents,
And plant their engines for the morrow's war,
Then to their meal, and o'er the cheerful bowl,
Recount the tale of danger; soon to rest
Betaking them, for now the night drew on.

The Eighth Book.

Transactions of the night. Attack of the Tournelles. The garriso retreat to the tower on the bridge. Their total defeat there.

Now was the noon of night; and all was still,
Save where the sentinel paced on his rounds
Humming a broken song. Along the camp
High flames the frequent fire. The warrior Franks,
On the hard earth extended, rest their limbs
Fatigued; their spears lay by them, and the shield
Pillowed the helmed head: secure they slept,
And busy fancy in her dream renewed
The fight of yesterday.
But not to Joan,
But not to her, most wretched, came thy aid,
Soother of sorrows, Sleep! no more her pulse,
Amid the battle's tumult throbbing fast,
Allow'd no pause for thought. With clasped hands
And fixed eye she sat; the while around
The spectres of the days departed rose,
A melancholy train! upon the gale
The raven's croak was heard; she started up,
And passing through the camp with hasty step
Strode to the field of blood.
The night was calm;
Fair as was ever on Chaldea's plain
When the pale moon-beams o'er the silvery scene
Shone cloudless, whilst the watchful shepherd's eye
Survey'd the host of heaven, and mark'd them rise
Successive, and successively decay;
Lost in the stream of light, as lesser springs
Amid Euphrates' current. The high wall
Cast a deep shadow, and her faltering feet
Stumbled o'er broken arms and carcasses;
And sometimes did she hear the heavy groan
Of one yet struggling in the pangs of death.
She reach'd the spot where Theodore had fallen,

Before fort London's gate; but vainly there
Sought she the youth, on every clay-cold face
Gazing with such a look, as though she fear'd
The thing she sought. Amazement seiz'd the Maid,
For there, the victim of his vengeful arm,
Known by the buckler's blazon'd heraldry,
Salisbury lay dead. So as the Virgin stood
Gazing around the plain, she marked a man
Pass slowly on, as burthened. Him to aid
She sped, and soon with unencumber'd speed
O'ertaking, thus bespake: "Stranger! this weight
Impedes thy progress. Dost thou bear away
Some slaughter'd friend? or lives the sufferer
With many a sore wound gash'd? oh! if he lives
I will, with earnest prayer, petition heaven
To shed its healing on him!"
So she said,
And as she spake stretched forth her careful hands
To ease the burthen. "Warrior!" he replied,
"Thanks for this proffered succour: but this man
Lives not, and I, with unassisted arm,
Can bear him to the sepulchre. Farewell!
The night is far advanced; thou to the camp
Return: it fits not darkling thus to stray."

"Conrade!" the Maid exclaim'd, for well she knew
His voice:—with that she fell upon his neck
And cried, "my Theodore! but wherefore thus
Through the dead midnight dost thou bear his corse?"

"Peace, Maiden!" Conrade cried, "collect thy soul!
He is but gone before thee to that world
Whither thou soon must follow! in the morn,
Ere yet from Orleans to the war we went,
He pour'd his tale of sorrow on mine ear
'Lo, Conrade, where she moves—beloved Maid!
Devoted for the realm of France she goes
Abandoning for this the joys of life,
Yea, life itself! yet on my heart her words
Vibrate. If she must perish in the war,
I will not live to bear the dreadful thought,
Haply my arm had saved her. I shall go
Her unknown guardian. Conrade, if I fall,
And trust me, I have little love of life,

Bear me in secret from the gory field,
Lest haply I might meet her wandering eye
A mangled corse. She must not know my fate.
Do this last act of friendship—in the flood
Whelm me: so shall she think of Theodore
Unanguish'd.' Maiden, I did vow with him
That I would dare the battle by thy side,
And shield thee in the war. Thee of his death
I hoped unknowing."
As the warrior spake,
He on the earth the clay-cold carcass laid.
With fixed eye the wretched Maiden gazed
The life-left tenement: his batter'd arms
Were with the night-dews damp; his brown hair clung
Gore-clotted in the wound, and one loose lock
Played o'er his cheek's black paleness. "Gallant youth!"
She cried, "I would to God the hour were come
When I might meet thee in the bowers of bliss!
No, Theodore! the sport of winds and waves,
Thy body shall not roll adown the stream,
The sea-wolf's banquet. Conrade, bear with me
The corse to Orleans, there in hallowed ground
To rest; the priest shall say the sacred prayer,
And hymn the requiem to his parted soul.
So shall not Elinor in bitterness
Lament that no dear friend to her dead child
Paid the last office."
From the earth they lift
The mournful burden, and along the plain
Pass with slow footsteps to the city gate.
The obedient sentinel, at Conrade's voice,
Admits the midnight travellers; on they pass,
Till in the neighbouring abbey's porch arrived,
They rest the lifeless load.
Loud rings the bell;
The awakened porter turns the heavy door.
To him the Virgin: "Father, from the slain
On yonder reeking field a dear-loved friend
I bring to holy sepulture: chant ye
The requiem to his soul: to-morrow eve
Will I return, and in the narrow house
Behold him laid to rest." The father knew
The mission'd Maid, and humbly bow'd assent.

Now from the city, o'er the shadowy plain,
Backward they bend their way. From silent thoughts
The Maid, awakening, cried: "There was a time,
When thinking on my closing hour of life,
Though with resolved mind, some natural fears
Shook the weak frame; now that, the happy hour,
When my emancipated soul shall burst
The cumbrous fetters of mortality,
Wishful I contemplate. Conrade! my friend,
My wounded heart would feel another pang,
Shouldst thou forsake me!"
"Joan!" the chief replied,
"Along the weary pilgrimage of life
Together will we journey, and beguile
The dreary road, telling with what gay hopes
We in the morning eyed the pleasant fields
Vision'd before; then wish that we had reach'd
The bower of rest!"
Thus communing, they gain'd
The camp, yet hush'd in sleep; there separating,
Each in the post allotted, restless waits
The day-break.
Morning came: dim through the shade
The first rays glimmer; soon the brightening clouds
Drink the rich beam, and o'er the landscape spread
The dewy light. The soldiers from the earth
Leap up invigorate, and each his food
Receives, impatient to renew the war.
Dunois his javelin to the Tournelles points,
"Soldiers of France! your English foes are there;"
As when a band of hunters, round the den
Of some wood-monster, point their spears, elate
In hope of conquest and the future feast;
When on the hospitable board their spoil
Shall smoke, and they, as the rich bowl goes round,
Tell to their guests their exploits in the chase;
They with their shouts of exultation, make
The forest ring; so elevate of heart,
With such loud clamours for the fierce assault
The French prepare; nor, guarding now the lists,
Durst the disheartened English man to man
Meet the close conflict. From the barbican,
Or from *the embattled* wall they their yew bows

Bent forceful, and their death-fraught enginery
Discharged; nor did the Gallic archers cease,
With well-directed shafts, their loftier foes
To assail: behind the guardian pavais fenced,
They at the battlements their arrows aim'd,
Showering an iron storm, whilst o'er the bayle,
The bayle now levell'd by victorious France,
Pass'd the bold troops with all their mangonels;
Or tortoises,[35] beneath whose roofing safe,
They, filling the deep moat, might for the towers
Make fit foundation, or their petraries,
War-wolfs, and beugles, and that murderous sling,
The matafunda, whence the ponderous stone
Fled fierce, and made one wound of whom it struck,
Shattering the frame, so that no pious hand
Gathering his mangled limbs, might him convey
To where his fathers slept:[36] a dreadful train
Prepared by Salisbury over the sieged town
To hurl his ruin; but that dreadful train
Must hurl their ruin on the invaders' heads,
Such retribution righteous Heaven decreed.

Nor lie the English trembling, for the fort
Was ably garrison'd. Glacidas, the chief,
A gallant man, sped on from place to place,
Cheering the brave; or if the archer's hand,
Palsied with fear, shot wide the ill-aim'd shaft,
Threatening the coward who betrayed himself,
He drove him from the ramparts. In his hand
The chief a cross-bow held; an engine dread
Of such wide-wasting fury, that of yore
The assembled fathers of the Christian church
Pronounced that man accurs'd whose impious hand
Should point the murderous weapon. Such decrees
Befits the men of God to promulgate,
And with a warning voice, though haply vain,
To cry aloud and spare not, woe to them
Whose hands are full of blood!
An English king,
The lion-hearted Richard, their decree
First broke, and heavenly retribution doom'd
His fall by the keen quarrel; since that day
Frequent in fields of battle, and from far
To many a good knight, bearing his death wound

From hands unknown. With such an instrument,
Arm'd on the ramparts, Glacidas his eye
Cast on the assailing host. A keener glance
Darts not the hawk when from the feather'd tribe
He marks his victim.
On a Frank he fix'd
His gaze, who, kneeling by the trebuchet,
Charged its long sling with death. Him Glacidas
Secure behind the battlements, beheld,
And strung his bow; then, bending on one knee,
He in the groove the feather'd quarrel placed,
And levelling with firm eye, the death-wound mark'd.
The bow-string twang'd, on its swift way the dart
Whizzed fierce, and struck, there where the helmet's clasps
Defend the neck; a weak protection now;
For through the tube that the pure air inhales
Pierced the keen shaft; blood down the unwonted way
Gush'd to the lungs: prone fell the dying man
Grasping, convuls'd, the earth: a hollow groan
In his throat struggled, and the dews of death
Stood on his livid cheek. The days of youth
He had passed peaceful, and had known what joys
Domestic love bestows, the father once
Of two fair infants; in the city hemm'd
During the hard siege; he had seen their cheeks
Grow pale with famine, and had heard their cries
For bread! his wife, a broken-hearted one,
Sunk to the cold grave's quiet, and her babes.
With hunger pined, and followed; he survived,
A miserable man, and heard the shouts
Of joy in Orleans, when the Maid approach'd,
As o'er the corse of his last little one
He heap'd the unhallowed earth. To him the foe
Perform'd a friendly part, hastening the hour
Grief else had soon brought on.
The English chief,
Pointing again his arbalist, let loose
The string; the quarrel, driven by that strong blow,
True to its aim, fled fatal: one it struck
Dragging a tortoise to the moat, and fix'd
Deep in his liver; blood and mingled gall
Flow'd from the wound; and writhing with keen pangs,
Headlong he *fell; he* for the wintry hour
Knew many a merry ballad and quaint tale;

A man in his small circle well-beloved.
None better knew with prudent hand to guide
The vine's young tendrils, or at vintage time
To press the full-swoln clusters; he, heart-glad,
Taught his young boys the little all he knew,
Enough for happiness. The English host
Laid waste his fertile fields: he, to the war,
By want compell'd, adventur'd, in his gore
Now weltering.
Nor the Gallic host remit
Their eager efforts; some, with watery fence,
Beneath the tortoise roof'd, with engines apt
Drain painful; part, laden with wood, throw there
Their buoyant burdens, labouring so to gain
Firm footing: some the mangonels supply,
Or charging with huge stones the murderous sling,
Or petrary, or in the espringal
Fix the brass-winged arrows. Hoarse around
Rose the confused din of multitudes.
Fearless along the ramparts Gargrave moved,
Cheering the English troops. The bow he bore;
The quiver rattled as he moved along.
He knew aright to aim the feathered shafts,
Well skill'd to pierce the mottled roebuck's side,
O'ertaken in his flight. Him passing on,
From some huge martinet, a ponderous stone
Crush'd: on his breast-plate falling, the vast force,
Shatter'd the bone, and with his mangled lungs
The fragments mingled. On the sunny brow
Of a fair hill, wood-circled, stood his home;
A pleasant dwelling, whence the ample ken
Gazed o'er subjected distance, and surveyed
Streams, hills, and forests, fair variety!
The traveller knew its hospitable towers,
For open were the gates, and blazed for all
The friendly fire. By glory lured, the youth
Went forth; and he had bathed his falchion's edge
In many a Frenchman's gore; now crush'd beneath
The ponderous fragment's force, his mangled limbs
Lie quivering.
Lo! towards the levelled moat,
A moving tower[37] the men of Orleans wheel,
Four stages elevate. Above was hung,
Equalling the walls, a bridge; in the lower stage

The ponderous battering-ram: a troop, within,
Of archers, through the opening, shot their shafts.
In the loftiest part was Conrade, so prepar'd
To mount the rampart; for he loath'd the chase,
And loved to see the dappled foresters
Browse fearless on their lair, with friendly eye,
And happy in beholding happiness,
Not meditating death: the bowman's art,
Therefore, he little knew, nor was he wont
To aim the arrow at the distant foe.
But uprear in close conflict, front to front,
His death-red battle-axe, and break the shield,
First in the war of men. There, too, the Maid
Awaits, impatient on the wall to wield
Her falchion. Onward moves the heavy tower,
Slow o'er the moat and steady, though the foe
Showered there their javelins, aim'd their engines there,
And from the arbalist the fire-tipt dart[38]
Shot lightning through the sky. In vain it flamed,
For well with many a reeking hide secured,
Pass'd on the dreadful pile, and now it reached
The wall. Below, with forceful impulse driven,
The iron-horned engine swings its stroke,
Then back recoils, whilst they within, who guide,
In backward step collecting all their strength,
Anon the massy beam, with stronger arm,
Drive full and fierce; so rolls the swelling sea
Its curly billows to the unmoved foot
Of some huge promontory, whose broad base
Breaks the rough wave; the shiver'd surge rolls back,
Till, by the coming billow borne, it bursts
Again, and foams with ceaseless violence.
The wanderer, on the sunny cliff outstretch'd,
Harks to the roaring surges, as they rock
His weary senses to forgetfulness.

But nearer danger threats the invaders now,
For on the ramparts, lowered from above,
The bridge reclines. An universal shout
Rose from the hostile hosts. The exultant Franks
Clamour their loud rejoicing, whilst the foe
Lift up the warning voice, and call aloud
For speedy *succour* there, with deafening shout
Cheering their comrades. Not with louder din

The mountain torrent flings precipitate
Its bulk of waters, though, amid the fall,
Shattered, and dashing silvery from the rock.

Lo! on the bridge he stands, the undaunted man,
Conrade! the gathered foes along the wall
Throng opposite, and on him point their pikes,
Cresting with armed men the battlements.
He, undismayed, though on that perilous height,
Stood firm, and hurl'd his javelin; the keen point
Pierced through the destined victim, where his arm
Join'd the broad breast: a wound that skilful care
Haply had heal'd; but, him disabled now
For farther service, the unpitying throng
Of his tumultuous comrades from the wall
Thrust headlong. Nor did Conrade cease to hurl
His deadly javelins fast, for well within
The tower was stored with weapons, to the chief
Quickly supplied: nor did the mission'd Maid
Rest idle from the combat; she, secure,
Aim'd the keen quarrel, taught the cross-bow's use
By the willing mind that what it well desires
Gains aptly: nor amid the numerous throng,
Though haply erring from their destin'd mark,
Sped her sharp arrows frustrate. From the tower
Ceaseless the bow-strings twang: the knights below,
Each by his pavais bulwark'd, thither aimed
Their darts, and not a dart fell woundless there;
So thickly throng'd they stood, and fell as fast
As when the monarch of the East goes forth
From Gemna's banks and the proud palaces
Of Delhi, the wild monsters of the wood
Die in the blameless warfare: closed within
The still-contracting circle, their brute force
Wasting in mutual rage, they perish there,
Or by each other's fury lacerate,
The archer's barbed arrow, or the lance
Of some bold youth of his first exploits vain,
Rajah or Omrah, for the war of beasts
Venturous, and learning thus the love of blood.
The shout of terror rings along the wall,
For now the French their scaling ladders place,
And bearing high their bucklers, to the assault
Mount fearless: from above the furious troops

Hurl down such weapons as inventive care
Or frantic rage supplies: huge stones and beams
Crush the bold foe; some, thrust adown the height,
Fall living to their death: some in keen pangs
And wildly-writhing, as the liquid lead
Gnaws through their members, leap down desperate,
Eager to cease from suffering. Still they mount,
And by their fellows' fate unterrified,
Still dare the perilous way. Nor dangerless
To the English was the fight, though from above
Easy to crush the assailants: them amidst
Fast fled the arrows; the large brass-wing'd darts,
There driven resistless from the espringal,
Keeping their impulse even in the wound,
Whirl as they pierce the victim. Some fall crush'd
Beneath the ponderous fragment that descends
The heavier from its height: some, the long lance,
Impetuous rushing on its viewless way,
Transfix'd. The death-fraught cannon's thundering roar
Convulsing air, the soldier's eager shout,
And terror's wild shriek echo o'er the plain
In dreadful harmony.
Meantime the chief,
Who equall'd on the bridge the rampart's height,
With many a well-aim'd javelin dealing death,
Made through the throng his passage: he advanced
In wary valour o'er his slaughtered foes,
On the blood-reeking wall. Him drawing near,
Two youths, the boldest of the English host,
Prest on to thrust him from that perilous height;
At once they rush'd upon him: he, his axe
Dropping, the dagger drew: one through the throat
He pierced, and swinging his broad buckler round,
Dash'd down his comrade. So, unmoved he stood,
The sire of Guendolen, that daring man,
Corineus; grappling with his monstrous foe,
He the brute vastness held aloft and bore,
And headlong hurl'd, all shatter'd, to the sea,
Down from the rock's high summit, since that day
Him, hugest of the giants, chronicling,
Called Langoemagog.
The Maid of Arc
Bounds *o'er the bridge*, and to the wind unfurls
Her hallowed banner. At that welcome sight

A general shout of acclamation rose,
And loud, as when the tempest-tossing forest
Roars to the roaring wind; then terror seiz'd
The garrison; and fired anew with hope,
The fierce assailants to their prize rush on
Resistless. Vainly do their English foes
Hurl there their beams, and stones, and javelins,
And fire-brands; fearless in the escalade,
Firm mount the French, and now upon the wall
Wage equal battle.
Burning at the sight
With indignation, Glacidas beheld
His troops fly scattered; fast on every side
The foes up-rushing eager to their spoil;
The holy standard waving; and the Maid
Fierce in pursuit. "Speed but this arrow, Heaven!"
The chief exclaim'd, "and I shall fall content."
So saying, he his sharpest quarrel chose,
And fix'd the bow-string, and against the Maid
Levelling, let loose: her arm was rais'd on high
To smite a fugitive; he glanced aside,
Shunning her deadly stroke, and thus receiv'd
The chieftain's arrow: through his ribs it pass'd,
And cleft that vessel, whence the purer blood,
Through many a branching channel, o'er the frame
Meanders.
"Fool!" the enraged chief exclaim'd,
"Would she had slain thee! thou hast lived too long."
Again he aim'd his arbalist: the string
Struck forceful: swift the erring arrow sped,
Guiltless of blood, for lightly o'er the court
Bounded the warrior Virgin. Glacidas
Levelled his bow again; the fated shaft
Fled true, and difficultly through the mail
Pierced to her neck, and tinged its point with blood.
"She bleeds! She bleeds!" exulting cried the chief;
"The sorceress bleeds! Nor all her hellish arts
Can charm my arrows from their destined course."
Ill-fated man! In vain, with murderous hand
Placing thy feathered quarrel in its groove,
Dream'st thou of JOAN subdued! She from her neck
Plucking the shaft unterrified, exclaim'd:
"*This is* a favour! Frenchmen, let us on!
Escape they cannot from the hand of God!"

But Conrade, rolling round his angry eyes,
Beheld the English chieftain as he aim'd
Again the bow: with rapid step he strode;
Nor did not Glacidas the Frank perceive:
At him he drew the string: the powerless dart
Fell blunted from his buckler. Fierce he came
And lifting high his ponderous battle-axe,
Full on his shoulder drove the furious stroke
Deep-buried in his bosom: prone he fell;
The cold air rushed upon his heaving heart.
One whose low lineage gave no second name
Was Glacidas, a gallant man, and still
His memory in the records of the foe
Survives.

And now disheartened at his death
The vanquish'd English fly towards the gate,
Seeking the inner court, as yet in hope
Again to dare the siege, and with their friends
Find present refuge there. Mistaken men!
The vanquish'd have no friends! defeated thus,
Prest by pursuit, in vain, with eager voice,
They call their comrades in the suppliant tones
Of pity now, now in the indignant phrase
Of fruitless anger; they indeed within
Fast from the ramparts on the victor troops
Hurl their keen javelins,—but the gate is barr'd—
The huge portcullis down!

Then terror seiz'd
Their hopeless hearts: some, furious in despair,
Turn on their foes; fear-palsied, some await
The coming death; some drop the useless sword
And cry for mercy.

Then the Maid of Arc
Had pity on the vanquish'd; and she call'd
Aloud, and cried unto the host of France,
And bade them cease from slaughter. They obeyed
The delegated damsel. Some there were
Apart that communed murmuring, and of these
Graville address'd her. "Mission'd Maid! our troops
Are few in number; and to well secure
These many prisoners such a force demands,
As should we spare might shortly make us need
The mercy *we bestow; not* mercy then,
Rather to these our soldiers, cruelty.

Justice to them, to France, and to our king,
And that regard wise Nature has in each
Implanted of self-safety, all demand
Their deaths."
"Foul fall such evil policy!"
The indignant Maid exclaim'd. "I tell thee, chief,
God is with us! but God shall hide his face
From him who sheds one drop of human blood
In calm cold-hearted wisdom; him who weighs
The *right* and the *expedient*, and resolves,
Just as the well-pois'd scale shall rise or fall.
These men shall live—live to be happy, chief,
And in the latest hour of life, shall bless
Us who preserved. What is the conqueror's name,
Compared to this when the death hour shall come?
To think that we have from the murderous sword
Rescued one man, and that his heart-pour'd prayers,
Already with celestial eloquence,
Plead for us to the All-just!"
Severe she spake,
Then turn'd to Conrade. "Thou from these our troops
Appoint fit escort for the prisoners:
I need not tell thee, Conrade, they are men,
Misguided men, led from their little homes,
The victims of the mighty! thus subdued
They are our foes no longer: be they held
In Orleans. From the war we may not spare
Thy valour long."
She said: when Conrade cast
His eyes around, and mark'd amid the court
From man to man where Francis rush'd along,
Bidding them spare the vanquish'd. Him he hail'd.
"The Maid hath bade me choose a leader forth
To guard the captives; thou shalt be the man;
For thou wilt guard them with due diligence,
Yet not forgetting they are men, our foes
No longer!"
Nor meantime the garrison
Ceas'd from the war; they, in the hour of need,
Abandoning their comrades to the sword,
A daring band, resolved to bide the siege
In desperate valour. Fast against the walls
The battering-ram drove fierce; the enginery
Ply'd at the ramparts fast; the catapults

:ove there their dreadful darts; the war-wolfs there
ırl'd their huge stones; and, through the kindled sky,
ıe engines showered their sheets of liquid fire.

"Feel ye not, comrades, how the ramparts shake
:neath the ponderous ram's unceasing stroke?"
ied one, a venturous Englishman. "Our foes,
woman-like compassion, have dismissed
powerful escort, weakening thus themselves,
ıd giving us fair hope, in equal field,
better fortune. Sorely here annoyed,
ıd slaughtered by their engines from afar,
e perish. Vainly does the soldier boast
ndaunted courage and the powerful arm,
thus pent up, like some wild beast he falls,
ark'd for the hunter's arrows: let us rush
ıd meet them in the battle, man to man,
ither to conquer, or, at least, to die
soldier's death."

"Nay, nay—not so," replied
ıe of less daring valour. "Though they point
ıeir engines here, our archers, not in vain,
ıeed their death-doing shafts. Let the strong walls
ırst by the foe be won; 'twill then be time
› meet them in the battle man to man,
'hen these shall fail us."

Scarcely had he spoke
'hen full upon his breast a ponderous stone
ell, fierce impell'd, and drove him to the earth,
ll shattered. Horror the spectators seiz'd,
or as the dreadful weapon shivered him,
is blood besprinkled round, and they beheld
is mangled lungs lie quivering!

"Such the fate
f those who trust them to their walls' defence,"
gain exclaimed the soldier: "Thus they fall,
etrayed by their own fears. Courage alone
an save us."

Nor to draw them from the fort
ow needed eloquence; with one accord
hey bade him lead to battle. Forth they rush'd
npetuous. With such fury o'er the plain,
woln by the *autumnal tempest*, Vega rolls
is rapid waters, when the gathered storm,

On the black hills of Cambria bursting, swells
The tide of desolation.
Then the Maid
Spake to the son of Orleans, "Let our troops
Fall back, so shall the English in pursuit
Leave this strong fortress, thus an easy prey."
Time was not for long counsel. From the court,
Obedient to Dunois, a band of Franks
Retreat, as at the irruption of their foes
Disheartened; they, with shouts and loud uproar,
Rush to their fancied conquest: Joan, the while,
Placing a small, but gallant garrison,
Bade them secure the gates: then forth she rush'd,
With such fierce onset charging on their rear,
That terror smote the English, and they wish'd
Again that they might hide them in their walls
Rashly abandoned; for now wheeling round,
The son of Orleans fought. All captainless,
Ill-marshall'd, ill-directed, in vain rage,
They waste their furious efforts, falling fast
Before the Maid's good falchion and the sword
Of Conrade: loud was heard the mingled sound
Of arms and men; the earth, that trampled late
By multitudes, gave to the passing wind
Its dusty clouds, now reek'd with their hot gore.

High on the fort's far summit Talbot mark'd
The fight, and call'd impatient for his arms,
Eager to rush to war; and scarce withheld:
For now, disheartened and discomfited,
The troops fled fearful.
On the bridge there stood
A strong-built tower, commanding o'er the Loire.
The traveller sometimes lingered on his way,
Marking the playful tenants of the stream,
Seen in its shadow, stem the sea-ward tide.
This had the invaders won in hard assault,
Ere she the delegate of heaven, came forth
And made them fear who never fear'd before.
Hither the English troops with hasty steps
Retir'd, yet not forgetful of defence,
But waging still the war: the garrison
Them thus retreating saw, and open threw
Their guarded gates; and on the Gallic host,

Covering their vanquish'd fellows, pour'd their shafts
Check'd in pursuit, they stopt. Then Graville cried,—
"Ill, maiden, hast thou done! those valiant troops
Thy womanish pity has dismissed, with us
Conjoin'd might press upon the vanquish'd foes,
Though aided thus, and plant the lilied flag
Victorious on yon tower."
"Dark-minded man!"
The Maid of Orleans answered, "to act well
Brings with itself an ample recompence.
I have not rear'd the oriflamme[39] of death,
The butcher flag! the banner of the Lord
Is this; and come what will, me it behoves,
Mindful of that good power who delegates,
To spare the fallen foe: that gracious God
Sends me the minister of mercy forth,
Sends me to save this ravaged realm of France;
To England friendly as to all the world,
Foe only to the great blood-guilty ones,
The masters and the murderers of mankind."

She said, and suddenly threw off her helm;
Her breast heaved high—her cheek grew red—her eyes
Flash'd forth a wilder lustre. "Thou dost deem
That I have illy spar'd so large a band,
Disabling from pursuit our weakened troops—
God is with us!" she cried—"God is with us!
Our champion manifest!"
Even as she spake,
The tower, the bridge, and all its multitudes,
Sunk with a mighty crash.
Astonishment
Seized on the[40] French—an universal cry
Of terror burst from them. Crush'd in the fall,
Or by their armour whelm'd beneath the tide,
The sufferers sunk, or vainly plied their arms,
Caught by some sinking wretch, who grasp'd them fast
And dragg'd them down to death: shrieking they sunk;
Huge fragments frequent dash'd with thundering roar,
Amid the foaming current. From the fort
Talbot beheld, and gnash'd his teeth, and cursed
The more than mortal Virgin; whilst the towers
Of Orleans *echoed to the* loud uproar,
And all who heard, trembled, and cross'd their breasts.

And as they hastened to the city walls,
Told fearfully their beads.
'Twas now the hour
When o'er the plain the pensive hues of eve
Shed their meek radiance; when the lowing herd,
Slow as they stalk to shelter, draw behind
The lengthening shades; and seeking his high nest
As heavily he flaps the dewy air,
The hoarse rook pours his not unpleasant note.
"Now then, Dunois, for Orleans!" cried the Maid,
"And give we to the flames these monuments
Of sorrow and disgrace. The ascending flames
Shall to the dwellers of yon rescued town
Blaze with a joyful splendour, while the foe
Behold and tremble."
As she spake, they rush'd
To fire the forts; they shower their wild fire there,
And high amid the gloom the ascending flames
Blaze up; then joyful of their finish'd toil,
The host retire. Hush'd is the field of fight
As the calm'd ocean, when its gentle waves
Heave slow and silent, wafting tranquilly
The shattered fragments of the midnight wreck.

The Ninth Book.

ransactions of the night. Murmurs, council and retreat of the English. Advance of Burgundy to their assistance prevented. Burial of the dead. Their funeral oration pronounced by the Maid.

Far through the shadowy sky the ascending flames
Stream'd their fierce torrents, by the gales of night
Now curl'd, now flashing their long lightnings up,
That made the stars seem pale; less frequent now,
Through the red volumes the brief splendour shot,
And blacker waves roll'd o'er the darkened heaven.
Dismay'd amid the forts that yet remain'd,
The invaders saw, and clamoured for retreat,
Deeming that aided by invisible powers
The Maid went forth to conquer. Not a sound
Moved on the air, but filled them with vague dread
Of unseen dangers; if the blast arose
Sudden, through every fibre a deep fear
Crept shivering, and to their expecting minds
Silence itself was dreadful. One there was,
Who, learning wisdom in the hour of ill,
Exclaimed, "I marvel not, that the Most High
Hath hid his face from England! wherefore thus
Quitting the comforts of domestic life,
Swarm we to desolate this goodly land,
Making the drenched earth rank with human blood,
Scatter pollution on the winds of heaven?
Oh! that the sepulchre had closed its jaws
On that foul priest, [41] that bad blood-guilty man,
Who, trembling for the church's ill-got wealth,
Bade Henry look on France, ere he had drawn
The desolating sword, and sent him forth
To slaughter! Sure he spake the will of God,
That holy hermit,[42] who in his career
Of conquest met the king and bade him cease
The work of death, before the wrath divine
Fell heavy on his head; and soon it fell,

And sunk him to the grave; and soon that wrath
On us, alike in sin, alike shall fall:
For thousands and ten thousands, by the sword
Cut off, and sent before the eternal Judge,
With all their unrepented crimes upon them,
Cry out for vengeance! for the widow's groan,
Though here she groan unpitied or unheard,
Is heard in Heaven against us! o'er this land,
For hills of human slain, unsepulchred,
Steam pestilence, and cloud the blessed sun!
The wrath of God is on us—God has call'd
This Virgin forth, and gone before her path—
Our brethren, vainly valiant, fall beneath them,
Clogging with gore their weapons, or in the flood,
Whelm'd like the Egyptian tyrant's impious host,
Mangled and swoln, their blackened carcasses
Toss on the tossing billows! We remain,
For yet our rulers will pursue the war,
We still remain to perish by the sword,
Soon to appear before the throne of God;
Lost, guilty wretches, hireling murderers,
Uninjur'd, unprovok'd, who dared to risk
The life his goodness gave us, on the chance
Of war, and in obedience to our chiefs,
Durst disobey our God."
Then terror seized
The troops and late repentance: and they thought
The spirits of the mothers and their babes
Famish'd at Roan, sat on the clouds of night,
Circling the forts, to hail with gloomy joy
The hour of vengeance.
Nor the English chiefs
Heard their loud murmurs heedless: counselling,
They met despondent. Suffolk, now their chief,
Since conquered by the arm of Theodore,
Fell Salisbury, thus began.
"It were now vain
Lightly of this our more than mortal foe,
To speak contemptuous. She has vanquish'd us,
Aided by Hell's leagued powers, nor aught avails
Man unassisted 'gainst the powers of Hell,
To dare the conflict: were it best remain
Waiting the doubtful aid of Burgundy,
Doubtful and still delayed; or from this scene,

Scene of our shame, retreating as we may,
Yet struggle to preserve the guarded towns
Of Orleannois?"
He ceas'd, and with a sigh
Struggling with pride that heav'd his gloomy breast,
Talbot replied—"Our council little boots;
For by the numbers now made bold in fear,
The soldiers will not fight, they will not heed
Our vain resolves, heart-withered by the spells
Of this accursed sorceress soon will come
The expected host from England: even now
Perchance the tall bark scuds across the deep
That bears my son: young Talbot comes—he comes
To find his sire disgraced! but soon mine arm,
By vengeance nerved, and shame of such defeat,
Shall, from the crest-fallèn courage of yon witch,
Regain its ancient glory. Near the coast
Best is it to retreat, and there expect
The coming succour."
Thus the warrior spake.
Joy ran through all the troops, as though retreat
Were safety. Silently in ordered ranks
They issue forth, favoured by the deep clouds
That mantled o'er the moon. With throbbing hearts
Fearful they speeded on: some, thinking sad
Of distant England, and, now wise too late,
Cursing in bitterness that evil hour
That led them from her shores: some in faint hope,
Calling to mind the comforts of their home.
Talbot went musing on his blasted fame,
Sullen and stern, and feeding on dark thoughts,
And meditating vengeance.
In the walls
Of Orleans, though her habitants with joy
Humbly acknowledged the high aid of heaven,
Of many a heavy ill and bitter loss
Mindful, such mingled sentiments they felt,
As one from shipwreck saved, the first warm glow
Of transport past, who contemplates himself,
Preserved alone, a solitary wretch,
Possessed of life, indeed, but reft of all
That makes man love to live. The chieftains shared
The social bowl, *glad of* the town relieved,
And communing of that miraculous Maid,

Who came, the saviour of the realm of France,
When vanquish'd in the frequent field of shame,
Her bravest warriors trembled.
Joan the while
Foodless and silent to the convent pass'd:
Conrade with her, and Isabel; both mute,
Yet gazing on her oft with eloquent eye,
Looking the consolation that they fear'd
To give a voice to. Now they reach'd the dome:
The glaring torches o'er the house of death
Stream'd a sad splendour. Flowers and funeral herbs
Bedeck'd the bier of Theodore: the rue,
The dark green rosemary, and the violet,
That pluck'd like him withered in its first bloom.
Dissolved in sorrow, Isabel her grief
Pour'd copious; Conrade wept: the Maid alone
Was tearless, for she stood unheedingly,
Gazing the vision'd scene of her last hour,
Absorb'd in contemplation; from her eye
Intelligence was absent; nor she seem'd
To hear, though listening to the dirge of death.
Laid in his last home now was Theodore,
And now upon the coffin thrown, the earth
Fell heavy: the Maid started—for the sound
Smote on her heart; her eye one lightning glance
Shot wild, and shuddering, upon Isabel
She hung, her pale lips trembling, and her cheek
As wan as though untenanted by life.

Then in the priest arose the earnest hope,
That weary of the world and sick with woe,
The Maid might dwell with them a vestal vowed.
"Ah, damsel!" slow he spake, and cross'd his breast,
"Ah, damsel! favoured as thou art of Heaven,
Let not thy soul beneath its sorrow sink
Despondent; Heaven by sorrow disciplines
The froward heart, and chastens whom it loves;
Therefore, companion of thy way of life,
Affliction thee shall wean from this vain world,
Where happiness provokes the traveller's chase,
And like the midnight meteor of the marsh,
Allures his long and perilous pursuit,
Then leaves him dark and comfortless. O Maid!
Fix thou thine eyes upon that heavenly dawn

Beyond the night of life! thy race is run,
Thou hast delivered Orleans: now perfect
Thyself; accomplish all, and be the child
Of God. Amid these sacred haunts the groan
Of woe is never heard; these hallowed roofs
Re-echo only to the pealing quire,
The chanted mass, and Virgin's holy hymn,
Celestial sounds! secluded here, the soul
Receives a foretaste of her joys to come!
This is the abode of piety and peace:
Oh! be their inmate, Maiden! come to rest,
Die to the world, and live espous'd to Heaven!"

Then Conrade answered, "Father! Heaven has doom'd
This Maid to active virtue."
"Active!" cried
The astonish'd priest; "thou dost not know the toils
This holy warfare asks; thou dost not know
How powerful the attacks that Satan makes
By sinful nature aided! dost thou deem
It is an easy task from the fond breast
To root affection out? to burst the cords
That grapple to society the heart
Of social man? to rouse the unwilling spirit,
That, rebel to devotion, faintly pours
The cold lip-worship of the wearying prayer?
To fear and tremble at him, yet to love
A God of Terrors? Maid, beloved of heaven!
Come to this sacred trial! share with us
The day of penance and the night of prayer!
Humble thyself! feel thine own worthlessness,
A reptile worm! before thy birth condemn'd
To all the horrors of thy Maker's wrath,
The lot of fallen mankind! oh hither come!
Humble thyself in ashes, so thy name
Shall live amid the blessed host of saints,
And unborn pilgrims at thy hallowed shrine
Pour forth their pious offerings."
"Hear me, priest!"
Exclaim'd the awakened Maid; "amid these tombs,
Cold as their clayey tenants, know, my heart
Must never grow to stone! chill thou thyself,
And break thy midnight rest, and tell thy beads,
And labour through thy still repeated prayer;

Fear thou thy God of Terrors; spurn the gifts
He gave, and sepulchre thyself alive!
But far more valued is the vine that bends
Beneath its swelling clusters, than the dark
And joyless ivy, round the cloister's wall
Wreathing its barren arms. For me I know
Mine own worth, priest! that I have well perform'd
My duty, and untrembling shall appear
Before the just tribunal of that God,
Whom grateful Love has taught me to adore!"

Severe she spake, for sorrow in her heart
Had wrought unwonted sternness. From the dome
They past in silence; when, with hasty steps,
Sent by the assembled chieftains, one they met
Seeking the mission'd Virgin, as alarm'd,
The herald of ill tidings.
"Holy Maid!"
He cried, "they ask thy counsel. Burgundy
Comes in the cause of England, and his troops,
Scarce three leagues from our walls, a fearful power,
Rest tented for the night."
"Say to the chiefs,
At morn I will be with them," she replied.
"Meantime their welfare well shall occupy
My nightly thoughts."
So saying, on she past,
Thoughtful and silent. A brief while she mus'd,
Brief, but sufficing to impel the soul,
As with a strange and irresistible force,
To loftiest daring. "Conrade!" she exclaim'd,
"I pray thee meet me at the eastern gate
With a swift steed prepared: for I must hence."

Her voice was calm; nor Conrade through the gloom
Saw the faint flush that witness'd on her cheek
High thoughts conceived. She to her home repair'd,
And with a light and unplumed casquetel
She helm'd her head; hung from her neck[43] the shield,
And forth she went.
Her Conrade by the wall
Awaited. "May I, Maiden, seek unblamed
Whither this midnight journey? may I share
The peril?" cried the warrior. She rejoin'd,

"This, Conrade, may not be. Alone I go.
That impulse of the soul that comes from God
Hath summon'd me. Of this remain assured,
If ought of patriot enterprise required
Associate firmness, thou shouldst be the man,
Best—last—and only friend!"
So up she sprung
And left him. He beheld the warden close
The gate, and listened to her courser's tramp,
Till soon upon his ear the far-off sound
Fell faintly, and was lost.
Swift o'er the vale
Sped the good courser; eagerly the Maid
Gave the loose rein, and now her speed attain'd
The dark encampment. Through the sleeping ranks
Onward she past. The trampling of the steed
Or mingled with the soldier's busy dreams,
Or with vague terrors fill'd his startled sense,
Prompting the secret prayer.
So on she past
To where in loftier shade arose the tent
Of Burgundy: light leaping from her seat
She entered.
On the earth the chieftain slept.
His mantle scarf around him; armed all,
Save that his shield hung near him, and his helm:
And by his side, in warrior readiness,
The sheathed falchion lay. Profound he slept;
Nor heard the speeding courser's sounding hoof,
Nor entering footstep. "Burgundy," she cried,
"What, Burgundy! awake!" He started up
And caught the gleam of arms, and to his sword
Reach'd the quick hand. But soon his upward glance
Thrill'd him, for full upon her face the lamp
Stream'd its deep glare, and in her solemn look
Was most unearthly meaning. Pale she was,
But in her eye a saintly lustre beam'd,
And that most calm and holiest confidence
That guilt knows never. "Burgundy, thou seest
The Maid of Orleans!"
As she spake, a voice
Exclaim'd, "Die, sorceress!" and a knight rush'd in
Whose name *by her illustrated* yet lives,
Franquet of Arras. With uplifted arm

Furious he came; her buckler broke the blow,
And forth she flash'd her sword, and with a stroke
Swift that no eye could ward it, and of strength
No mail might blunt, smote on his neck, his neck
Unfenced, for he in haste aroused had cast
An armet[44] on; resistless there she smote
And to the earth prone fell the headless trunk
Of Franquet.

Then on Burgundy she fix'd
Her eye severe. "Go, chief, and thank thy God
That he with lighter judgments visits thee
Than fell on Sisera, or by Judith's hand
He wrought upon the Assyrian! thank thy God
That when his vengeance smote the ruffian sons
Of England, equalled though thou wert in guilt,
Thee he has spared to work by penitence
And better deeds atonement."

Thus she spake,
Then issued forth, and bounding on her steed
Sped o'er the plain. Dark on the upland bank
The hedge-row trees distinct and colourless
Rose o'er the grey horizon, and the Loire
Form'd in its winding way islands of light
Amid the shadowy vale, when now she reach'd
The walls of Orleans.

From the eastern clouds
The sun came forth, as to the assembled chiefs
The Maiden past. Her bending thitherwards
The Bastard met. "New perils threaten us,"
He cried, "new toils await us; Burgundy——"

"Fear not for Burgundy!" the Maid exclaim'd,
"Him will the Lord direct. Our earliest scouts
Shall tell his homeward march. What of the troops
Of England?"

"They," the son of Orleans cried,
"By darkness favour'd, fled: yet not by flight
Shall England's robber sons escape the arm
Of retribution. Even now our troops,
By battle unfatigued, unsatisfied
With conquest, clamour to pursue the foe."

The delegated damsel thus replied:
"So let them fly, Dunois! but other toils

Than those of battle, these our hallowed troops
Await. Look yonder to that carnaged plain!
Behoves us there to delve the general grave.
Then, chieftain, for pursuit, when we have paid
The rites of burial to our fellow men,
And hymned our gratitude to that All-just
Who gave the conquest. Thou, meantime, dispatch
Tidings to Chinon: bid the king set forth,
That, crowning him before assembled France,
In Rheims delivered from the enemy,
I may accomplish all."
So said the Maid.
Then to the gate moved on. The assembled troops
Beheld their coming chief, and smote their shields,
Clamouring their admiration; for they thought
That she would lead them to the instant war.
She waved her hand, and silence still'd the host.
Then thus the mission'd Maid, "Fellows in arms!
We must not speed to joyful victory,
Whilst our unburied comrades, on yon plain,
Allure the carrion bird. Give we this day
To our dead friends!"
Nor did she speak in vain;
For as she spake, the thirst of battle dies
In every breast, such awe and love pervade
The listening troops. They o'er the corse-strewn plain
Speed to their sad employment: some dig deep
The house of death; some bear the lifeless load;
One little troop search carefully around,
If haply they might find surviving yet
Some wounded wretches. As they labour thus,
They mark far off the iron-blaze of arms;
See distant standards waving on the air,
And hear the clarion's clang. Then spake the Maid
To Conrade, and she bade him speed to view
The coming army; or to meet their march
With friendly greeting, or if foes they came
With such array of battle as short space
Allowed: the warrior sped across the plain,
And soon beheld the bannered lilies wave.

Their chief was Richemont: he, when as he heard
What rites employed the Virgin, straightway bade
His troops assist in burial; they, though grieved

At late arrival, and the expected day
Of conquest past, yet give their willing aid:
They dig the general grave, and thither bear
English or French alike commingled now,
And heap the mound of death.
Amid the plain
There was a little eminence, of old
Piled o'er some honoured chieftain's narrow house.
His praise the song had ceased to celebrate,
And many an unknown age had the long grass
Waved o'er the nameless mound, though barren now
Beneath the frequent tread of multitudes.
There, elevate, the martial Maiden stood,
Her brow unhelmed, and floating on the wind
Her long dark locks. The silent troops around
Stood thickly throng'd, as o'er the fertile field
Billows the ripen'd corn. The passing breeze
Bore not a murmur from the numerous host,
Such deep attention held them. She began.

"Glory to those who in their country's cause
Fall in the field of battle! Citizens,
I stand not here to mourn these gallant men,
Our comrades, nor with vain and idle phrase
Of pity and compassion, to console
The friends who loved them. They, indeed, who fall
Beneath oppression's banner, merit well
Our pity; may the God of peace and love
Be merciful to those blood-guilty men
Who came to desolate the realm of France,
To make us bow the knee, and crouch like slaves,
Before a tyrant's footstool! Give to these,
And to their wives and orphan little-ones
That on their distant father vainly cry
For bread, give these your pity. Wretched men,
Forced or inveigled from their homes, or driven
By need and hunger to the trade of blood;
Or, if with free and willing mind they came,
Most wretched—for before the eternal throne
They stand, as hireling murderers arraign'd.
But our dead comrades for their freedom fought;
No arts they needed, nor the specious bribes
Of promise, to allure them to this fight,
This holy warfare! them their parents sent,

ıs they raised their streaming eyes to heaven,
them go forth, and from the ruffian's sword
their grey hairs: these men their wives sent forth,
their last kisses on their armed hands,
ıade them in the battle think they fought
ıem and for their babes. Thus rous'd to rage
ery milder feeling, they rush'd forth,
fought, they conquer'd. To this high-rear'd mound
ıen of Orleans shall in after days
their young boys, and tell them of the deeds
allant friends achieved, and bid them learn
:hem to love their country, and like them,
d wild oppression pour again its tide
ıolation, to step forth and stem
:ss, the furious torrent. Men of France!
ı not for these our comrades; boldly they
ıt the good fight, and that eternal One,
bade the angels harbinger his word
'Peace on earth,' rewards them. We survive,
ıring their memories to avenge their fall
ıgland's ruffian hordes; in vain her chiefs
' will drain her wealth, and waste her blood,
ıquer this vast realm! for, easier were it
rl the rooted mountain from its base,
force the yoke of slavery upon men
ınin'd to be free: yes,—let them rage,
ıain their country's wealth, and waste her blood,
ıour their hireling thousands on our coasts,
ne amid the storm shall France arise,
ike the rock amid surrounding waves,
the rushing ocean—she shall wield
ıunder—she shall blast her despot foes."

The Tenth Book.

The English succours arrive. Battle of Patay. The King arrives. The Poem concludes with the coronation of Charles at Rheims.

THUS to the martyrs in their country's cause
The Maiden gave their fame; and when she ceas'd,
Such murmur from the multitude arose,
As when at twilight hour the summer breeze
Moves o'er the elmy vale: there was not one
Who mourn'd with feeble sorrow for his friend,
Slain in the fight of freedom; or if chance
Remembrance with a tear suffus'd the eye,
The patriot's joy flash'd through.
And now the rites
Of sepulture perform'd, the hymn to heaven
They chanted. To the town the Maid return'd,
Dunois with her, and Richemont, and the man,
Conrade, whose converse most the Virgin lov'd.
They of pursuit, and of the future war
Sat communing; when loud the trumpet's voice
Proclaim'd approaching herald.
"To the Maid,"
Exclaim'd the messenger, "and thee, Dunois,
Son of the chief he loved! Du Chastel sends
Greeting. The aged warrior has not spared
All active efforts to partake your toil,
And serve his country; and though late arrived,
He share not in the fame your arms acquire,
His heart is glad that he is late arrived,
And France preserved thus early. He were here
To join your host, and follow on their flight,
But Richemont is his foe. To that high lord
Thus says my master: We, though each to each
Be hostile, are alike the embattled sons
Of this our common country. Do thou join
The conquering troops, and prosecute success;
I will the while assault what guarded towns

Bedford yet holds in Orleannois; one day,
Perhaps the constable of France may learn
He wrong'd Du Chastel."
As the herald spake,
The crimson current rush'd to Richemont's cheek.
"Tell to thy master," eager he replied,
"I am the foe of those court parasites
Who poison the king's ear. Him who shall serve
Our country in the field, I hold my friend:
Such may Du Chastel prove."
So said the chief,
And pausing as the herald went his way,
Gaz'd on the Virgin. "Maiden! if aright
I deem, thou dost not with a friendly eye
Scan my past deeds."
Then o'er the damsel's cheek
A faint glow spread. "True, chieftain!" she replied,
"Report bespeaks thee haughty, of thy power
Jealous, and to the shedding human blood
Revengeful."
"Maid of Orleans!" he exclaim'd,
"Should the wolf slaughter thy defenceless flock,
Were it a crime if thy more mighty force
Destroyed the fell destroyer? if thy hand
Had pierced the ruffian as he burst thy door
Prepar'd for midnight murder, wouldst thou feel
The weight of blood press heavy on thy soul?
I slew the wolves of state, the murderers
Of thousands. Joan! when rusted in its sheath
The sword of justice hung, blamest thou the man
That lent his weapon for the virtuous deed?"

Conrade replied. "Nay, Richemont, it were well
To pierce the ruffian as he burst thy doors;
But if he bear the plunder safely thence,
And thou shouldst meet him on the future day,
Vengeance must not be thine: there is the law
To punish; and if thy impatient hand,
Unheard and uncondemn'd, should execute
Death on that man, justice will not allow
The judge in the accuser!"
"Thou hast said
Right wisely, *warrior!*" cried the constable;
"*But there are guilty ones* above the law,

Men whose black crimes exceed the utmost bound
Of private guilt; court vermin that buzz round
And fly-blow the king's ear, and make him waste,
In this most perilous time, his people's wealth
And blood: immers'd one while in criminal sloth,
Heedless though ruin threat the realm they rule;
And now projecting some mad enterprise,
To certain slaughter send their wretched troops.
These are the men that make the king suspect
His wisest, faithfullest, best counsellors;
And for themselves and their dependents, seize
All places, and all profits; and they wrest
To their own ends the statutes of the land,
Or safely break them: thus, or indolent,
Or active, ruinous alike to France.
Wisely thou sayest, warrior, that the law
Should strike the guilty; but the voice of justice
Cries out, and brings conviction as it cries,
Whom the laws cannot reach the dagger should."

The Maid replied, "I blame thee not, oh chief!
If, reasoning to thine own conviction thus,
Thou didst, well-satisfied, destroy these men
Above the law: but if a meaner one,
Self-constituting him the minister
Of justice to the death of these bad men,
Had wrought the deed, him would the laws have seized
And doom'd a murderer—thee, thy power preserved!
And what hast thou exampled? Thou hast taught
All men to execute what deeds of blood
Their will or passion sentence: right and wrong
Confounding thus, and making power of all
Sole arbiter. Thy acts were criminal;
Yet, Richemont, for thou didst them self-approved,
I may not blame the agent. Trust me, chief,
That when a people sorely are opprest,
The hour of violence will come too soon,
And he does wrong who hastens it. He best
Performs the patriot's and the good man's part,
Who, in the ear of rage and faction, breathes
The healing words of love."

Thus communed they:
Meantime, all panic-struck and terrified,
The English urge their flight; by other thoughts

Possess'd than when, elate with arrogance,
They dreamt of conquest, and the crown of France
At their disposal. Of their hard-fought fields,
Of glory hardly-earn'd, and lost with shame,
Of friends and brethren slaughter'd, and the fate
Threatening themselves, they brooded sadly, now
Repentant late and vainly. They whom fear
Erst made obedient to their conquering march,
At their defeat exultant, wreak what ills
Their power allow'd. Thus many a league they fled,
Marking their path with ruin, day by day
Leaving the weak and wounded destitute
To the foe's mercy; thinking of their home,
Though to that far-off prospect scarcely hope
Could raise her sickly eye. Oh then what joy
Inspir'd anew their bosoms, when, like clouds
Moving in shadows down the distant hill,
They mark'd their coming succours! in each heart
Doubt rais'd a busy tumult; soon they knew
The friendly standard, and a general shout
Burst from the joyful ranks; yet came no joy
To Talbot: he, with dark and downward brow,
Mused sternly, till at length arous'd to hope
Of vengeance, welcoming his warrior son,
He brake a sullen smile.

"Son of my age!
Welcome young Talbot to thy first of fields,
Thy father bids thee welcome, though disgraced,
Baffled, and flying from a woman's arm!
Yes, by my former glories, from a woman!
The scourge of France! the conqueror of men!
Flying before a woman! Son of Talbot,
Had the winds wafted thee a few days sooner,
Thou hadst seen me high in honour, and thy name
Alone had scattered armies; yet, my child,
I bid thee welcome! rest we here our flight,
And lift again the sword."

So spake the chief;
And well he counsell'd: for not yet the sun
Had reach'd meridian height, when, o'er the plain
Of Patay they beheld the troops of France
Speed in pursuit. Soon as the troops of France
Beheld the dark *battalions* of the foe
Shadowing the distant plain, a general shout

Burst from the expectant host, and on they prest,
Elate of heart and eager for the fight,
With clamours ominous of victory.
Thus urging on, one from the adverse host
Advanced to meet them: they his garb of peace
Knew, and they stayed them as the herald spake
His bidding to the chieftains. "Sirs," he cried,
"I bear defiance to you from the earl,
William of Suffolk. Here on this fit plain,
He wills to give you battle, power to power,
So please you, on the morrow."
"On the morrow
We will join battle, then," replied Dunois,
"And God befriend the right!" then on the herald
A robe rich-furred and broidered he bestowed,
A costly guerdon. Through the army spread
The unwelcome tidings of delay: possessed
With agitating hopes they felt the hours
Pass heavily; but soon the night waned on,
And the loud trumpets' blare from broken sleep
Roused them; a second time the thrilling blast
Bade them be armed, and at the third deep sound
They ranged them in their ranks. From man to man
With pious haste hurried the confessor
To shrive[45] them, lest with unprepared souls
They to their death might go. Dunois meantime
Rode through the host; the shield of dignity
Before him borne, and in his hand he held
The white wand of command. The open helm
Disclosed that eye that tempered the strong lines
Of steady valour, to obedient awe
Winning the will's assent. To some he spake
Of late-earned glory; others, new to war,
He bade bethink them of the feats achieved
When Talbot, recreant to his former fame,
Fled from beleaguer'd Orleans. Was there one
Whom he had known in battle? by the hand
Him did he take, and bid him on that day
Summon his wonted courage, and once more
Support his chief and comrade. Happy he
Who caught his glance, or from the chieftain's lips
Heard his own name! joy more inspiriting
Fills not the Persian's soul, when sure he deems
That Mithra hears propitiously his prayer,

And o'er the scattered cloud of morning pours
A brighter ray responsive.
Then the host
Partook due food, this their last meal belike
Receiving with such thoughtful doubts, as make
The soul, impatient of uncertainty,
Rush eager to the event; prepared thus
Upon the grass the soldiers laid themselves,
Each in his station, waiting there the sound
Of onset, that in undiminished strength
Strong, they might meet the battle:[48] silent some,
Pondering the chances of the coming day,
Some whiling with a careless gaiety
The fearful pause of action. Thus the French
In such array and high in confident hope
Await the signal; whilst, with other thoughts,
And ominous awe, once more the invading host
Prepare them in the field of fight to meet
The Maid of God. Collected in himself
Appeared the might of Talbot. Through the ranks
He stalks, reminds them of their former fame,
Their native land, their homes, the friends they loved,
All the rewards of this day's victory.
But awe had fill'd the English, and they struck
Faintly their shields; for they who had beheld
The hallowed banner with celestial light
Irradiate, and the missioned Maiden's deeds,
Felt their hearts sink within them, at the thought
Of her near vengeance; and the tale they told
Roused such a tumult in the new-come troops,
As fitted them for fear. The aged chief
Beheld their drooping valour: his stern brow,
Wrinkled with thought, bewray'd his inward doubts:
Still he was firm, though all might fly, resolved
That Talbot should retrieve his old renown,
And period life with glory. Yet some hope
Inspired the veteran, as across the plain
Casting his eye, he marked the embattled strength
Of thousands; archers of unequalled skill,
Brigans, and pikemen, from whose lifted points
A fearful radiance flashed, and young esquires,
And high-born warriors, bright in blazoned arms.
Nor few, nor fameless were the English chiefs:
In many a field victorious, he was there,

The gartered Fastolffe; Hungerford, and Scales,
Men who had seen the hostile squadrons fly
Before the arms of England. Suffolk there,
The haughty chieftain towered; blest had he fallen
Ere yet a courtly minion he was marked
By public hatred, and the murderer's name!
There, too, the son of Talbot, young in arms,
Moved eager, he, at many a tournament,
With matchless force, had pointed his strong lance,
O'er all opponents, victor: confident
In strength, and jealous of his future fame,
His heart beat high for battle. Such array
Of marshalled numbers fought not on the field
Of Crecy, nor at Poictiers; nor such force
Led Henry to the fight of Azincour,
When thousands fell before him.
Onward move
The host of France. It was a goodly sight
To see the embattled pomp, as with the step
Of stateliness the barbed steeds came on:
To see the pennons[47] rolling their long waves
Before the gale; and banners broad and bright
Tossing their blazonry; and high-plumed chiefs;
Vidames, and seneschals, and chastellains,
Gay with their bucklers' gorgeous heraldry,
And silken surcoats on the buoyant wind
Billowing.
And now the knights of France dismount,
For not to brutal strength they deemed it right
To trust their fame and their dear country's weal;
Rather to manly courage, and the glow
Of honourable thoughts, such as inspire
Ennobling energy. Unhors'd, unspurr'd,
Their javelins lessen'd to a wieldy length,
They to the foe advanced. The Maid alone,
Conspicuous on a coal-black courser, meets
The war. They moved to battle with such sound
As rushes o'er the vaulted firmament,
When from his seat, on the utmost verge of heaven
That overhangs the void, father of winds!
Dræsvelger starting, rears his giant bulk,
And from his eagle pinions shakes the storm.
High on her stately steed the martial Maid
Rode foremost of the war: her burnish'd arms

Shone like the brook that o'er its pebbled course
Runs glittering gaily to the noon-tide sun.
Her foaming courser, of the guiding hand
Impatient, smote the earth, and toss'd his mane,
And rear'd aloft with many a froward bound,
Then answered to the rein with such a step,
As, in submission, he were proud to show
His unsubdued strength. Slow on the air
Waved the white plumes that shadow'd o'er her helm.
Even such, so fair, so terrible in arms
Pelides moved from Scyros, where, conceal'd
He lay obedient to his mother's fears
A seemly virgin; thus the youth appear'd
Terribly graceful, when upon his neck
Deidameia hung, and with a look
That spake the tumult of her troubled soul,
Fear, anguish, and upbraiding tenderness,
Gazed on the father of her unborn babe.

An English knight, who, eager for renown,
Late left his peaceful mansion, mark'd the Maid.
Her power miraculous, and fearful deeds,
He from the troops had heard incredulous,
And scoff'd their easy fears, and vow'd that he,
Proving the magic of this dreaded girl
In equal battle, would dissolve the spell,
Powerless oppos'd to valour. Forth he spurr'd
Before the ranks; she mark'd the coming foe,
And fix'd her lance in rest, and rush'd along.
Midway they met; full on her buckler driven,
Shiver'd the English spear: her better force
Drove the brave foeman senseless from his seat.
Headlong he fell, nor ever to the sense
Of shame awoke, for rushing multitudes
Soon crush'd the helpless warrior.
Then the Maid
Rode through the thickest battle: fast they fell,
Pierced by her forceful spear. Amid the troops
Plunged her strong war-horse, by the noise of arms
Elate and rous'd to rage, he tramples o'er,
Or with the lance protended from his front,
Thrusts down the thronging squadrons. Where she turns
The foe tremble and die. Such ominous fear
Seizes the traveller o'er the trackless sands,

Who marks the dread simoom across the waste
Sweep its swift pestilence: to earth he falls,
Nor dares give utterance to the inward prayer,
Deeming the genius of the desert breathes
The purple blast of death.
Such was the sound
As when the tempest, mingling air and sea,
Flies o'er the uptorn ocean: dashing high
Their foamy heads amid the incumbent clouds,
The madden'd billows, with their deafening roar,
Drown the loud thunder's peal. In every form
Of horror, death was there. They fall, transfix'd
By the random arrow's point, or fierce-thrust lance,
Or sink, all battered by the ponderous mace:
Some from their coursers thrown, lie on the earth,
Unwieldy in their arms, that, weak to save,
Protracted all the agonies of death.
But most the English fell, by their own fears
Betrayed; for fear the evil that it dreads
Increases. Even the chiefs, who many a day
Had met the war and conquered, trembled now,
Appall'd by her, the Maid miraculous.
As the blood-nurtured monarch of the wood,
That o'er the wilds of Afric, in his strength
Resistless ranges, when the mutinous clouds
Burst, and the lightnings through the midnight sky
Dart their red fires, lies fearful in his den,
And howls in terror to the passing storm.

But Talbot, fearless where the bravest feared,
Mowed down the hostile ranks. The chieftain stood
Like the strong oak, amid the tempest's rage,
That stands unharm'd, and while the forest falls,
Uprooted round, lifts its high head aloft,
And nods majestic to the warring wind.
He fought, resolved to snatch the shield of death
And shelter him from shame. The very herd
Who fought near Talbot, though the Virgin's name
Made their cheeks pale, and drove the curdling blood
Back to their hearts, caught from his daring deeds
New force, and went like eaglets to the prey
Beneath their mother's wing: to him they look'd,
Their tower of strength, and followed where his sword
Made through the foe a way. Nor did the son

lbot shame his lineage; by his sire
ous he strove, like the young lionet
first he bathes his murderous jaws in blood.
fought intrepid, though amid their ranks
nd confusion triumphed; for such awe
s'd the English, as the Etruscans felt,
self-devoted to the infernal gods
aliant Decius stood before the troops,
in the victim garb of sacrifice,
pake aloud, and call'd the shadowy powers
e to Rome the conquest, and receive
willing prey; then rush'd amid the foe,
ied upon the hecatombs he slew.

hope inspir'd the assailants. Xaintrailles there
l fear and death; and Orleans' valiant son
t as when Warwick fled before his arm.
ll pre-eminent for hardiest deeds
Conrade. Where he drove his battle-axe,
was the buckler or the helm's defence,
rk, or plated mail; through all it pierced,
less as the forked flash of heaven.
eath-doom'd foe, who mark'd the coming chief,
ach a chill run through his shivering frame,
e night traveller of the Pyrenees,
nd bewildered on his wintry way,
from the mountains round reverberates
ngry wolves' deep yell; on every side,
fierce eyes gleaming as with meteor fires,
mish'd troop come round: the affrighted mule
loud with terror, on his shuddering limbs
g sweat starts, convulsive pant his sides,
on he rushes, wild in desperate speed.

a dealing death an English knight beheld,
purr'd his steed to crush him: Conrade leap'd
y aside, and through the warrior's greeves
a deep wound: nor longer could the foe,
r'd with anguish, guide his mettled horse,
rude plunge endure; headlong he fell,
erish'd. In his castle-hall was hung
h his father's shield, with many a dint
d on *the blood-drench'd* field of Azincour:
eds the son had heard; and when a boy,

Listening delighted to the old man's tale
His little hand would lift the weighty spear
In warlike pastime: he had left behind
An infant offspring, and did fondly deem
He, too, in age, the exploits of his youth
Should tell, and in the stripling's bosom rouse
The fire of glory.

Conrade the next foe
Smote where the heaving membrane separates
The chambers of the trunk. The dying man,
In his lord's castle dwelt, for many a year,
A well-beloved servant: he could sing
Carols for Shrove-tide, or for Candlemas,
Songs for the Wassail, and when the boar's head,
Crown'd with gay garlands, and with rosemary,
Smoked on the Christmas board: he went to war
Following the lord he loved, and saw him fall
Beneath the arm of Conrade, and expir'd,
Slain on his master's body.

Nor the fight
Was doubtful long. Fierce on the invading host
Press the French troops impetuous, as of old,
When, pouring o'er his legion slaves on Greece,
The Eastern despot bridged the Hellespont,
The rushing sea against the mighty pile
Roll'd its full weight of waters; far away
The fearful satrap mark'd on Asia's coasts
The floating fragments, and with ominous fear
Trembled for the great king.

Still Talbot strove,
His foot firm planted, his uplifted shield
Fencing that breast that never yet had known
The throb of fear. But when the warrior's eye,
Quick glancing round the fight, beheld the foe
Pressing to conquest, and his heartless troops
Striking with feebler force in backward step,
Then o'er his cheek he felt the patriot flush
Of shame, and loud he lifted up his voice,
And cried, "Fly, cravens! leave your aged chief
Here in the front to perish! his old limbs
Are not like yours, so supple in the flight.
Go tell your countrymen how ye escaped
When Talbot fell!"

In vain the warrior spake,

uproar of the fight his voice was lost;
ıey, the nearest, who had heard, beheld
ırtial Maid approach, and every thought
'erwhelm'd in terror. But the son
ɔot marked her thus across the plain
ng fierce in conquest, and the hope
y rose within him. Her to meet
rr'd his horse, by one decisive deed
etrieve the battle, or to fall
onour. Each beneath the other's blow
down; their lances shivered with the shock:
h their coursers fell: at once they rose,
n the saddle-bow his falchion caught
g to closer combat, and she bared
htning of her sword. In vain the youth
l to pierce those arms that even the power
was weak to injure: she the while
h many a wound beheld her foeman's blood
st. "Yet save thee, warrior!" cried the Maid,
ınst thou not destroy: be timely wise,
'e!" He answered not, but lifting high
apon, drove with fierce and forceful arm
the Virgin's helm: fire from her eyes
with the stroke: one step she back recoiled,
ı his breast plunged deep the sword of death.

falling Talbot saw. On the next foe,
ıge and anguish wild, the warrior turned;
directed weapon to the earth
lown the unwounded Frank: he lifts the sword
rough his all-in-vain imploring hands
ı the poor suppliant. On that dreadful day
ord of Talbot,[48] clogged with hostile gore,
ood its vaunt. Amid the heaps his arm
ıin, the chieftain stood and swayed around
ious strokes: nor ceased he from the fight,
ı now discomfited the English troops
st, all panic-struck and spiritless;
ingling with the routed, Fastolffe fled,
fe, all fierce[49] and haughty as he was,
o his former fame; for he beheld
ıiden rushing onward, and such fear
rough *his frame, as thrills the African,*
grateful solace in the sultry hour,

He rises on the buoyant billow's breast,
If then his eye behold the monster shark
Gape eager to devour.
But Talbot now
A moment paused, for bending thitherwards
He mark'd a warrior, such as well might ask
His utmost force. Of strong and stately port
The onward foeman moved, and bore on high
A battle-axe, in many a field of blood
Known by the English chieftain. Over heaps
Of slaughtered, strode the Frank, and bade the troops
Retire from the bold earl: then Conrade spake.
"Vain is thy valour, Talbot! look around,
See where thy squadrons fly! but thou shalt lose
No glory by their cowardice subdued,
Performing well thyself the soldier's part."

"And let them fly!" the indignant earl exclaimed,
"And let them fly! but bear thou witness, chief!
That guiltless of this day's disgrace, I fall.
But, Frenchman! Talbot will not tamely fall,
Or unrevenged."
So saying, for the war
He stood prepared: nor now with heedless rage
The champions fought, for either knew full well
His foeman's prowess: now they aim the blow
Insidious, with quick change then drive the steel
Fierce on the side exposed. The unfaithful arms
Yield to the strong-driven edge; the blood streams down
Their battered mails. With swift eye Conrade marked
The lifted buckler, and beneath impell'd
His battle-axe; that instant on his helm
The sword of Talbot fell, and with the blow
Shivered. "Yet yield thee, Englishman!" exclaimed
The generous Frank—"vain is this bloody strife:
Me shouldst thou conquer, little would my death
Avail thee, weak and wounded!"
"Long enough
Talbot has lived," replied the sullen chief:
"His hour is come; yet shalt not thou survive
To glory in his fall!" So, as he spake,
He lifted from the ground a massy spear,
And rushed again to battle.
Now more fierce

The conflict raged, for careless of himself,
And desperate, Talbot fought. Collected still
Was Conrade. Wheresoe'er his foeman aimed
His barbed javelin, there he swung around
The guardian shield: the long and vain assault
Exhausted Talbot now; foredone with toil
He bare his buckler low for weariness,
His buckler now splintered with many a stroke
Fell piecemeal; from his riven arms the blood
Streamed fast: and now the Frenchman's battle-axe
Drove unresisted through the shieldless mail.
Backward the Frank recoiled. "Urge not to death
This fruitless contest," cried he; "live, oh chief!
Are there not those in England who would feel
Keen anguish at thy loss? a wife perchance
Who trembles for thy safety, or a child
Needing a father's care!"
Then Talbot's heart
Smote him. "Warrior!" he cried, "if thou dost think
That life is worth preserving, hie thee hence,
And save thyself: I loath this useless talk."

So saying, he addressed him to the fight,
Impatient of existence: from their arms
Flashed fire, and quick they panted; but not long
Endured the deadly combat. With full force
Down through his shoulder even to the chest,
Conrade impelled the ponderous battle-axe;
And at that instant underneath his shield
Received the hostile spear. Prone fell the earl,
Even in his death rejoicing that no foe
Should live to boast his fall.
Then with faint hand
Conrade unlaced his helm, and from his brow
Wiping the cold dews, ominous of death,
He laid him on the earth, thence to remove,
While the long lance hung heavy in his side,
Powerless. As thus beside his lifeless foe
He lay, the herald of the English earl
With faltering step drew near, and when he saw
His master's arms, "Alas! and is it you,
My lord?" he cried. "God pardon you your sins!
I have been *forty years* your officer,
And time it is I should surrender now

The ensigns of my office!" So he said,
And paying thus his rite of sepulture,
Threw o'er the slaughtered chief his blazoned[10] coat.
Then Conrade thus bespake him: "Englishman,
Do for a dying soldier one kind act!
Seek for the Maid of Orleans, bid her haste
Hither, and thou shalt gain what recompence
It pleases thee to ask."
The herald soon
Meeting the missioned Virgin, told his tale.
Trembling she hastened on, and when she knew
The death-pale face of Conrade, scarce could Joan
Lift up the expiring warrior's heavy hand,
And press it to her heart.
"I sent for thee,
My friend!" with interrupted voice he cried,
"That I might comfort this my dying hour
With one good deed. A fair domain is mine;
Let Francis and his Isabel possess
That, mine inheritance." He paused awhile
Struggling for utterance; then with breathless speed,
And pale as him he mourned for, Francis came,
And hung in silence o'er the blameless man,
Even with a brother's sorrow: he pursued,
"This Joan will be thy care. I have at home
An aged mother—Francis, do thou soothe
Her childless age. Nay, weep not for me thus:
Sweet to the wretched is the tomb's repose!"

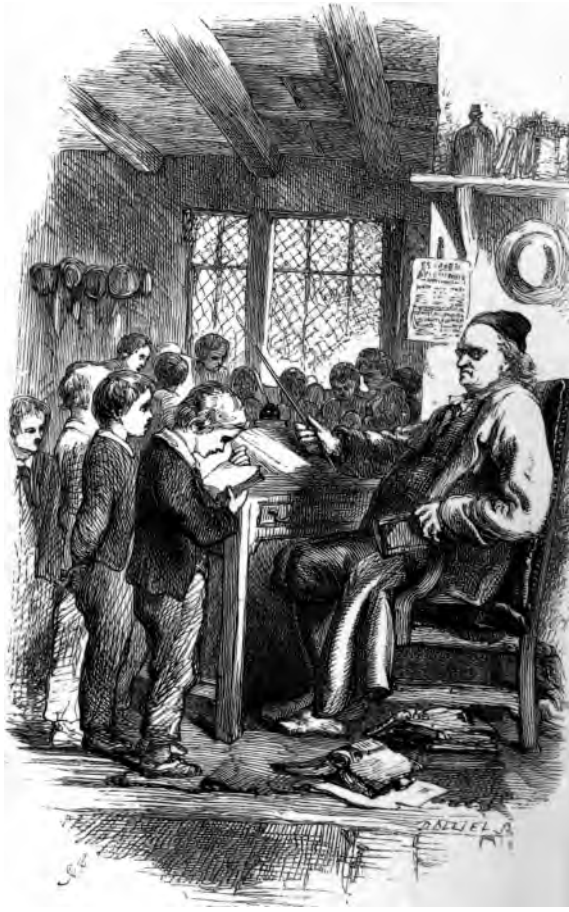
So saying, Conrade drew the javelin forth
And died without a groan.
By this the scouts,
Forerunning the king's march, upon the plain
Of Patay had arrived; of late so gay
With marshalled thousands in their radiant arms,
And streamers glittering in the noon-tide sun,
And blazon'd shields, and gay accoutrements,
The pageantry of murder: now defiled
With mingled dust and blood, and broken arms,
And mangled bodies. Soon the monarch joins
His victor army. Round the royal flag,
Uprear'd in conquest now, the chieftains flock,
Proffering their eager service. To his arms,
Or wisely fearful, or by speedy force

Compelled, the embattled towns submit and own
Their rightful king. Baugenci strives in vain:
Jenville and Mehun yield; from Sully's wall
Hurl'd is the bannered lion: on they pass.
Auxerre, and Troyes, and Chalons, ope their gates,
And by the mission'd Maiden's rumoured deeds
Inspirited, the citizens of Rheims
Feel their own strength; against the English troops
With patriot valour, irresistible,
They rise, they conquer, and to their liege lord
Present the city keys.
The morn was fair
When Rheims re-echoed to the busy hum
Of multitudes, for high solemnity
Assembled. To the holy fabric moves
The long procession, through the streets bestrewn
With flowers and laurel boughs. The courtier throng
Were there, and they in Orleans, who endured
The siege right bravely; Gaucour, and La Hire
The gallant Xaintrailles, Boussac, and Chabannes,
La Fayette, name that freedom still shall love,
Alencon, and the bravest of the brave,
The Bastard Orleans, now in hope elate,
Soon to release from hard captivity
A dear-beloved brother; gallant men,
And worthy of eternal memory;
For they, in the most perilous times of France,
Despaired not of their country. By the king
The delegated damsel passed along
Clad in her battered arms. She bore on high
Her hallowed banner to the sacred pile,
And fixed it on the altar, whilst her hand
Poured on the monarch's head the mystic oil,[51]
Wafted of yore by milk-white dove from heaven,
(So legends say) to Clovis, when he stood
At Rheims for baptism; dubious since that day,
When Tolbiac plain reek'd with his warriors' blood,
And fierce upon their flight the Alemanni prest,
And reared the shout of triumph; in that hour
Clovis invoked aloud the Christian God,
And conquered: waked to wonder thus, the chief
Became love's convert, and Clotilda led
Her husband to the *font*.
The missioned Maid

Then placed on Charles's brow the crown of France,
And back retiring, gazed upon the king
One moment, quickly scanning all the past,
Till, in a tumult of wild wonderment,
She wept aloud. The assembled multitude
In awful stillness witnessed: then at once,
As with a tempest rushing noise of winds,
Lifted their mingled clamours. Now the Maid
Stood as prepared to speak, and waved her hand,
And instant silence followed.
"King of France!"
She cried, "at Chinon, when my gifted eye
Knew thee disguised, what inwardly the Spirit
Prompted, I spake—armed with the sword of God,
To drive from Orleans far the English wolves,
And crown thee in the rescued walls of Rheims.
All is accomplished. I have here this day
Fulfilled my mission, and anointed thee
Chief servant of the people. Of this charge,
Or well performed or wickedly, high heaven
Shall take account. If that thine heart be good,
I know no limit to the happiness
Thou mayest create. I do beseech thee, king!"
The Maid exclaimed, and fell upon the ground
And clasped his knees, "I do beseech thee, king!
By all the millions that depend on thee
For weal or woe, consider what thou art,
And know thy duty! If thou dost oppress
Thy people, if to aggrandize thyself
Thou tearest them from their homes, and sendest ther
To slaughter, prodigal of misery!
If, when the widow and orphan groan
In want and wretchedness, thou turnest thee
To hear the music of the flatterer's tongue;
If, when thou hear'st of thousands massacred,
Thou sayest, 'I am a king, and fit it is
That these should perish for me!' if thy realm
Should, through the counsels of thy government,
Be filled with woe, and in thy streets be heard
The voice of mourning and the feeble cry
Of asking hunger; if at such a time
Thou dost behold thy plenty-covered board,
And shroud thee in thy robes of royalty,
And say that all is well; Oh, gracious God!

Be merciful to such a monstrous man,
When the spirits of the murdered innocent
Cry at thy throne for justice!
King of France!
Protect the lowly, feed the hungry ones,
And be the orphan's father! Thus shalt thou
Become the representative of heaven,
And gratitude and love establish thus
Thy reign. Believe me, king, that hireling guards,
Though fleshed in slaughter, would be weak to save
A tyrant on the blood-cemented throne
That totters underneath him."
Thus the Maid
Redeemed her country. Ever may the All-just
Give to the arms of freedom such success.

MINOR POEMS.



THE RETROSPECT. P. 141.

THE RETROSPECT.

As on I journey through the vale of years,
By hopes enlivened or deprest by fears,
Allow me, Memory, in thy treasured store
To view the days that will return no more.
And yes! before thine intellectual ray,
The clouds of mental darkness melt away!
As when, at earliest day's awakening dawn
The hovering mists obscure the dewy lawn,
O'er all the landscape spread their influence chill,
Hang o'er the vale, and wood, and hide the hill;
Anon, slow-rising, comes the orb of day,
Slow fade the shadowy mists and roll away,
The prospect opens on the traveller's sight,
And hills, and vales, and woods reflect the living light.

O thou, the mistress of my future days,
Accept thy minstrel's retrospective lays;
To whom the minstrel and the lyre belong,
Accept, my Edith, Memory's pensive song.
Of long-past days I sing, ere yet I knew
Or thought and grief, or happiness and you;
Ere yet my infant heart had learnt to prove
The cares of life, the hopes and fears of love.

Corston, twelve years in various fortunes fled
Have past in restless progress o'er my head,
Since in thy vale beneath the master's rule
I roamed an inmate of the village school.
Yet still will memory's busy eye retrace
Each little vestige of the well-known place;
Each wonted haunt and scene of youthful joy
Where merriment has cheered the careless boy;
Well-pleased will fancy still the spot survey
Where once he triumphed in the childish play

Without one care where every morn he rose,
Where every evening sunk to calm repose.
Large was the house, though fallen by varying fate
From its old grandeur and manorial state.
Lord of the manor here, the jovial squire
Once called his tenants round the crackling fire;
Here while the glow of joy suffused his face
He told his ancient exploits in the chase,
And proud his rival sportsmen to surpass
He lit again the pipe, and filled again the glass.

But now no more was heard at early morn
The echoing clangour of the huntsman's horn;
No more the eager hounds with deepening cry
Leapt round him as they knew their pastime nigh;
The squire no more obeyed the morning call,
Nor favourite spaniels filled the sportsman's hall;
For he, the last descendant of his race,
Slept with his fathers and forgot the chase.
There now in petty empire o'er the school
The mighty master held despotic rule;
Trembling in silence all his deeds we saw,
His look a mandate, and his word a law;
Severe his voice, severe and stern his mien,
And wondrous strict he was, and wondrous wise I ween

Even now through many a long long year I trace
The hour when first with awe I viewed his face;
Even now recall my entrance at the dome,
'Twas the first day I ever left my home!
Years intervening have not worn away
The deep remembrance of that wretched day,
Nor taught me to forget my earliest fears,
A mother's fondness, and a mother's tears;
When close she prest me to her sorrowing heart
As loath as even I myself to part.
And I, as I beheld her sorrows flow,
With painful effort hid my inward woe.

But time to youthful troubles brings relief,
And each new object weans the child from grief.
Like April showers the tears of youth descend,
Sudden they fall, and suddenly they end;
A fresher pleasure cheers the following hour,
As brighter shines the sun after the April shower.

Methinks even now the interview I see,
The mistress's kind smile, the master's glee;
Much of my future happiness they said,
Much of the easy life the scholars led,
Of spacious play-ground, and of wholesome air,
The best instruction, and the tenderest care;
And when I followed to the garden door
My father, till through tears I saw no more,
How civilly they soothed my parting pain,
And how they never spake so civilly again.

Why loves the soul on earlier years to dwell,
When memory spreads around her saddening spell,
When discontent, with sullen gloom o'ercast,
Turns from the present and prefers the past?
Why calls reflection to my pensive view
Each trifling act of infancy anew,
Each trifling act with pleasure pondering o'er,
Even at the time when trifles please no more?
Yet is remembrance sweet, though well I know
The days of childhood are but days of woe;
Some rude restraint, some petty tyrant sours
The tranquil calm of childhood's easy hours;
Yet is it sweet to call those hours to mind,
Those easy hours for ever left behind;
Ere care began the spirit to oppress
When ignorance itself was happiness.

Such was my state in those remembered years
When one small acre bounded all my fears;
And therefore still with pleasure I recall
The tapestried school, the bright brown boarded hall,
The murmuring brook, that every morning saw
The due observance of the cleanly law,
The walnuts, where, when favour would allow,
Full oft I wont to search each well-stript bough;
The crab-tree whence we hid the secret hoard
With roasted crabs to deck the wintry board.
These trifling objects then my heart possest,
These trifling objects still remain imprest;
So when with unskilled hand the idle hind
Carves his rude name within the sapling's rind,
In after years the peasant lives to see
The expanding letters grow as grows the tree,

Though every winter's desolating sway
Shake the hoarse grove and sweep the leaves away,
That rude inscription uneffaced will last,
Unaltered by the storm or wintry blast.

Oh, while well pleased the lettered traveller roams
Among old temples, palaces, and domes,
Strays with the Arab o'er the wreck of time,
Where erst Palmyra's towers arose sublime,
Or marks the lazy Turk's lethargic pride,
And Grecian slavery on Ilyssus' side,
Oh, be it mine aloof from public strife
To mark the changes of domestic life,
The altered scenes where once I bore a part,
Where every change of fortune strikes the heart.
As when the merry bells with echoing sound
Proclaim the news of victory around,
Rejoicing patriots run the news to spread
Of glorious conquest, and of thousands dead,
All join the loud huzza with eager breath,
And triumph in the tale of blood and death;
But if extended on the battle-plain,
Cut off in conquest, some dear friend be slain,
Affection then will fill the sorrowing eye,
And suffering nature grieve that one should die.

Cold was the morn and bleak the wintry blast
Blew o'er the meadow, when I saw thee last.
My bosom bounded as I wandered round
With silent step the long-remembered ground,
Where I had loitered out so many an hour,
Chased the gay butterfly, and cull'd the flower,
Sought the swift arrow's erring course to trace,
Or with mine equals vied amid the chase.
I saw the church where I had slept away
The tedious service of the summer day;
Or listening sad to all the preacher told,
In winter waked, and shivered with the cold.
Oft have my footsteps roamed the sacred ground
Where heroes, kings, and poets sleep around,
Oft traced the mouldering castle's ivied wall,
Or aged convent tottering to its fall,
Yet never had my bosom felt such pain,
As, Corston, when I saw thy scenes again;

For many a long-lost pleasure came to view,
For many a long-past sorrow rose anew;
Where whilome all were friends I stood alone,
Unknowing all I saw, of all I saw unknown.

There where my little hands were wont to rear
With pride the earliest salad of the year;
Where never idle weed to spring was seen,
Rank thorns and nettles rear'd their heads obscene:
Still all around was sad, I saw no more
The playful groupe, nor heard the playful roar;
There echoed round no shout of mirth and glee,
It seemed as though the world were changed like me.

Enough! it boots not on the past to dwell,
Fair scene of other years a long farewell.
Rouse up, my soul! it boots not to repine.
Rouse up! for worthier feelings should be thine.
Thy path is plain and straight—that light is given—
Onward in faith—and leave the rest to heaven.

ROMANCE.

WHAT wildly-beauteous form,
High on the summit of yon bicrown'd hill,
Lovely in horror, takes her dauntless stand?
Though speds the thunder there its deep'ning way,
Though round her head the lightnings play,
Undaunted she abides the storm;
She waves her magic wand,
The clouds retire, the storm is still;
Bright beams the sun unwonted light around,
And many a rising flower bedecks the enchanted ground.

Romance! I know thee now,
I know the terrors of thy brow;
I know thine awful mien, thy beaming eye;
And lo! whilst mists arise around
Yon car *that cleaves* the pregnant ground!
Two fiery dragons whirl her through the sky;

Her milder sister loves to rove
Amid Parnassus' laurell'd grove,
On Helicon's harmonious side,
To mark the gurgling streamlet glide;
Meantime through wilder scenes and sterner skies,
From clime to clime the ardent genius flies.

She speeds to yonder shore,
Where ruthless tempests roar,
Where sturdy winter holds his northern reign,
Nor vernal suns relax the ice-piled plain:
Dim shadows circle round her secret seat,
Where wandering, who approach shall hear
The wild wolf rend the air;
Through the cloudy-mantled sky
Shall see the imps of darkness fly,
And hear the sad scream from the grim retreat;
Around her throne
Ten thousand dangers lurk, most fearful, most unknown.

Yet lovelier oft in milder sway,
She wends abroad her magic way;
The holy prelate owns her power;
In soft'ning tale relates
The snowy Ethiop's matchless charms,
The outlaw's den, the clang of arms,
And love's too-varying fates;
The storms of persecution lower,
Austere devotion gives the stern command,
"Commit yon impious legend to the fires!"
Calm in his conscious worth, the sage retires,
And saves the invalu'd work, and quits the thankless lan
High tow'rs his name the sacred list above,
And ev'n the priest* is prais'd who wrote of blameless lo

Around the tower, whose wall infolds
Young Thora's blooming charms,
Romance's serpent winds his glittering folds;
The warrior clasps his shaggy arms,
The monster falls, the damsel is the spoil,
Matchless reward of Regner's† matchless toil.

* Heliodorus chose rather to be deprived of his see than burn *Ethiopica*.

† First exploit of the celebrated Regner Lodbrog.

Around the patriot board,
The knights* attend their lord;
The martial sieges hov'ring o'er,
Enrapt the genius views the dauntless band;
Still prompt for innocence to fight,
Or quell the pride of proud oppression's might,
They rush intrepid o'er the land;
She gives them to the minstrel lore,
Hands down her Launcelot's peerless name,
Repays her Tristram's woes with fame;
Borne on the breath of song,
To future times descends the memory of the throng.

Foremost 'mid the peers of France,
Orlando hurls the death-fraught lance;
Where Durlindana aims the blow,
To darkness sinks the faithless foe;
The horn with magic sound
Spreads deep dismay around;
Unborn to bleed, the chieftain goes,
And scatters wide his Paynim foes;
The genius hovers o'er the purple plain
Where Olivero tramples on the slain;
Bayardo speeds his furious course,
High towers Rogero in his matchless force.

Romance the heighten'd tale has caught,
Forth from the sad monastic cell,
Where fiction with devotion loves to dwell,
The sacred legend† flies with many a wonder fraught;
Deep roll the papal‡ thunders round,
And everlasting wrath to rebel reason sound.

Hark! Superstition sounds to war's alarms,
War stalks o'er Palestine with scorching breath,
And triumphs in the feast of death;
All Europe flies to arms:
Enthusiast courage spreads her piercing sound,
Devotion caught the cry, and woke the echo around.

* Knights of the Round Table.

† Instead of forging the life of a saint, Archbishop Turpin was better employed in falsifying the history of Charlemagne.

‡ A bull *was issued, commanding* all good citizens to believe Ariostus *sam, founded upon Turpin's history.*

Romance before the army flies,
New scenes await her wondering eyes;
Awhile she firms her Godfrey's throne,
And make's Arabia's magic lore her own.

And hark! resound, in mingled sound,
The clang of arms, the shriek of death;
Each streaming gash bedews the ground,
And deep and hollow groans load the last struggling breath:
Wide through the air the arrows fly,
Darts, shields, and swords, commix'd appear;
Deep is the cry, when thousands die,
When Cœur de Lion's arm constrains to fear:
Aloft the battle-axe in air
Whirls around confused despair;
Nor Acre's walls can check his course,
Nor Sarzin millions stay his force.

Indignant, firm the warrior stood,
The hungry lion gapes for food;
His fearless eye beheld him nigh,
Unarm'd, undaunted, saw the beast proceed:
Romance, o'erhovering, saw the monster die,
And scarce herself believ'd the more than wond'rous deed.

And now, with more terrific mien,
She quits the sad, degenerate scene;
With many a talisman of mightiest pow'r,
Borne in a rubied car, sublime she flies,
Fire-breathing griffins waft her through the skies;
Around her head the innocuous tempest lowers,
To Gallia's favour'd realm she goes,
And quits her magic state, and plucks her lovely rose.*

Imagination waves her wizard wand,
Dark shadows mantle o'er the land;
The lightnings flash, the thunders sound,
Convulsive throbs the labouring ground;
What fiends, what monsters, circling round, arise!
High towers of fire aloft aspire,
Deep yells resound amid the skies,
Yclad in arms, to fame's alarms
Her magic warrior flies.

* Romance of the Rose, written soon after the Crusades.

By fiction's shield secure, for many a year
O'er cooler reason held the genius rule;
But lo! Cervantes waves his pointed spear,
Nor fiction's shield can stay the spear of ridicule.

The blameless warrior comes; he first to wield
His fateful weapon in the martial field;
By him created on the view,
Arcadia's valleys bloom anew,
And many a flock o'erspreads the plain,
And love, with innocence, assumes his reign:
Protected by a warrior's name,
The kindred warriors live to fame:
Sad is the scene, where oft from pity's eye
Descends the sorrowing tear,
As high the unhooding chieftain lifts the spear,
And gives the deadly blow, and sees Parthenia die!
Where, where such virtues can we see,
Or where such valour, Sidney, but in thee?
Oh, cold of heart, shall pride assail thy shade,
Whom all romance could fancy Nature made?

Sound, fame, thy loudest blast,
For Spenser pours the tender strain,
And shapes to glowing forms the motley train;
The elfin tribes around
Await his potent sound,
And o'er his head Romance her brightest splendours cast.
Deep through the air let sorrow's banner wave!
For penury o'er Spenser's friendless head
Her chilling mantle spread;
For genius cannot save!
Virtue bedews the blameless poet's dust;
But fame, exulting, clasps her favourite's laurel'd bust.

Fain would the grateful muse to thee, Rousseau,
Pour forth the energic thanks of gratitude;
Fain would the raptur'd lyre ecstatic glow,
To whom romance and Nature form'd all good:
Guide of my life, too weak these lays,
To pour the unutterable praise;
Thine aid divine for ever lend,
Still as my guardian sprite attend;
Unmov'd by *fashion's* flaunting throng,
Let my calm stream of life smooth its meek course along;

Let no weak vanity dispense
Her vapours o'er my better sense;
But let my bosom glow with fire,
Let me strike the soothing lyre,
Although by all unheard the melodies expire.

TO URBAN.

Lo! where the livid lightning flies
With transient furious force,
A moment's splendour streaks the skies,
Where ruin marks its course:
Then see how mild the font of day
Expands the stream of light;
Whilst living by the genial ray,
All nature smiles delight.

So boisterous riot, on his course
Uncurb'd by reason, flies;
And lightning-like its fatal force,
Soon lightning-like it dies:
Whilst sober Temperance, still the same,
Shall shun the scene of strife;
And, like the sun's enlivening flame,
Shall beam the lamp of life.

Let noise and folly seek the reign
Where senseless riot rules;
Let them enjoy the pleasures vain
Enjoy'd alone by fools.
Urban! those better joys be ours,
Which virtuous science knows,
To pass in milder bliss the hours,
Nor fear the future woes.

So when stern time their frames shall seize,
When sorrows pay for sin;
When every nerve shall feel disease,
And conscience shrink within;

Shall health's best blessings all be ours,
The soul serene at ease,
Whilst science gilds the passing hours,
And every hour shall please.

Even now from solitude they fly,
To drown each thought in noise;
Even now they shun Reflection's eye,
Depriv'd of man's best joys.
So, when Time's unrelenting doom
Shall bring the seasons' course,
The busy monitor shall come
With aggravated force.

Friendship is ours: best friend, who knows,
Each varied hour to employ;
To share the lighted load of woes,
And double every joy;
And science too shall lend her aid,
The friend that never flies,
But shines amid misfortune's shade
As stars in midnight skies.

Each joy domestic bliss can know
Shall deck the future hour;
Or if we taste the cup of woe,
The cup has lost its power;
Thus may we live, till death's keen spear,
Unwish'd, unfear'd, shall come;
Then sink, without one guilty fear,
To slumber in the tomb.

THE MISER'S MANSION.

Thou mouldering mansion, whose embattled side
Shakes as about to fall at every blast;
Once the *gay pile of* splendour, wealth, and pride,
*But now the mo*nument of grandeur past.

Fall'n fabric! pondering o'er thy time trac'd walls,
Thy mouldering, mighty, melancholy state;
Each object to the musing mind recalls
The sad vicissitudes of varying fate.

Thy tall towers tremble to the touch of time,
The rank weeds rustle in thy spacious courts:
Fill'd are thy wide canals with loathly slime,
Where, battening undisturb'd, the foul toad sports.

Deep from her dismal dwelling yells the owl,
The shrill bat flits around her dark retreat;
And the hoarse daw, when loud the tempests howl,
Screams as the wild winds shake her secret seat.

'Twas here Avaro dwelt, who daily told
His useless heaps of wealth in selfish joy;
Who lov'd to ruminate o'er hoarded gold,
And hid those stores he dreaded to employ.

In vain to him benignant heaven bestow'd
The golden heaps to render thousands blest;
Smooth aged penury's laborious road,
And heal the sorrows of affliction's breast.

For, like the serpent of romance, he lay
Sleepless and stern to guard the golden sight;
With ceaseless care he watched his heaps by day,
With causeless fears he agoniz'd by night.

Ye honest rustics, whose diurnal toil
Enrich'd the ample fields this churl possest;
Say, ye who paid to him the annual spoil,
With all his riches, was Avaro blest?

Rose he, like you, at morn, devoid of fear,
His anxious vigils o'er his gold to keep?
Or sunk he, when the noiseless night was near,
As calmly on his couch of down to sleep?

Thou wretch! thus curst with poverty of soul,
What boot to thee the blessings fortune gave?
What boots thy wealth above the world's control,
If riches doom their churlish lord a slave?

Chill'd at thy presence grew the stately halls,
Nor longer echo'd to the song of mirth;
The hand of art no more adorn'd thy walls,
Nor blazed with hospitable fires the hearth.

On well-worn hinges turns the gate no more,
Nor social friendship hastes the friend to meet
Nor, when the accustom'd guest draws near the door,
Run the glad dogs, and gambol round his feet.

Sullen and stern Avaro sat alone,
In anxious wealth amid the joyless hall,
Nor heeds the chilly hearth with moss o'ergrown,
Nor sees the green slime mark the mouldering wall.

For desolation o'er the fabric dwells,
And time, on restless pinion, hurried by;
Loud from her chimney'd seat the night-bird yells,
And through the shatter'd roof descends the sky.

Thou melancholy mansion! much mine eye
Delights to wander o'er thy sullen gloom,
And mark the daw from yonder turret fly,
And muse how man himself creates his doom.

For here, had justice reign'd, had pity known
With genial power to sway Avaro's breast,
These treasur'd heaps which fortune made his own,
By aiding misery might himself have blest.

And charity had oped her golden store,
To work the gracious will of heaven intent,
Fed from her superflux the craving poor,
And paid adversity what heaven had lent.

Then had thy turrets stood in all their state,
Then had the hand of art adorn'd thy wall,
Swift on its well-worn hinges turn'd the gate,
And friendly converse cheer'd the echoing hall.

Then had the village youth at vernal hour
Hung round with flowery wreaths thy friendly gate,
And blest in *gratitude that* sovereign power
That made the man of mercy good as great.

The traveller then to view thy towers had stood,
Whilst babes had lispt their benefactor's name,
And call'd on Heaven to give thee every good,
And told abroad thy hospitable fame.

In every joy of life the hours had fled,
Whilst time on downy pinions hurried by,
'Till age with silver hairs had grac'd thy head,
Wean'd from the world, and taught thee how to die.

And, as thy liberal hand had shower'd around
The ample wealth by lavish fortune given,
Thy parted spirit had that justice found
And angels hymn'd the rich man's soul to heaven.

TO HYMEN.

God of the torch, whose soul-illuming flame
Beams brightest radiance o'er the human heart;
Of every woe the cure,
Of every joy the source;

To thee I sing: if haply may the muse
Pour forth the song unblamed from these dull haunts,
Where never beams thy torch
To cheer the sullen scene;

From these dull haunts, where monkish science holds,
In sullen gloom her solitary reign;
And spurns the reign of love,
And spurns thy genial sway.

God of the ruddy cheek and beaming eye,
Whose soft sweet gaze thrills through the bounding heart,
With no unholy joy
I pour the lay to thee.

I pour the lay to thee, though haply doom'd
In solitary woe to waste my years;
Though doom'd perchance to die
Unlov'd and unbewail'd.

Yet will the lark, in iron cage inthrall'd,
Chaunt forth her hymn to greet the morning sun,
As wide his brilliant beam
Illumes the landskip round;

As distant 'mid the woodland haunts is heard
The feather'd quire, she chaunts her prison'd hymn,
And hails the beam of joy,
Of joy to her denied.

Friend to each noblest feeling of the soul,
To thee I hymn, for every joy is thine;
And every virtue comes
To join thy generous train.

Lur'd by the splendour of thy beamy torch,
Beacon of bliss, young love expands his plumes,
And leads his willing slaves
To wear thy flowery bands;

And then he yields the follies of his reign,
Throws down the torch that scorches up the soul,
And lights the purer flame
That glows serene with thee.

And chasten'd Friendship comes, whose mildest sway
Shall cheer the hour of age, when fainter beam
The fading flame of love,
The fading flame of life.

Parent of every bliss! the busy soul
Of Fancy oft will paint, in brightest hues,
How calm, how clear, thy torch
Illumes the wintry hour;

Will paint the wearied labourer, at that hour
When friendly darkness yields a pause to toil,
Returning blithely home
To each domestic joy;

Will paint the well-trimm'd fire, the frugal meal
Prepar'd by fond solicitude to please,
The ruddy *children* round
That climb the father's knee:

And oft will Fancy rise above the lot
Of honest poverty, oft paint the state
Where happiest man is blest
With mediocrity;

When toil, no longer irksome and constrain'd
By hard necessity, but comes to please,
To vary the still hour
Of tranquil happiness.

Why, Fancy, wilt thou, o'er the lovely scene
Pouring thy vivid hues, why, sorceress sweet!
Soothe sad reality
With visionary bliss?

Ah! rather gaze where science, hallow'd light
Resplendent shines: ah! rather lead thy son
Through all her mystic paths,
To drink the sacred spring.

Let calm philosophy supply the void,
And fill the vacant heart; lead calmly on
Along the unvaried path,
To age's drear abode;

And teach how dreadful death to happiness,
What thousand horrors wait the last adieu,
When every tie is broke,
And every charm dissolv'd.

Then only dreadful; friendly to the wretch
Who wanes in solitary listlessness,
Nor knows the joys of life,
Nor knows the dread of death.

HOSPITALITY.

"Lay low yon impious trappings on the ground,
Bend, Superstition, bend thy haughty head,
Be mine supremacy, and mine alone:"
Thus from his firm-establish'd throne,

:plete with vengeful fury, Henry said.
igh Reformation lifts her iron rod,
But lo! with stern and threatful mien,
Fury and rancour desolate the scene,
eneath their rage the Gothic structures nod.
Ah! hold awhile your angry hands;
Ah! here delay your king's commands,
or Hospitality will feel the wound!
In vain the voice of reason cries,
/hilst uncontroll'd the regal mandate flies.

hou, Avalon! in whose polluted womb
he patriot monarch found his narrow tomb;
/here now thy solemn pile, whose antique head
/ith niche-fraught turrets awe-inspiring spread,
tood the memorial of the pious age?
Where wont the hospitable fire
In cheering volumes to aspire,
nd with its genial warmth the pilgrim's woes assuage.
Low lie thy turrets now,
'he desart ivy clasps the joyless hearth;
The dome which luxury yrear'd,
Though Hospitality was there rever'd,
Now, from its shatter'd brow,
/ith mouldering ruins loads the unfrequented earth.

Ye minstrel throng,
In whose bold breasts once glow'd the tuneful fire,
No longer struck by you shall breathe the plaintive lyre:
The walls, whose trophied sides along
Once rung the harp's energic sound,
Now damp and moss-ymantled load the ground;
No more the bold romantic lore
Shall spread from Thule's distant shore;
No more intrepid Cambria's hills among,
In hospitable hall, shall rest the child of song.

Ah, Hospitality! soft Pity's child!
Where shall we seek thee now?
Genius! no more thy influence mild
Shall gild affliction's clouded brow;
No more thy cheering smiles impart
One ray of joy to sorrow's heart;
No more within the lordly pile
Wilt thou bestow the bosom-warming smile.

Whilst haughty pride his gallery displays,
Where hangs the row in sullen show
Of heroes and of chiefs of ancient days,
The gaudy toil of Turkish loom
Shall decorate the stately room;
Yet there the traveller, with wistful eye,
Beholds the guarded door, and sighs, and passes by.

Not so, where o'er the desart waste of sand
Speeds the rude Arab wild his wandering way;
Leads on to rapine his intrepid band,
And claims the wealth of India for his prey;
There, when the wilder'd traveller distrest,
Holds to the robber forth the friendly hand,
The generous Arab gives the tent of rest,
Guards him as the fond mother guards her child,
Relieves his every want, and guides him o'er the wild.

Not so amid those climes where rolls along
The Oronoko deep his mighty flood;
Where rove amid their woods the savage throng,
Nurs'd up in slaughter, and inur'd to blood;
Fierce as their torrents, wily as the snake
That sharps his venom'd tooth in every brake,
Aloft the dreadful tomahawk they rear;
Patient of hunger, and of pain,
Close in their haunts the chiefs remain,
And lift in secret stand the deadly spear.
Yet, should the unarm'd traveller draw near,
And proffering forth the friendly hand,
Claim their protection from the warrior band;
The savage Indians bid their anger cease,
Lay down the ponderous spear, and give the pipe of pea

Such virtue Nature gives: when man withdraws
To fashion's circle, far from nature's laws,
How chang'd, how fall'n the human breast!
Cold prudence comes, relentless foe!
Forbids the pitying tear to flow,
And steals the soul of apathy to rest;
Mounts in relentless state her stubborn throne,
And deems of other bosoms by her own.

SONNETS.

TO ARISTE.

I.

! soon to sojourn with the crowd,
ıl abstracted must thy minstrel go;
n the giddy, fond, fantastic show,
h the gay, the envious, and the proud.
ut still my soul remains with thee,
will the eye of fancy paint thy charms,
rely maid, thy imaged form I see,
very pulse will vibrate with alarms,
candal spreads abroad her odious tale,
ı envy at a rival's beauty sighs,
ancour prompts the female tongue to rail,
age and malice fire the gamester's eyes,
ny wearied soul to her for ease,
names to praise, who only speaks to please.

II.

court the Muse, whose humble breast
w of genius never could inspire;
, by the future song possest,
he bold strings, and waked the daring lyre.
ıvoke the Muses from their grove,
felt the inspiring touch of love.
sing how beauty's beamy blaze
hrough the bosom at the lightning view,
e high-ton'd hymn to virtue's praise,
nly from the minstrel praise is due,
t court the Muse to prompt my lays,
e, Ariste, would be found in you!
I court *the goddess* when I move
ng lute to sound the soul of love?

III.

LET ancient stories sound the painter's art,
Who stole from many a maid his Venus' charms,
'Til warm devotion fir'd each gazer's heart,
And every bosom bounded with alarms.
He cull'd the beauties of his native isle,
From some the blush of beauty's vermeil dyes,
From some the lovely look, the winning smile,
From some the languid lustre of the eyes.
Low to the finish'd form the nations round
In adoration bent the pious knee;
With myrtle wreaths the artist's brow they crown'd,
Whose skill, Ariste, only imaged thee.
Ill-fated artist, doom'd so wide to seek
The charms that blossom on Ariste's cheek!

IV.

I PRAISE thee not, Ariste, that thine eye
Knows each emotion of the soul to speak;
That lilies with thy face might fear to vie,
And roses can but emulate thy cheek.
I praise thee not because thine auburn hair
In native tresses wantons on the wind;
Nor yet because that face, surpassing fair,
Bespeaks the inward excellence of mind:
'Tis that soft charm thy minstrel's heart has won,
That mild meek goodness that perfects the rest;
Soothing and soft it steals upon the breast,
As the soft radiance of the setting sun,
When varying through the purple hues of light,
The fading orbit smiles serenely bright.

V.

DUNNINGTON CASTLE.

THOU ruin'd relique of the ancient pile,
Rear'd by that hoary bard, whose tuneful lyre
First breath'd the voice of music on our isle;
Where, warn'd in life's calm evening to retire,

Old Chaucer slowly sunk at last to night;
Still shall his forceful line, his varied strain,
A firmer, nobler monument remain,
When the high grass waves o'er thy lonely site;
And yet the cankering tooth of envious age
Has sapp'd the fabric of his lofty rhyme;
Though genius still shall ponder o'er the page,
And piercing through the shadowy mist of time,
The festive Bard of Edward's court recall,
As fancy paints the pomp that once adorn'd thy wall.

VI.

As slow and solemn yonder deepening knell
Tolls through the sullen evening's shadowy gloom,
Alone and pensive, in my silent room,
On man and on mortality I dwell.
And as the harbinger of death I hear,
Frequent and full, much do I love to muse
On life's distemper'd scenes of hope and fear;
And passion varying her chameleon hues,
And man pursuing pleasure's empty shade,
'Till death dissolves the vision. So the child
In youth's gay morn with wondering pleasure smil'd,
As with the shining ice well-pleas'd he play'd;
Nor, as he grasps the crystal in his play,
Heeds how the faithless bauble melts away.

VII.

TO THE FIRE.

My friendly fire, thou blazest clear and bright,
Nor smoke nor ashes soil thy grateful flame;
Thy temperate splendour cheers the gloom of night,
Thy genial heat enlivens the chill'd frame.
I love to muse me o'er the evening hearth,
I love to pause in meditation's sway;
And whilst each *object* gives reflection birth,
Mark thy brisk rise, and see thy slow decay:

And I would wish, like thee, to shine serene,
Like thee, within mine influence, all to cheer;
And wish at last, in life's declining scene,
As I had beam'd as bright, to fade as clear:
So might my children ponder o'er my shrine,
And o'er my ashes muse, as I will muse o'er thine.

VIII.

THE FADED FLOWER.

UNGRATEFUL he who pluckt thee from thy stalk,
Poor faded flow'ret! On his careless way,
Inhal'd awhile thine odours on his walk,
Then past along, and left thee to decay.
Thou melancholy emblem! had I seen
Thy modest beauties dew'd with evening's gem,
I had not rudely cropt thy parent stem,
But left thy blossom still to grace the green;
And now I bend me o'er thy wither'd bloom,
And drop the tear, as fancy, at my side
Deep-sighing, points the fair frail Emma's tomb;
"Like thine, sad flower! was that poor wanderer's pride
Oh, lost to love and truth! whose selfish joy
Tasted her vernal sweets, but tasted to destroy."

IX.

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SAD songstress of the night, no more I hear
Thy soften'd warblings meet my pensive ear,
As by thy wonted haunts again I rove;
Why art thou silent? Wherefore sleeps thy lay?
For faintly fades the sinking orb of day,
And yet thy music charms no more the grove.
The shrill bat flutters by; from yon dark tower
The shrieking owlet hails the shadowy hour;
Hoarse hums the beetle as he drones along,
The hour of love is flown! thy full-fledg'd brood

No longer need thy care to cull their food,
And nothing now remains to prompt the song:
But drear and sullen seems the silent grove,
No more responsive to the lay of love.

X.

TO REFLECTION.

HENCE, busy torturer, wherefore should mine eye
Revert again to many a sorrow past?
Hence, busy torturer, to the happy fly,
Those who have never seen the sun o'ercast
By one dark cloud, thy retrospective beam,
Serene and soft, may on their bosoms gleam,
As the last splendour of the summer sky.
Let them look back on pleasure, ere they know
To mourn its absence; let them contemplate
The thorny windings of our mortal state,
Ere unexpected bursts the cloud of woe;
Stream not on me thy torch's baneful glow,
Like the sepulchral lamp's funereal gloom,
In darkness glimmering to disclose a tomb.

TO LYCON.

I.

ON yon wild waste of ruin thron'd, what form
Beats her swoln breast, and tears her unkempt hair?
Why seems the spectre thus to court the storm?
Why glare her full-fix'd eyes in stern despair?
The deep dull groan I hear,
I see her rigid eye refuse the soothing tear.

Ah! fly her dreadful reign,
For desolation rules o'er all the lifeless plain;
For deadliest nightshade forms her secret bower,
For oft the ill-omen'd owl
Yells loud *the dreadful* howl,
And the night spectres shriek amid the midnight hour.

Pale spectre, Grief! thy dull abodes I know,
I know the horrors of thy barren plain,
I know the dreadful force of woe,
I know the weight of thy soul-binding chain;
But I have fled thy drear domains,
Have broke thy agonizing chains,
Drain'd deep the poison of thy bowl,
Yet wash'd in Science' stream the poison from my soul.

Fair smiles the morn along the azure sky,
Calm and serene the zephyrs whisper by,
And many a flow'ret gems the painted plain;
As down the dale, with perfumes sweet,
The cheerful pilgrim turns his feet,
His thirsty ear imbibes the throstle's strain;
And every bird that loves to sing
The choral song to coming spring,
Tunes the wild lay symphonious through the grove,
Heaven, earth, and nature, all incite to love.

Ah, pilgrim! stay thy heedless feet,
Distrust each soul-subduing sweet,
Dash down alluring pleasure's deadly bowl,
For through thy frame the venom'd juice will creep,
Lull reason's powers to sombrous sleep,
And stain with sable hue the spotless soul;
For soon the valley's charms decay,
In haggard grief's ill-omen'd sway,
And barren rocks shall hide the cheering light of day:
Then reason strives in vain,
Extinguish'd hope's enchanting beam for aye,
And virtue sinks beneath the galling chain,
And sorrow deeply drains her lethal bowl,
And sullen fix'd despair benumbs the nerveless soul.

Yet on the summit of yon craggy steep
Stands Hope, surrounded with a blaze of light
She bids the wretch no more despondent weep,
Or linger in the loathly realms of night;
And Science comes, celestial maid!
As mild as good she comes to aid,
To smooth the rugged steep with magic power,
And fill with many a wile the longly-lingering hour.

Fair smiles the morn, in all the hues of day
Array'd, the wide horizon streams with light;
Anon the dull mists blot the living ray,
And darksome clouds presage the stormy night:
Yet may the sun anew extend his ray,
Anew the heavens may shine in splendour bright;
Anew the sunshine gild the lucid plain,
And nature's frame reviv'd, may thank the genial rain.

And what, my friend, is life?
What but the many-weather'd April day!
Now darkly dimm'd by clouds of strife,
Now glowing in propitious fortune's ray;
Let the reed yielding bend its weakly form,
For, firm in rooted strength, the oak defies the storm.

If thou hast plann'd the morrow's dawn to roam
O'er distant hill or plain,
Wilt thou despond in sadness at thy home,
Whilst heaven drops down the rain?
Or will thy hope expect the coming day,
When bright the sun may shine with unremitted ray?

Wilt thou float careless down the stream of time,
In sadness borne to dull oblivion's shore,
Or shake off grief, and "build the lofty rhyme,"
And live 'till Time himself shall be no more?
If thy light bark have met the storm,
If threatening clouds the sky deform,
Let honest truth be vain; look back on me,
Have I been "sailing on a summer's sea?"
Have only zephyrs fill'd my swelling sails,
As smooth the gentle vessel glides along?
Lycon, I met unscar'd the wintry gales,
And sooth'd the dangers with the song:
So shall the vessel sail sublime,
And reach the port of fame adown the stream of time.

II.

And does my friend again demand the strain,
Still seek to list the sorrow-soothing lay?
Still *would he hear the* woe-worn heart complain,
When melancholy loads the lingering day?

Shall partial friendship turn the favouring eye,
No fault behold, but every charm descry;
And shall the thankless bard his honour'd strain deny?

"No single pleasure shall your pen bestow:"
Ah, Lycon! 'tis that thought affords delight;
'Tis that can sooth the wearying weight of woe,
When memory reigns amid the gloom of night:
For fancy loves the distant scene to see,
Far from the gloom of solitude to flee,
And think that absent friends may sometimes think of me.

Oft when my steps have trac'd the secret glade,
What time the pale moon glimmering on the plain
Just mark'd where deeper darkness dyed the shade,
Has contemplation lov'd the night-bird's strain:
Still have I stood, or silent mov'd and slow,
Whilst o'er the copse the thrilling accents flow,
Nor deem'd the pensive bird might pour the notes of woe.

Yet sweet and lovely is the night-bird's lay,
The passing pilgrim loves her notes to hear,
When mirth's rude reign is sunk with parted day,
And silence sleeps upon the vacant ear;
For staid reflection loves the doubtful light,
When sleep and stillness lull the noiseless night,
And breathes the pensive song a soothing sad delight.

Fearful the blast, and loud the torrents roar,
And sharp and piercing drove the pelting rain,
When wildly wandering on the Volga's shore,
The exil'd Ovid pour'd his plaintive strain;
He mourn'd for ever lost the joys of Rome,
He mourn'd his widow'd wife, his distant home,
And all the weight of woe that load the exile's doom.

Oh! could my lays, like Sulmo's minstrel, flow,
Eternity might love her Bion's name;
The muse might give a dignity to woe,
And grief's steep path should prove the path to fame:
But I have pluck'd no bays from Phœbus' bower,
My fading garland, form'd of many a flower,
May haply smile and bloom to last one little hour.

To please that little hour is all I crave,
Lov'd by my friends, I spurn the love of fame;
High let the grass o'erspread my lonely grave,
Let cankering moss obscure the rough-hewn name:
There never may the pensive pilgrim go,
Nor future minstrel drop the tear of woe,
For all would fail to wake the slumbering earth below.

Be mine, whilst journeying life's rough road along,
O'er hill and dale the wandering bard shall go,
To hail the hour of pleasure with the song,
Or soothe with sorrowing strains the hour of woe;
The song each passing moment shall beguile,
Perchance, too, partial friendship deigns to smile,
Let fame reject the lay, I sleep secure the while.

Be mine to taste the humbler joys of life,
Lull'd in oblivion's lap to wear away,
And flee from grandeur's scenes of vice and strife,
And flee from fickle fashion's empty sway:
Be mine, in age's drooping hour, to see
The lisping children climb their grandsire's knee,
And train the future race to live and act like me.

Then, when the inexorable hour shall come
To tell my death, let no deep requiem toll,
No hireling sexton dig the venal tomb,
Nor priest be paid to hymn my parted soul;
But let my children, near their little cot,
Lay my old bones beneath the turfy spot:
So let me live unknown, so let me die forgot.

ROSAMUND DE CLIFFORD TO KING HENRY III.

AFTER SHE HAD TAKEN THE VEIL.

HENRY, 'tis past! each painful effort o'er,
Thy love, thy Rosamund, exists no more:
She lives, but *lives* no longer now for you;
She writes, but writes to bid the last adieu.

Why bursts the big tear from my guilty eye?
Why heaves my love-lorn breast the impious sigh?
Down, bosom! down, and learn to heave in prayer;
Flow, flow, my tears, and wash away despair:
Ah, no! still, still the lurking sin I see,
My heart will heave, my tears will fall for thee.
Yes, Henry! through the vestal's guilty veins,
With burning sway the furious passion reigns;
For thee, seducer, still the tear will fall,
And love torment in Godstow's hallow'd wall.

Yet virtue from her deathlike sleep awakes,
Remorse comes on, and rears her whip of snakes.
Ah, Henry! fled are all those fatal charms
That led their victim to the monarch's arms;
No more responsive to the evening air
In wanton ringlets waves my golden hair;
No more amid the dance my footsteps move,
No more the languid eye dissolves with love;
Fades on the cheek of Rosamund the rose,
And penitence awakes from sin's repose.

Harlot! adultress! Henry! can I bear
Such aggravated guilt, such full despair!
By me the marriage-bed defil'd, by me
The laws of heaven forsook, defiled for thee!
Dishonour fix'd on Clifford's ancient name,
A father sinking to the grave with shame;
These are the crimes that harrow up my heart,
These are the crimes that poison memory's dart;
For these each pang of penitence I prove,
Yet these, and more than these, are lost in love.

Yes, even here amid the sacred pile,
The echoing cloister, and the long-drawn aisle;
Even here, when pausing on the silent air,
The midnight bell awakes and calls to prayer;
As on the stone I bend my clay-cold knee,
Love heaves the sigh, and drops the tear for thee:
All day the penitent but wakes to weep,
'Till nature and the woman sink in sleep;
Nightly to thee the guilty dreams repair,
And morning wakes to sorrow and despair!

Lov'd of my heart, the conflict soon must cease,
Soon must this harrow'd bosom rest in peace;
Soon must it heave the last soul-rending breath,
And sink to slumber in the arms of death.

To slumber! oh, that I might slumber there!
Oh, that that dreadful thought might lull despair!
That death's chill dews might quench this vital flame,
And life lie mouldering with this lifeless frame!
Then would I strike with joy the friendly blow,
Then rush to mingle with the dead below.
Oh, agonizing hour! when round my head
Dark-brow'd despair his shadowing wings shall spread:
When conscience from herself shall seek to fly,
And, loathing life, still more shall loath to die!
Already vengeance lifts his iron rod,
Already conscience sees an angry God!
No virtue now to shield my soul I boast,
No hope protects, for innocence is lost!

Oh, I was cheerful as the lark, whose lay
Trills through the ether, and awakes the day!
Mine was the heartfelt smile, when earliest light
Shot through the fading curtain of the night;
Mine was the peaceful heart, the modest eye
That met the glance, or turn'd it knew not why.
At evening hour I struck the melting lyre,
Whilst partial wonder fill'd my doating sire,
'Till he would press me to his aged breast,
And cry, "My child, in thee my age is blest!
Oh! may kind Heaven protract my span of life
To see my lovely Rosamund a wife;
To view her children climb their grandsire's knee,
To see her husband love, and love like me!
Then, gracious Heaven, decree old Clifford's end,
Let his grey hairs in peace to death descend."

The dreams of bliss are vanish'd from his view,
The buds of hope are blasted all by you;
Thy child, O Clifford! bears a mother's name,
A mother's anguish, and a harlot's shame;
Even when her darling children climb her knee,
Feels the full force of guilt and infamy!

Wretch, most unhappy! thus condemn'd to know,
Even in her dearest bliss, her keenest woe;
Curst be this form, accurst these fatal charms
That buried virtue in seduction's arms;
Or rather curst that sad, that fatal hour,
When Henry first beheld and felt their power;
When my too-partial brother's doating tongue
On each perfection of a sister hung;
Told of the graceful form, the rose-red cheek,
The ruby lip, the eye that knew to speak,
The golden locks, that, shadowing half the face
Display'd their charms, and gave and hid a grace.
'Twas at that hour when night's englooming sway
Steals on the fiercer glories of the day;
Sad all around, as silence stills the whole,
And pensive fancy melts the softening soul;
These hands upon the pictured arras wove
The mournful tale of Edwy's hapless love;
When the fierce priest, inflam'd with savage pride,
From the young monarch tore his blushing bride:
Loud rung the horn, I heard the coursers' feet,
My brothers came—o'erjoyed I ran to meet;
But when my sovereign met my wandering eye,
I blush'd, and gaz'd, and fear'd, yet knew not why;
O'er all his form with wistful glance I ran,
Nor knew the monarch, till I lov'd the man.
Pleas'd with attention, overjoy'd I saw
Each look obey'd, and every word a law.
Too soon I felt the secret flame advance,
Drank deep the poison of the mutual glance;
And still I ply'd my pleasing task, nor knew
In shadowing Edwy I had portray'd you.

Thine, Henry, is the crime: 'tis thine to bear
The aggravated weight of full despair;
To wear the day in woe, the night in tears,
And pass in penitence the joyless years:
Guiltless in ignorance, my love-led eyes
Knew not the monarch in the knight's disguise:
Fraught with deceit, th' insidious monarch came,
To blast his faithful subject's spotless name;
To pay each service of old Clifford's race
With all the keenest anguish of disgrace!
Of love he talk'd; abash'd my down-cast eye,
Nor seem'd to seek, nor yet had power to fly;

Still, as he urg'd his suit, his wily art
Told not his rank till victor o'er my heart:
Ah, known too late! in vain my reason strove,
Fame, honour, reason, all were lost in love.

How heav'd thine artful breast the deep-drawn sigh?
How spoke thy looks? how glow'd thine ardent eye?
When skill'd in guile, that soft seductive tongue
Talk'd of its truth, and Clifford was undone.
Oh, cursed hour of passion's maddening sway,
Guilt which a life of tears must wash away!
Gay as the morning lark no more I rose,
No more each evening sunk to calm repose;
No more in fearless innocence mine eye,
Or met the glance, or turn'd it knew not why;
No more my fingers struck the trembling lyre,
No more I ran with joy to meet my sire;
But guilt's deep poison ran through every vein,
But stern reflection claim'd his ruthless reign;
Still vainly seeking from myself to fly,
In anxious guilt I shunn'd each friendly eye;
A thousand torments still my steps pursue,
And guilt, still lovely, haunts my soul with you.
Harlot, adultress, each detested name,
Stamps everlasting blots on Clifford's fame!
How can this wretch prefer the prayer to Heaven?
How, self-condemned, expect to be forgiven?

And yet fond hope, with self-deluding art,
Still sheds her opiate poison o'er my heart;
Paints thee most wretched in domestic strife,
Curst with a kingdom, and a royal wife;
And vainly whispers comfort to my breast—
"I curst myself that Henry might be blest."
Too fond deluder! impotent thy power
To whisper comfort in the mournful hour;
Weak, vain seducer, hope! thy balmy breath,
To soothe reflection on the bed of death;
To calm stern conscience' self-afflicting care,
Or ease the raging pangs of wild despair.

Why, Nature, didst thou give this fatal face?
Why heap with charms to load me with disgrace?
Why bid mine eyes two stars of beauty move?
Why form the melting soul too apt for love?

Thy last best blessing meant, the feeling breast,
Gave way to guilt, and poison'd all the rest.
Now bound in sin's indissoluble chains,
Fled are the charms, the guilt alone remains!

Oh! had fate plac'd amidst Earl Clifford's hall
Of menial vassals, me most mean of all;
Low in my hopes, and homely rude my face,
Nor form, nor wishes rais'd above my place;
How happy, Rosamund, had been thy lot,
In peace to live unknown, and die forgot!
Guilt had not then infix'd her piercing sting,
Nor scorn revil'd the harlot of a king;
Contempt had not revil'd my fallen fame,
Nor infamy debas'd a Clifford's name.

Oh, Clifford! Oh, my sire! thy honours now
Thy child has blasted on thine ancient brow;
Fallen is that darling child from virtue's name,
And thy grey hairs sink to the grave with shame!
Still busy fancy bids the scene arise,
Still paints the father to these wretched eyes.
Methinks I see him now, with folded arms,
Think of his child, and curse her fatal charms:
Those charms, her ruin! that in happier days,
With all a father's love, he lov'd to praise:
Unkempt his hoary locks, his head hung low
In all the silent energy of woe;
Yet still the same kind parent, still all mild,
He prays forgiveness for his sinful child.
And yet I live! if this be life, to know
The agonizing weight of hopeless woe:
Thus far, remote from every friendly eye,
To drop the tear, and heave the ceaseless sigh;
Each dreadful pang remorse inflicts to prove,
To weep and pray, yet still to weep and love:
Scorn'd by the virgins of this holy dome,
A living victim in the cloister'd tomb,
To pray, though hopeless, justice should forgive,
Scorn'd by myself: if this be life, I live!

Oft will remembrance, in her painful hour,
Cast the keen glance to Woodstock's lovely bower;

Recal each sinful scene of life to view,
And give the soul again to guilt and you.
Oh! I have seen thee trace the bower around,
And heard the forest echo Rosamund;
Have seen thy frantic looks, thy wildering eye,
Heard the deep groan and bosom-rending sigh;
Vain are the searching glance, the love-lorn groan,
I live—but live to penitence alone;
Depriv'd of every joy which life can give,
Most vile, most wretched, most despis'd, I live.

Too well thy deep regret, thy grief, are known,
Too true I judge thy sorrows by my own!
Oh! thou hast lost the dearest charm of life,
The fondest, tenderest, loveliest, more than wife;
One who, with every virtue, only knew
The fault, if fault it be, of loving you;
One whose soft bosom seem'd as made to share
Thine every joy, and solace every care;
For crimes like these secluded, doom'd to know
The aggravated weight of guilt and woe.

Still dear, still lov'd, I learnt to sin of thee,
Learn, thou seducer, penitence from me!
Oh! that my soul this last pure joy may know,
Sometimes to soothe the dreadful hour of woe.
Henry! by all the love my life has shown,
By all the sinful raptures we have known,
By all the parting pangs that rend my breast,
Hear, my lov'd lord, and grant my last request;
And, when the last tremendous hour shall come,
When all my woes are buried in the tomb,
Then grant the only boon this wretch shall crave—
Drop the sad tear to dew my humble grave;
Pause o'er the turf-in fulness bent of woe,
And think who lies so cold and pale below!
Think from the grave she speaks the last decree,
"What I am now, soon, Henry, thou must be!"
Then be this voice of wonted power possest,
To melt thy heart, and triumph in thy breast:
So should my prayers with just success be crown'd
Should Henry learn remorse from Rosamund;
Then shall thy sorrow and repentance prove,
That even death was weak to end our love.

THE RACE OF ODIN.

Loud was the hostile clang of arms,
And hoarse the hollow sound,
When Pompey scatter'd wild alarms
The ravag'd East around,
The crimson deluge dreadful dy'd the ground:
An iron forest of destructive spears
Rear'd their stern stems, where late
The bending harvest wav'd its rustling ears:
Rome, through the swarming gate,
Pour'd her ambitious hosts to slaughter forth:
Such was the will of fate!
From the cold regions of the North,
At length, on raven wings, shall vengeance come,
And justice pour the urn of bitterness on Rome.

"Roman!" ('twas thus the chief of Asgard cried)
"Ambitious Roman! triumph for awhile,
Trample on freedom in thy victor pride;
Yet, though now thy fortune smile,
Though Mithridates fly forlorn,
Once thy dread, but now thy scorn,
Odin will never live a shameful slave;
Some region will he yet explore,
Beyond the reach of Rome;
Where, upon some colder shore,
Freedom yet thy force shall brave,
Freedom yet shall find a home:
There, where the eagle dares not soar,
Soon shall the raven find a safe retreat.
Asgard, farewell! Farewell, my native seat!
Farewell for ever! Yet, whilst life shall roll
Her warm tide through thine injured chieftain's breast,
Oft will he to thy memory drop the tear.
Never more shall Odin rest,
Never quaff the sportive bowl,
Or soothe in peace his slothful soul,
Whilst Rome triumphant lords it here.

Triumph in thy victor might,
Mock the chief of Asgard's flight;
But soon the seeds of vengeance shall be sown,
And Odin's race hurl down thy blood-cemented throne."

Nurtur'd by Scandinavia's hardy soil,
Strong grew the vigorous plant;
Danger could ne'er the nation daunt,
For war, to other realms a toil,
Was but the pastime here;
Skill'd the bold youth to hurl the unerring spear,
To wield the falchion, to direct the dart,
irm was each warrior's frame, yet gentle was his heart.

Freedom, with joy, beheld the noble race,
And fill'd each bosom with her vivid fire;
Nor vice, nor luxury, debase
The free-born offspring of the free-born sire;
There genuine poesy, in freedom bright,
iffus'd o'er all her clear, her all-enlivening light.

From Helicon's meandering rills
The inspiring goddess fled;
Amid the Scandinavian hills
In clouds she hid her head;
There the bold, the daring muse,
Every daring warrior wooes;
The sacred lust of deathless fame
Burnt in every warrior's soul:
"Whilst future ages hymn my name,
(The son of Odin cries)
I shall quaff the foaming bowl
With my forefathers in yon azure skies;
Methinks I see my foeman's skull
With the mantling beverage full;
I hear the shield-roof'd hall resound
To martial music's echoing sound;
I see the virgins, valour's meed,—
Death is bliss—I rush to bleed."

See where the murderer Egill stands,
He grasps the harp with skilful hands,
And pours the soul-emoving tide of song;
Mute admiration holds the listening throng:

The royal sire forgets his murder'd son;
Eric forgives; a thousand years
Their swift revolving course have run,
Since thus the bard could check the father's tears,
Could soothe his soul to peace,
And never shall the fame of Egill cease.

Dark was the dungeon, damp the ground,
Beneath the reach of cheering day,
Where Regner dying lay;
Poisonous adders all around
On the expiring warrior hung,
Yet the full stream of verse flow'd from his dauntless tongue:
"We fought with swords," the warrior cry'd,
"We fought with swords," he said—he died.

Jomsburg lifts her lofty walls,
Sparta revives on Scandinavia's shore;
Undismay'd each hero falls,
And scorns his death in terror to deplore.
"Strike, Thorchill, strike! drive deep the blow,
Jomsburg's sons shall not complain,
Never shall the brave appear
Bound in slavery's shameful chain,
Freedom ev'n in death is dear.
Strike, Torchill, strike! drive deep the blow,
We joy to quit this world of woe;
We rush to seize the seats above,
And gain the warrior's meed of happiness and love."

The destin'd hour at length is come,
And vengeful heaven decrees the queen of cities' doom;
No longer heaven withholds the avenging blow
From those proud domes whence Brutus fled;
Where just Cherea bow'd his head,
And proud oppression laid the Gracchi low:
In vain the timid slaves oppose,
For freedom led their sinewy foes,
For valour fled with liberty:
Rome bows her lofty walls,
The imperial city falls,
She falls—and lo, the world again is free!"

THE DEATH OF ODIN.

SOUL of my much-lov'd Freya! yes, I come!
No pale disease's slow-consuming power
Has hasten'd on thy husband's hour;
Nor pour'd by victor's thirsty hand
Has Odin's life bedew'd the land:
I rush to meet thee by a self-will'd doom.
No more my clattering iron car
Shall rush amid the throng of war;
No more, obedient to my heavenly cause,
Shall crimson conquest stamp his Odin's laws.
I go—I go;
Yet shall the nations own my sway
Far as yon orb shall dart his all-enlivening ray:
Big is the death-fraught cloud of woe
That hangs, proud Rome, impending o'er thy wall,
For Odin shall avenge his Asgard's fall.
Thus burst from Odin's lips the fated sound,
As high in air he rear'd the gleaming blade;
His faithful friends around
In silent wonder saw the scene, affray'd:
He, unappall'd, towards the skies
Uplifts his death-denouncing eyes;
"Ope wide Valhalla's shield-roof'd hall,
Virgins of bliss! obey your master's call;
From these injurious realms below
The sire of nations hastes to go."

Say, falters now your chieftain's breath?
Or chills pale terror now his death-like face?
Then weep not, Thor, thy friend's approaching death;
Let no unmanly tears disgrace
The first of mortal's valiant race:
Dauntless Heimdal, mourn not now,
Balder! clear thy cloudy brow;
I go to happier realms above,
To realms of friendship and of love.

This unmanly grief dispelling,
List to glory's rapturous call;
So with Odin *ever* dwelling,
Meet him in the shield-roof'd hall:

Still shall Odin's fateful lance
Before his daring friends advance;
When the bloody fight beginning,
Helms and shields, and hauberks ringing
Streaming life each fatal wound
Pours its current on the ground;
Still in clouds portentous riding
O'er his comrade host presiding.
Odin, from the stormy air,
O'er your affrighted foes shall scatter wild despair.

'Mid the mighty din of battle,
Whilst conflicting chariots rattle,
Floods of purple slaughter streaming,
Fate-fraught falchions widely gleaming;
When Mista marks her destin'd prey,
When dread and death deform the day;
Happy he amid the strife,
Who pours the current of his life;
Every toil and trouble ending,
Odin from his hall descending,
Shall bear him to his blest retreat,
Shall place him in the warrior's seat.

Not such the destin'd joys that wait
The wretched dastard's future fate:
Wild shrieks shall yell in every breath,—
The agonizing shrieks of death.
Adown his wan and livid face
Big drops their painful way shall trace
Each limb in that tremendous hour
Shall quiver in disease's power.
Grim Hela o'er his couch shall hang,
Scoff at his groans, and point each pang;
No virgin goddess him shall call
To join you in the shield-roof'd hall;
No Valkery for him prepare
The smiling mead with lovely care:
Sad and scorn'd the wretch shall lie,
Despairing shriek—despairing die!
No Scald in never-dying lays
Shall rear the temple of his praise;
No virgin in her vernal bloom
Bedew with tears his high-rear'd tomb,

No soldier sound his honour'd name;
No song shall hand him down to fame;
But rank weeds o'er the inglorious grave
Shall to the blast their high heads wave;
And swept by time's strong stream away,
He soon shall sink—oblivion's prey;
And deep in Niflehim—dreary cell,
Aye shall his sprite tormented dwell,
Where grim remorse for ever wakes,
Where anguish feeds her torturing snakes,
Where disappointment and delay
For ever guard the doleful way;
Amid the joyless land of woe
Keen and bleak the chill blasts blow;
Drives the tempest, pours the rain,
Showers the hail with force amain;
Yell the night-birds as they fly
Flitting in the misty sky;
Glows the adder, swells the toad,
For sad is Hela's cold abode.

Spread then the Gothic banners to the sky,
Lift your sable banners high;
Yoke your coursers to the car,
Strike the sounding shield of war;
Go, my lov'd companions, go,
Trample on the opposing foe;
Be like the raging torrent's force,
That, rushing from the hills, speds on its foaming course.

Haste, my sons, to war's alarms,
Triumph in the clang of arms;
Joy amid the warlike toil,
Feed the raven with your spoil;
Go, prepare the eagle's food,
Go, and drench the wolf with blood,
'Till ye shall hear dark Hela's call,
And virgins waft ye to my hall;
There, wrapt in clouds, the shadowy throng
To airy combat glide along;
'Til wearied with the friendly fight,
Serimner's flesh recruits their might;
There, whilst I *grasp* the Roman skull,
With hydromel sweet-smiling full,

The festive song shall echo round,
The Scald repeat the deathless sound:
Then, Thor, when thou from fight shalt cease,
When death shall lay that arm in peace,
Still shall the nations fear thy nod,
The first of warriors now, and then their god;
But be each heart with rage possest,
Let vengeance glow in every breast;
Let conquest fell the Roman wall,
Revenge on Rome my Asgard's fall.

The Druid throng shall fall away,
And sink beneath your victor sway;
No more shall nations bow the knee,
Vanquish'd Taranis, to thee;
No more upon the sacred stone,
Tentates, shall thy victims groan;
The vanquish'd Odin, Rome, shall cause thy fall,
And his destruction shake thy proud imperial wall.
Yet, my faithful friends, beware
Luxury's enerving snare;
'Twas this that shook our Asgard's dome
That drove us from our native home;
'Twas this that smooth'd the way for victor Rome:
Gaul's fruitful plains invite your sway,
Conquest points the destin'd way;
Conquest shall attend your call,
And your success shall gild still more Valhalla's hall.

So spake the dauntless chief, and pierc'd his breast,
Then rush'd to seize the seat of endless rest.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

ISRAEL, my hour is come!
Borne on the wings of time,
Death marks his destined prey,
Now, in the fulness of my age,
Ere faint my shrunken limbs wax weak,
Ere dim my rayless eye,
Of years and honours full, I seek the tomb

Offspring of Abram, Moses' guardian voice,
No more shall breathe the will
Of your protecting God.
For not to me is given
On Canaan's promis'd land
At last to rest in peace:
For not to me is given
O'er Jordan's barrier flood
To reach the abundant clime:
On Moab's pathless plains
Must Moses rest in peace.

When wandering o'er the desert wilds of Zin
Faint grew your parched frames,
Then Israel sinn'd against the God of Hosts
Have ye forgot the hour
When murmuring anger buzz'd
Along the busy tents?
Have ye forgot the hour
When, bold in secrecy,
Sedition's impious feet
Stole on from tent to tent?
Then Israel sinn'd against the God of Hosts:
On me his vengeance fell.
'Twas there where Miriam died,
Where o'er a sister's corse
I rear'd in grief the monumental stone.

'Twas then—the prophet's ardour lost—
I felt the brother's grief:
For memory's painful gratitude recall'd
The succour Miriam gave,
The succour Miriam gave,
When haven'd on the sedgy banks of Nile
Reposed my infant ark.
I call'd to mind her care,
I call'd to mind her love;
How sweetly soft she touch'd the lute
How graceful moved amid the dance.
Sedition's impious feet
Stole on from tent to tent,
Till, boldened by success,
Aloud the fury lifts her daring voice.

"Why, Moses, did thy treach'rous art
Lead us from Egypt's fertile clime,
Amid these pathless wilds
To sink, wan famine's prey?
Amid these pathless wilds,
Where even Nature dies!
For here no seeds enrich the earth,
No fig-tree spreads its grateful shade,
No vine depends its cluster'd boughs,
Nor frigid fountain winds
Its murmuring course along.
Our parch'd frames sink—
We die for thirst."

'Twas thus, blaspheming Heaven, ye spake:—
Heaven burst in twain by me the rock;
The spring rush'd forth.
"But never, Moses, shall thy feet
Possess the promis'd land:"
For Israel sinn'd against the God of Hosts:
On me his vengeance fell.
From Nebo's mountain top
I view'd the promis'd land;
O'er Palestine's luxuriant soil
I cast the eagle ken.
Far as the distant ocean's shore,
O'er Gilead's fertile soil I gaz'd:
The southward plains I saw,
And Jericho's rich plain,
Where, bower'd in palm-trees, rise her lofty towers.

Blest are Abram's favour'd race,
Blest above the sons of men;
For theirs are Canaan's fertile lands,
For theirs the aid of Heav'n.
From stern oppression's tyrant sway,
From ignominy, bonds, and death,
Heaven led the people forth.
Through pathless deserts wild and waste,
Through the wide wilderness of dearth,
Where desolation blasted all around,
Heaven led the people forth.
E'en as the eagle's parent care
Hangs o'er the lofty nest,

And flutters fondly o'er her young,
And spreads her guardian wings,
And leads them from the eyry forth,
And bids them face the sun.

Offspring of Israel! have your thankless hearts
Forgot the bounteous gifts of Heaven?
When frighted ocean stopt his waves,
And rushing seas stood still?
Have ye forgot the fires
That led your nightly march?
Forgot the heavenly food
That fell like evening dew,
For Israel's chosen race?
Oh! write his mercies on your hearts,
Treasure his bounties in your soul,
Obey the will of Heaven.

Sons of my care! to you, from highest heaven,
Jeshurun's God has spoke.
By me JEHOVAH gave the words of life:
Observe his sacred laws,
And fly the snares which superstition spreads.
Fly Moloch's horrid rites,
Astarte's orgies lewd,
And Thammuz' annual dirge,
And Chemos' wanton wiles.

Is Sittim's field forgot?
Forgot the fatal hour when thousands fell;
And Heaven's avenging arm
Hurl'd down the shafts of death?
For then in Chemos' wanton rites
The sons of Israel join'd,
And caught the harlot's melting eye,
And gave the soul to love.
Then, subdued by syren pleasure,
Captive reason bow'd to beauty,
Forgot the laws of God!
Forgot avenging Heaven—
For woman's mildly-melting eye
Thrill'd through the soften'd soul.

Then Zimri died.
Then Cozbi's voice,
That stole resistless o'er the Hebrew's heart,
In vain for pity pray'd.
The zealous priest arose;
E'en through her lover's breast
He pierc'd the lovely fair idolater.

Blest, Phineas, be thy name;
Blest be thy heart of adamantine faith,
That spurn'd the woman's prayer.

Israel, be thine to shun
Alluring beauty's wiles,
To fly the melting glance,
The loosely languid look.
'Tis thine to wreak the wrath of Heaven,
'Tis thine to lift aloft the sword,
Lay low the despot chiefs,
Lay low the lofty tow'rs.

Let the despots assemble their hosts,
Let them marshal their thousands in pride;
Let the offspring of Anak arise
From Jericho's palm-bower'd throne,
And Aï and Solyma's towers.
Let them rush from their mountains to war,
Let them cover the valley with arms,
For JEHOVAH will war for his sons.

Low Aï's walls shall lie;
Devouring flames shall waste
Huge Hazor's strength to dust;
Of Jericho's tall towers
No relics shall remain.
There shall the pilgrim, tempest-torn,
When on the lightning flash destruction rides,
In vain for shelter seek.
O'er ruin'd palaces the fox shall roam;
Amid the desert halls,
Where once was spread the feast,
Where once was heard the song,
Now shall the wild wolf's howl resound,
Now build the bird obscene her secret nest.

Yet, from the storm of war reserv'd,
With added strength Jerusalem shall rise,
The city of your God!
To guard her favour'd tow'rs
Shall Heaven protecting spread th' immortal shield:
Her trees with honey ooze,
Her rivers flow with milk.
There, Israel, shall the fig-tree bend
To you its laden boughs;
There shall the cluster'd vine expand
Its wildly-wanton arms.

O'er Moses' clayey corse
Drop ye the grateful tear,
And hide his relics in the narrow house.
O'er Jordan then rush for the prize,
Spread terror o'er Canaan afar,
And triumphantly fight for the Lord.

THE DEATH OF MATTATHIAS.*

SONS of my age, attend;
Come round the bed of death,
Ere yet his cold damp dews
Extinguish life's weak flame.

For Mattathias' arm no more
Shall scatter terror o'er the host
Of Israel's foes.
Now triumphant pride disdainful
Lifts elate his royal head;
Lawless might and ruffian rapine
Stalk o'er Israel uncontroll'd.
JEHOVAH hides his face,
And stern destruction shakes the spear;
Vide-wasting vengeance pours the show'r of death—
JEHOVAH hides his face.

*ttathias, one of the race of priests, opposed the persecution of
his Epiphanes, and finding his death approaching, assembled his
s, and *exhorted them to* continue the defence of the covenant
ancestors.

Now, then, my sons, be firm;
Be like the mighty rock,
Against whose foot the waves
For ever dash in vain.
Now, then, in your God confiding,
Lift the sword, and break the shield:
Look upon your great forefathers,
Call each long-past deed to view;
Let remembrance fire your souls—
Lift the sword, and break the shield.

On Moriah mount is laid
The father's only child!
Down Abraham's aged cheek
Roll'd the paternal tear;
The big sob spoke his grief,
And nature rived his heart, but rived in vain—
For faith prevail'd.
He rear'd the pile,
He bound the silent child;
The child whose silence spoke
Most moving eloquence.
Nor did not Abraham feel
The father's mighty grief,
Nor paint the wretched mother's woe-fraught crie
Nor did he not perceive
The deadly blow more deep would rive his heart:
Yet faith prevail'd—
He lifts the knife of sacrifice!
JEHOVAH saw and saved.

O'er Joseph's robe, bedied with guileful blood,
The aged patriarch wept:
He rear'd the fancied tomb,
And tore his hoary locks,
Yet bow'd resigned to Heaven's high will.
Meantime, in foreign land,
Joseph forgot not God.
Vice, her tinsel charms displaying,
Vainly sought to melt his mind;
Vainly plann'd the wile deceitful,
Seeking soft to soothe the soul,
To soothe the soul to sin.
He saw the languid eye,
The breast that heav'd with love;

White as the new-fallen snow,
Unchill'd by modesty.
Her hot grasp seiz'd his arms:
He fled—
And when seducing pleasure to his lips
Held forth the honey'd draught,
He dash'd the poison down.
Nor Heaven, all-just, withheld relief:
He mark'd the father's woe,
He lov'd the virtuous child;
And Joseph clos'd, in peace, the patriarch's eyes.

Hark! the hurtling din of battle!
Clanging shields and biting falchions
Rend the air with fearful terror.
Joshua leads the war:
His voice controls the orbs of heaven!
The sun stood still,
The moon obedient held her chariot back;
Then fell the royal power.
To Makkedah's dark cave the monarchs fled;
Upon the fatal tree,
They wave with every wind.
Round Jericho was borne the mystic ark,
Was blown the blairing blast;
Proud on the blairing blast
Triumphant ruin rode.
From their foundations hurl'd,
The mighty bulwarks load the ground.

By prodigies announc'd, ere yet
Rank'd in existence, roll,
Manoah's offspring tow'rs in giant strength:
His crisp locks wave amid the wind,
His crisped air of strength.
On rushes Philistia's host,
They environ the warrior unarm'd;
He grasps the jaw-bone in his hand,
He levels their thousands in death.
Fatigued with deeds of death,
The victor's limbs relax,
His parch'd mouth gapes with thirst;
Heaven saw and sent relief,
And from the wondrous weapon flow'd the spring.

By Cherith's hidden stream recluse,
The faithful prophet lay;
He drank the running brook,
The ravens brought the due supply.
Firm in the path of faith
Through life Elijah trod.
Nor through the narrow portals of the grave
He past to realms of bliss;
For ravish'd in the car of flames,
He fled the gate of death;
Thus mortal rapt to immortality.

High from his lofty throne
The impious tyrant cries,
"Fall down, ye men of earth,
Revere the image of your King and God."
Faith stood firm.
"Heap the fierce furnace high,"
(The angry despot cries)
"Fan the red flames till the hot furnace pales,
Sickening itself with heat."
The fire flames fierce!
Amid the pallid flames
The faithful friends are hurl'd!
But blasted fall the slaves,
The slaves of tyranny:
God stretch'd the robe of preservation forth,
And mantled o'er his sons.

Amid the lions hurl'd,
In conscious faith serene the prophet lay.
Nor Daniel knew to fear,
Nor did his pale limbs quiver with affright;
He dar'd for God to die,
And Heaven, for ever good, preserv'd the seer:
The gaunt beasts, famine-fall'n,
Creep at his feet, and suppliant lick his hand.

Sons of my age, look back;
Call up the shadowy scenes
Of ages now no more:
For never, since yon font of light
First shed the new-born stream,
For never, since the breath of life

Breath'd through the realms of space,
Has virtue trusted in her God in vain.
Amid the storm serene she goes,
Nor heeds black malice' sharpest shafts,
Nor envy's venom'd tooth;
The warring winds roar round her head,
Nor knows the constant maid to fear,
But lifts her looks to God.
Not 'til the sun, for ever quench'd,
In darkness cease to shine;
'Til nature feel no more the breath
Of life pervade her frame:
'Til time himself expir'd
Sink in eternity,
Shall faith be firm in vain.

Now then, indeed, be men,
Grasp firm the shield of faith,
Lift high the sword of hope,
Nor fear yon haughty tyrant's impious vaunts;
To-day elate he stalks,
Lifts his tiared brows,
Self-deemed a more than man:
To-morrow, fall'n in dust,
Food for the worm corrupt,
Sunk to primeval nothing, low he lies.
And, sometimes, when your lips repeat the deeds
Your forefathers achiev'd,
Of me the meanest think, not wholly mean:
Let Mattathias' name
Full-fill your souls with fire,
Recal that hour to view
When this indignant hand
Drench'd deep my dagger in apostate blood.
Even at the altar's foot,
The tyrant chief I stabb'd,
I hurl'd the altar down.

Nor then, in sacred sloth subdued,
Upon the sabbath fell we unreveng'd.
We serv'd our God in fight,
We sacrific'd his foes,
We pray'd amid the war.
Then through these limbs burnt high

Indignant valour's flame;
Then glow'd the lamp of life,
Now pale and wavering as the dews of death,
Slow quench its fading light.

God of my fathers, thou hast seen my life
Worn in defence of thee;
Thou hast beheld me firm in danger's face,
Maintain thy holy cause,
Amid embattled hosts
Defend thy mystic rites.
Now to the unknown world,
Unchill'd by fear, I sink;
And whilst my chilly limbs grow faint,
Whilst death's dull mists bedim my eye,
Hope lifts my soul to thee.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

TO MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.

THE lily cheek, the "purple light of love,"
The liquid lustre of the melting eye—
Mary! of these the poet sung, for these
Did woman triumph. With no angry frown
View this degrading conquest! At that age
No Maid of Arc had snatched from coward man
The avenging sword of freedom; woman-kind
Recorded then no Roland's martyrdom;
No Corde's angel and avenging arm
Had sanctified again the murderer's name,
As erst when Cæsar perished: yet some strains
May even adorn this theme, befitting me
To offer, nor unworthy thy regard.

THE TRIUMPH OF WOMAN.

subject from the third and fourth chapters of the Book of Esdras.

GLAD as the weary traveller, tempest-tost,
To reach secure at length his native coast,
Who wandering long o'er distant lands has sped,
The night-blast wildly howling round his head,
Known all the woes of want, and felt the storm
Of the bleak winter parch his shivering form;
The journey o'er, and every peril past,
Beholds his little cottage-home at last;
And as he sees afar the smoke curl slow,
Feels his full eyes with transport overflow;
So from the scene where death and anguish reign,
And vice and folly drench with blood the plain,

Joyful I turn, to sing how woman's praise
Availed again Jerusalem to raise,
Called forth the sanction of the despot's nod,
And freed the nation best beloved of God.

Darius gives the feast: to Persia's court,
Awed by his will, the obedient throng resort:
Attending satraps swell the prince's pride,
And vanquish'd monarchs grace their conqueror's sid
No more the warrior wears the garb of war,
Girds on the sword, or mounts the scythed car;
No more Judæa's sons dejected go,
And hang the head, and heave the sigh of wo.
From Persia's rugged hills descend the train,
From where Orontes foams along the plain,
From where Choaspes rolls his royal waves,
And India sends her sons, submissive slaves.
Thy daughters, Babylon, to grace the feast
Weave the loose robe, and paint the flowery vest;
With roseate wreaths they braid the glossy hair,
They tinge the cheek which nature formed so fair,
Learn the soft step, the soul-subduing glance,
Melt in the song, and swim adown the dance.
Exalted on the monarch's golden throne,
In royal state the fair Apame shone;
Her form of majesty, her eyes of fire,
Chill with respect, or kindle with desire.
The admiring multitude her charms adore,
And own her worthy of the crown she wore.

Now on his couch reclined Darius lay,
Tired with the toilsome pleasures of the day;
Without Judæa's watchful sons await,
To guard the sleeping pageant of the state.
Three youths were these of Judah's royal race,
Three youths whom nature dowered with every grac
To each the form of symmetry she gave,
And haughty genius cursed each favourite slave;
These filled the cup, around the monarch kept,
Served as he spake, and guarded whilst he slept.

Yet oft for Salem's hallowed towers laid low
The sigh would heave, the unbidden tear would flow;

And when the dull and wearying round of Power
Allowed Zorobabel one vacant hour,
He loved on Babylon's high wall to roam,
And stretch the gaze towards his distant home;
Or on Euphrates' willowy banks reclined,
Hear the sad harp moan fitful to the wind.

As now the perfumed lamps stream wide their light,
And social converse cheers the livelong night,
Thus spake Zorobabel: "Too long in vain
For Zion desolate her sons complain;
In anguish worn the joyless years lag slow,
And these proud conquerors mock their captive's woe.
Whilst Cyrus triumphed here in victor state
A brighter prospect cheered our exiled fate,
Our sacred walls again he bade us raise,
And to Jehovah rear the pile of praise.
Quickly these fond hopes faded from our eyes,
As the frail sun that gilds the wintry skies,
And spreads a moment's radiance o'er the plain,
Soon hid by clouds which dim the scene again.

"Opprest by Artaxerxes' jealous reign,
We vainly pleaded here, and wept in vain.
Now when Darius, chief of mild command,
Bids joy and pleasure fill the festive land,
Still shall we droop the head in sullen grief,
And, sternly silent, shun to seek relief?
What if amid the monarch's mirthful throng
Our harps should echo to the cheerful song?

"Fair is the occasion," thus the one replied,
"Now then let all our tuneful skill be tried.
While the gay courtiers quaff the smiling bowl,
And wine's strong fumes inspire the maddened soul,
Where all around is merriment, be mine
To strike the lute, and praise the power of wine."

"And while," his friend replied, "in state alone,
Lord of the earth, Darius fills the throne,
Be yours the mighty power of wine to sing,
My lute shall sound the praise of Persia's king."

To them Zorobabel: "On themes like these
Seek ye the monarch of mankind to please;
To wine superior, or to power's strong arms,
Be mine to sing resistless woman's charms.
To him victorious in the rival lays
Shall just Darius give the meed of praise;
The purple robe his honoured frame shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in his cup of gold;
A golden couch support his bed of rest,
The chain of honour grace his favoured breast;
His the soft turban, his the car's array,
O'er Babylon's high wall to wheel its way,
And for his wisdom seated on the throne,
For the king's cousin shall the bard be known."

Intent they meditate the future lay,
And watch impatient for the dawn of day.
The morn rose clear, and shrill were heard the flute,
The cornet, sackbut, dulcimer, and lute;
To Babylon's gay streets the throng resort,
Swarm through the gates, and fill the festive court.

High on his throne Darius towered in pride,
The fair Apame graced the sovereign's side;
And now she smiled, and now with mimic frown
Placed on her brow the monarch's sacred crown.
In transport o'er her faultless form he bends,
Loves every look, and every act commends.

And now Darius bids the herald call
Judæa's bard to grace the thronging hall.
Husht is each sound—the attending crowd are mute,
The Hebrew lightly strikes the cheerful lute:

When the traveller on his way,
Who has toiled the livelong day,
Feels around on every side
The chilly mists of eventide,
Fatigued and faint his weary mind
Recurs to all he leaves behind;
He thinks upon the well-trimmed hearth,
The evening hour of social mirth,
And her who at departing day
Weeps for her husband far away;

O give to him the flowing bowl,
Bid it renovate his soul;
Then shall sorrow sink to sleep,
And he who wept no more shall weep;
For his care-clouded brow shall clear,
And his glad eye shall sparkle through the tear.

When the poor man heart-oppress
Betakes him to his evening rest,
And worn with labour thinks in sorrow
Of the labour of to-morrow;
When sadly musing on his lot
He hies him to his joyless cot,
And loathes to meet his children there,
The rivals for his scanty fare;
O give to him the flowing bowl,
Bid it renovate his soul;
The generous juice with magic power
Shall cheat with happiness the hour,
And with each warm affection fill
The heart by want and wretchedness made chill.

When, at the dim close of day,
The captive loves alone to stray
Along the haunts recluse and rude
Of sorrow and of solitude;
When he sits with moveless eye
To mark the lingering radiance die,
And lets distempered fancy roam
Amid the ruins of his home,—
O give to him the flowing bowl,
Bid it renovate his soul;
The bowl shall better thoughts bestow,
And lull to rest his wakeful woe,
And joy shall bless the evening hour,
And make the captive fortune's conqueror.

When the wearying cares of state
Oppress the monarch with their weight,
When from his pomp retired alone
He feels the duties of the throne,
Feels that the multitude below
Depend on him for weal or woe;

When his powerful will may bless
A realm with peace and happiness,
Or with desolating breath
Breathe ruin round, and woe, and death:
O give to him the flowing bowl,
Bid it humanize his soul;
He shall not feel the empire's weight,
He shall not feel the cares of state,
The bowl shall each dark thought beguile,
And nations live and prosper from his smile.

Husht was the lute, the Hebrew ceased the song,
Long peals of plaudits echoed from the throng;
Each tongue the liberal words of praise repaid,
On every cheek a smile applauding played;
The rival bard approached, he struck the string,
And poured the loftier song to Persia's king.

Why should the wearying cares of state
Oppress the monarch with their weight?
Alike to him if peace shall bless
The multitude with happiness;
Alike to him if phrensied war
Careers triumphant on the embattled plain
And rolling on o'er myriads slain,
With gore and wounds shall clog his scythed car.
What though the tempest rage! no sound
Of the deep thunder shakes his distant throne,
And the red flash that spreads destruction round,
Reflects a glorious splendour on the crown.

Where is the man who, with ennobling pride,
Beholds not his own nature? where is he
Who without awe can see
The mysteries of the human mind,
The miniature of Deity?
For man the vernal clouds descending
Shower down their fertilizing rain,
For man the ripened harvest bending
Waves with soft murmur o'er the plenteous plain.
He spreads the sail on high,
The rude gale wafts him o'er the main;
For him the winds of heaven subservient blow,
Earth teems for him, for him the waters flow,
He thinks, and wills, and acts, a Deity below!

Where is the king who, with elating pride,
Sees not this man—this godlike man his slave?
Mean are the mighty by the monarch's side,
Alike the wise, alike the brave
With timid step and pale, advance,
And tremble at the royal glance;
Suspended millions watch his breath
Whose smile is happiness, whose frown is death.

Why goes the peasant from that little cot,
Where peace and love have blest his humble life?
In vain his agonizing wife
With tears bedews her husband's face,
And clasps him in a long and last embrace;
In vain his children round his bosom creep,
And weep to see their mother weep,
Fettering their father with their little arms.
What are to him the war's alarms?
What are to him the distant foes?
He at the earliest dawn of day
To daily labour went his way;
And when he saw the sun decline,
He sat in peace beneath his vine.
The king commands, the peasant goes,
From all he loved on earth he flies,
And for his monarch toils, and fights, and bleeds, and dies.

What though yon city's castled wall
Cast o'er the darkened plain its crested shade?
What though their priests in earnest terror call
On all their host of gods to aid?
Vain is the bulwark, vain the tower;
In vain her gallant youths expose
Their breasts, a bulwark, to the foes.
In vain at that tremendous hour,
Clasped in the savage soldier's reeking arms,
Shrieks to tame Heaven the violated maid.
By the rude hand of ruin scattered round
Their moss-grown towers shall spread the desert ground.
Low shall the mouldering palace lie,
Amid the *princely halls* the grass wave high,
And through the shattered roof descend the inclement sky.

Gay o'er the embattled plain
Moves yonder warrior train,
Their banners wanton on the morning gale!
Full on their bucklers beams the rising ray,
Their glittering helms give glories to the day,
The shout of war rings echoing o'er the vale:
Far reaches as the aching eye can strain
The splendid horror of their wide array.
Ah! not in vain expectant, o'er
Their glorious pomp the vultures soar!
Amid the conqueror's palace high
Shall sound the song of victory:
Long after journeying o'er the plain
The traveller shall with startled eye
See their white bones then blanched by many a winter sky

Lord of the earth! we will not raise
The temple to thy bounded praise.
For thee no victim need expire,
For thee no altar blaze with hallowed fire!
The burning city flames for thee—
Thine altar is the field of victory!
Thy sacred Majesty to bless
Man a self-offered victim freely flies.
To thee he sacrifices happiness
And peace, and love's endearing ties.
To thee a slave he lives, to thee a slave he dies.

Husht was the lute, the Hebrew ceased to sing,
The shout rushed forth—For ever live the king!
Loud was the uproar, as when Rome's decree
Pronounced Achaia once again was free;
Assembled Greece enrapt with fond belief
Heard the false boon, and blessed the villain chief;
Each breast with freedom's holy ardour glows,
From every voice the cry of rapture rose;
Their thundering clamours burst the astonished sky,
And birds o'erpassing hear, and drop, and die.
Thus o'er the Persian dome their plaudits ring,
And the high hall re-echoed—Live the king!
The mutes bowed reverent down before their lord,
The assembled satraps envied and adored,
Joy sparkled in the monarch's conscious eyes,
And his pleased pride already doomed the prize.

Silent they saw Zorobabel advance:
Quick on Apame shot his timid glance,
With downward eye he paused a moment mute,
And with light finger touched the softer lute.
Apame knew the Hebrew's grateful cause,
And bent her head, and sweetly smiled applause.

Why is the warrior's cheek so red?
Why downward drops his musing head?
Why that slow step, that faint advance,
That keen yet quick retreating glance?
That crested hand in war towered high,
No backward glance disgraced that eye,
No flushing fear that cheek o'erspread
When stern he strode o'er heaps of dead:
Strange tumult now his bosom moves—
The warrior fears because he loves.

Why does the youth delight to rove
Amid the dark and lonely grove?
Why in the throng where all are gay,
His wandering eye with meaning fraught,
Sits he alone in silent thought?
Silent he sits; for far away
His passioned soul delights to stray;
Recluse he roves, and strives to shun
All human-kind because he loves but One!

Yes, King of Persia, thou art blest;
But not because the sparkling bowl
To rapture lifts thy wakened soul.
But not because of power possest,
Not that the nations dread thy nod,
And princes reverence thee their earthly God.
Even on a monarch's solitude
Care, the black spectre, will intrude,
The bowl brief pleasure can bestow,
The purple cannot shield from woe.
But, King of Persia, thou art blest,
For Heaven, who raised thee thus the world above,
Has made thee happy in Apame's love!

Oh! I have seen his fond looks trace
Each angel feature of her face,

Rove o'er her form with eager eye,
And sigh and gaze, and gaze and sigh.
Lo! from his brow with mimic frown
Apame takes the sacred crown;
Her faultless form, her lovely face
Add to the diadem new grace:
And subject to a woman's laws
Darius sees and smiles applause!

He ceased, and silent still remained the throng,
Whilst rapt attention owned the power of song.
Then loud as when the wintry whirlwinds blow,
From every voice the thundering plaudits flow;
Darius smiled, Apame's sparkling eyes
Glanced on the king, and woman won the prize.

Now silent sat the expectant crowd: Alone
The victor Hebrew gazed not on the throne;
With deeper hue his cheek distempered glows,
With statelier stature loftier now he rose;
Heavenward he gazed, regardless of the throng,
And poured with awful voice sublimer song.

Ancient of Days! Eternal Truth! one hymn,
One holier strain the bard shall raise to thee,
Thee powerful! thee benevolent! thee just!
Friend! Father! all in all! the vine's rich blood,
The monarch's might, and women's conquering charms.
These shall we praise alone! O ye who sit
Beneath your vine, and quaff at evening hour
The healthful bowl, remember Him whose dews,
Whose rains, whose sun, matured the growing fruit,
Creator and Preserver! reverence Him,
O Thou, who from Thy throne dispensest life
And death, for He has delegated power,
And thou shalt one day, at the throne of God,
Render most strict account! O ye who gaze
Enrapt on beauty's fascinating form,
Gaze on with love, and loving beauty, learn
To shun abhorrent all the mental eye
Beholds deformed and foul; for so shall love
Climb to the source of virtue. God of truth!
All-just! all-mighty! I should ill deserve
Thy noblest gift, the gift divine of song,

If, so content with * ear-deep melodies
To please all profitless, I did not pour
Severer strains; of truth—eternal truth,
Unchanging justice, universal love.
Such strains awake the soul to loftiest thought;
Such strains the blessed spirits of the good
Waft, grateful incense! to the halls of Heaven.

The dying notes still murmured on the string,
When from his throne arose the raptured king.
About to speak he stood, and waved his hand,
And all expectant sat the obedient band.

Then just and generous, thus the monarch cries,
Be thine, Zorobabel, the well-earned prize.
The purple robe of state thy form shall fold,
The beverage sparkle in thy cup of gold;
The golden couch, the car, and honoured chain,
Requite the merits of thy favoured strain,
And raised supreme the ennobled race among,
Be called my cousin, for the victor song.
Nor these alone the victor song shall bless,
Ask what thou wilt, and what thou wilt possess."

"Fallen is Jerusalem!" the Hebrew cries,
And patriot anguish fills his streaming eyes,
"Hurled to the earth, by rapine's vengeful rod,
Polluted lies the temple of our God.
Far in a foreign land, her sons remain,
Hear the keen taunt, and drag the captive chain;
In fruitless woe they wear the wearying years,
And steep the bread of bitterness in tears.
O monarch, greatest, mildest, best of men,
Restore us to those ruined walls again!
Allow our race to rear that sacred dome,
To live in liberty, and die at home."

So spake Zorobabel.—Thus woman's praise
Availed again Jerusalem to raise,
Called forth the sanction of the despot's nod,
And freed the nation best beloved of God.

* *This* expression is from Owen Felltham.

POEMS ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

I am innocent of this blood, SEE YE TO IT!

SONNETS.

I.

HOLD your mad hands! for ever on your plain
Must the gorged vulture clog his beak with blood?
For ever must your Niger's tainted flood
Roll to the ravenous shark his banquet slain?
Hold your mad hands! what demon prompts to rear
The arm of slaughter? on your savage shore
Can hell-sprung glory claim the feast of gore,
With laurels watered by the widow's tear
Wreathing his helmet crown? lift high the spear!
And like the desolating whirlwind's sweep,
Plunge ye yon bark of anguish in the deep;
For the pale fiend cold-hearted Commerce there
Breathes his gold-gendered pestilence afar.
And calls, to share the prey, his kindred demon War.

II.

WHY dost thou beat thy breast and rend thine hair,
And to the deaf sea pour thy frantic cries?
Before the gale the laden vessel flies;
The heavens all-favouring smile, the breeze is fair;
Hark to the clamours of the exulting crew;
Hark how their thunders mock the patient skies;
Why dost thou shriek, and strain thy red-swoln eyes,
As the white sail dim lessens from thy view?
Go pine in want, and anguish, and despair,

There is no mercy found in human-kind—
Go, widow, to thy grave, and rest thee there!
But may the God of justice bid the wind
Whelm that curst bark beneath the mountain wave,
And bless with liberty and death the slave!

III.

Oh, he is worn with toil! the big drops run
Down his dark cheek; hold—hold thy merciless hand,
Pale tyrant! for beneath thy hard command
O'erwearied nature sinks. The scorching sun,
As pitiless as proud prosperity,
Darts on him his full beams; gasping he lies,
Arraigning with his looks the patient skies,
While that inhuman trader lifts on high
The mangling scourge. O ye who at your ease
Sip the blood-sweetened beverage! thoughts like these
Haply ye scorn: I thank thee, gracious God,
That I do feel upon my cheek the glow
Of indignation, when beneath the rod
A sable brother writhes in silent woe.

IV.

'Tis night; the mercenary tyrants sleep
As undisturbed as justice! but no more
The wretched slave as on his native shore,
Rests on his reedy couch: he wakes to weep!
Though through the toil and anguish of the day
No tear escaped him, not one suffering groan
Beneath the twisted thong, he weeps alone
In bitterness; thinking that far away,
Though the gay Negroes join the midnight song,
Though merriment resounds on Niger's shore,
She whom he loves, far from the cheerful throng
Stands sad, and gazes from her lowly door
With dim-grown eye, silent and woe-begone,
And weeps for him who will return no more.

V.

Did then the Negro rear at last the sword
Of vengeance? drenched he deep its thirsty blade
In the hard heart of his tyrannic lord?
Oh! who shall blame him? through the midnight shad
Still o'er his tortured memory rushed the thought
Of every past delight; his native grove,
Friendship's best joys, and liberty and love,
All lost for ever! then remembrance wrought
His soul to madness: round his restless bed
Freedom's pale spectre stalked, with a stern smile
Pointing the wounds of slavery, the while
She shook her chains and hung her sullen head:
No more on Heaven he calls with fruitless breath,
But sweetens with revenge the draught of death.

VI.

High in the air exposed the slave is hung,
To all the birds of heaven their living food!
He groans not, though awaked by that fierce sun,
New torturers live to drink their parent blood!
He groans not, though the gorging vulture tear
The quivering fibre! Hither gaze, O ye
Who tore this man from peace and liberty!
Gaze hither, ye who weigh with scrupulous care
The right and prudent; for beyond the grave
There is another world! and call to mind,
Ere your decrees proclaim to all mankind,
Murder is legalized, that there the slave,
Before the Eternal, "thunder-tongued shall plead
Against the deep damnation of your deed."

TO THE GENIUS OF AFRICA.

O THOU, who from the mountain's height
Rollest down thy clouds with all their weight
Of waters to old Nile's majestic tide;
Or o'er the dark sepulchral plain,
Recallest Carthage in her ancient pride,
The mistress of the main;
Hear, Genius, hear thy children's cry!
Not always shouldst thou love to brood
Stern o'er the desert solitude,
Where seas of sand toss their hot surges high;
Nor, Genius, should the midnight song
Detain thee in some milder mood
The palmy plains among,
Where Gambia to the torches' light
Flows radiant through the awakened night.
Ah linger not to hear the song!
Genius, avenge thy children's wrong!
The demon Commerce on your shore
Pours all the horrors of his train:
And hark, where from the field of gore
Howls the hyena o'er the slain;
Lo! where the flaming village fires the skies!
Avenging Power, awake! arise!

Arise, thy children's wrongs redress!
Ah heed the mother's wretchedness,
When in the hot infectious air,
O'er her sick babe she bows opprest—
Ah hear her when the Christians tear
The drooping infant from her breast;
Whelmed in the waters he shall rest!
Hear thou the wretched mother's cries,
Avenging Power, awake! arise!

By the rank infected air
That taints those dungeons of despair,
By those who there imprisoned die,
Where the black herd promiscuous lie

By the scourges blackened o'er,
And stiff and hard with human gore,
By every groan of deep distress,
By every curse of wretchedness,
By all the train of crimes that flow
From the hopelessness of woe,
By every drop of blood bespilt,
By Afric's wrongs and Europe's guilt,
Awake! arise! avenge!

And thou hast heard: and o'er their blood-fed plains
Swept thine avenging hurricanes;
And bade thy storms, with whirlwind roar,
Dash their proud navies on the shore;
And where their armies claimed the fight,
Withered the warrior's might;
And o'er the unholy host, with baneful breath,
There, Genius, thou hast breathed the gales of death.

THE SAILOR WHO SERVED IN THE SLAVE-TRADE.

In September, 1798, a dissenting minister of Bristol discovered a sailor in the neighbourhood of that city, groaning and praying in a hovel. The circumstance that occasioned his agony of mind is detailed in the annexed ballad, without the slightest addition or alteration. By presenting it as a poem, the story is made more public; and such stories ought to be made as public as possible.

He stopt,... it surely was a groan
That from the hovel came!
He stopt and listened anxiously,
Again it sounds the same.

From yonder hovel sure it came,...
And now he hastens there,
And thence he hears the name of Christ
Amid a broken prayer.

And entering in the outhouse then,
A sailor there he sees,
His hands were lifted up to Heaven,
And he was on his knees.

Nor did the sailor so intent
His entering footsteps heed,
But now the Lord's prayer said, and now
His half-forgotten creed.

And often on his Saviour call'd
With many a bitter groan,
And in such anguish as could spring
From deepest guilt alone.

He ask'd the miserable man
Why he was kneeling there,
And what the crime had been that caus'd
The anguish of his prayer.

Oh, I have done a cursed thing!
It haunts me night and day,
And I have sought this lonely place
Here undisturb'd to pray.

I have no place to pray on board,
So I came here alone,
That I might freely kneel and pray,
And call on Christ and groan.

If to the main-mast head I go,
The wicked one is there,
From place to place, from rope to rope,
He follows everywhere.

I shut my eyes, . . . it matters not . . .
Still still the same I see, . . .
And when I lie me down at night,
'Tis always day with me.

He follows, follows everywhere,
And every place is hell!
O God . . . and I must go with him
In endless fire to dwell.

He follows, follows everywhere,
He's still above . . . below,
Oh tell me where to fly from him!
Oh tell me where to go!

But tell me, quoth the stranger then,
What this thy crime hath been,
So haply I may comfort give
To one that grieves for sin.

Oh I have done a cursed deed!
The wretched man replies,
And night and day, and everywhere,
'Tis still before my eyes.

I sail'd on board a Guinea-man
And to the slave-coast went;
Would that the sea had swallowed me
When I was innocent!

And we took in our cargo there,
Three hundred negro slaves,
And we sail'd homeward merrily
Over the ocean waves.

But some were sulky of the slaves
And would not touch their meat,
So therefore we were forced by threats
And blows to make them eat.

One woman, sulkier than the rest,
Would still refuse her food, . . .
O Jesus God! I hear her cries . . .
I see her in her blood!

The captain made me tie her up,
And flog while he stood by,
And then he curs'd me if I staid
My hand to hear her cry.

She groan'd, she shriek'd . . . I could not spare
For the captain he stood by . . .
Dear God! that I might rest one night
From that poor woman's cry.

She twisted from the blows—her blood,
  Her mangled flesh I see—
And still the captain would not spare—
  Oh, he was worse than me!

She could not be more glad than I
  When she was taken down,
A blessed minute! 'twas the last
  That I have ever known!

I did not close my eyes all night
  Thinking what I had done;
I heard her groans, and they grew faint,
  About the rising sun.

She groan'd and groan'd, but her groans grew
  Fainter at morning tide,
Fainter and fainter still they came,
  Till at the noon she died.

They flung her overboard;—poor wretch!
  She rested from her pain,—
But when—O Christ! O blessed God!
  Shall I have rest again!

I saw the sea close over her,
  Yet she is still in sight;
I see her twisting everywhere
  I see her day and night.

Go where I will, do what I can,
  The wicked one I see—
Dear Christ, have mercy on my soul,—
  O God, deliver me!

ECLOGUES.

THE CONVICTS OF NEW SOUTH WAI

ELINOR.

Time, Morning. Scene, the Shore.

Once more to daily toil, once more to wear
The livery of shame, once more to search
With miserable task this savage shore!
Oh Thou, who mountest so triumphantly
In yonder heaven, beginning thy career
Of glory, Oh thou blessed Sun! thy beams
Fall on me with the same benignant light
Here, at the furthest limits of the world,
And blasted as I am with infamy,
As when in better years poor Elinor
Gazed on thy glad uprise with eye undimmed
By guilt and sorrow, and the opening morn
Woke her from quiet sleep to days of peace.
In other occupation then I trod
The beach at eve; and then, when I beheld
The billows as they rolled before the storm
Burst on the rock and rage, my timid soul
Shrunk at the perils of the boundless deep,
And heaved a sigh for suffering mariners.
Ah! little thinking I myself was doomed
To tempt the perils of the boundless deep,
An outcast, unbeloved and unbewailed.

Still will thou haunt me, memory! still present
The fields of England to my exiled eyes,
The joys which once were mine! Even now I see
The lowly lovely dwelling! even now
Behold the woodbine clasping its white walls,
Where fearlessly the red-breasts chirp around
To ask their morning meal: and where at eve
I loved to sit and watch the rook sail by,
And hear his hollow croak, what time he sought
The church-yard elm, that with its ancient boughs
Full-foliaged, half concealed the house of God:
That holy house, where I so oft have heard
My father's voice explain the wondrous works
Of heaven to sinful man. Ah! little deemed
His virtuous bosom that his shameless child
So soon should spurn the lesson! sink, the slave
Of vice and infamy! the hireling prey
Of brutal appetite! At length, worn out
With famine, and the avenging scourge of guilt,
Should dare dishonesty—yet dread to die!

Welcome, ye savage lands, ye barbarous climes,
Where angry England sends her outcast sons,
I hail your joyless shores! My weary bark,
Long tempest-tost on life's inclement sea,
Here hails her haven! welcomes the drear scene,
The marshy plain, the brier-entangled wood,
And all the perils of a world unknown,—
For Elinor has nothing new to fear
From fickle fortune! All her rankling shafts
Barbed with disgrace, and venomed with disease,
Have pierced my bosom, and the dart of death
Has lost its terrors to a wretch like me.

Welcome, ye marshy heaths! ye pathless woods,
Where the rude native rests his wearied frame,
Beneath the sheltering shade; where, when the storm,
As rough and bleak it rolls along the sky,
Benumbs his naked limbs, he flies to seek
The dripping shelter. Welcome, ye wild plains
Unbroken by the plough, undelved by hand
Of patient rustic; where, for lowing herds,
And for the music of the bleating flocks,
Alone is heard the kangaroo's sad note

Deepening in distance. Welcome, ye rude climes,
The realm of Nature! For—as yet unknown
The crimes and comforts of luxurious life—
Nature benignly gives to all enough,
Denies to all a superfluity.
What though the garb of infamy I wear,
Though day by day along the echoing beach
I cull the wave-worn shells; yet day by day
I earn in honesty my frugal food,
And lay me down at night to calm repose,
No more condemned the mercenary tool
Of brutal lust, while heaves the indignant heart
With virtue's stifled sigh, to fold my arms
Round the rank felon, and for daily bread
To hug contagion to my poisoned breast;
On these wild shores repentance' saviour hand
Shall probe my secret soul; shall cleanse its wounds,
And fit the faithful penitent for heaven.

HUMPHREY AND WILLIAM.

Time, Noon.

HUMPHREY.

SEE'ST thou not, William, that the scorching sun
By this time half his daily race has run?
The savage thrusts his light canoe to shore,
And hurries homeward with his fishy store.
Suppose we leave awhile this stubborn soil,
To eat our dinner and to rest from toil.

WILLIAM.

Agreed. Yon tree, whose purple gum bestows
A ready medicine for the sick man's woes,
Forms with its shadowy boughs a cool retreat
To shield us from the noontide's sultry heat.
Ah, Humphrey! now, upon old England's shore,
The weary labourer's morning work is o'er:

The woodman now rests from his measured stroke,
Flings down his axe and sits beneath the oak.
Savoured with hunger there he eats his food,
There drinks the cooling streamlet of the wood.
To us no cooling streamlet winds its way,
No joys domestic crown for us the day.
The felon's name, the outcast's garb we wear,
Toil all the day, and all the night despair.

HUMPHREY.

Ah, William! labouring up the furrowed ground,
I used to love the village clock's dull sound,
Rejoice to hear my morning toil was done,
And trudge it homewards when the clock went one.
'Twas ere I turned a soldier and a sinner!
Pshaw! curse this whining—let us fall to dinner.

WILLIAM.

I, too, have loved this hour, nor yet forgot
Each joy domestic of my little cot.
For at this hour my wife, with watchful care,
Was wont each humbler dainty to prepare;
The keenest sauce by hunger was supplied,
And my poor children prattled at my side.
Methinks I see the old oak table spread,
The clean white trencher and the good brown bread,
The cheese my daily food which Mary made,
For Mary knew full well the housewife's trade:
The jug of cider—cider I could make—
And then the knives—I won 'em at the wake.
Another has them now! I, toiling here,
Look backward like a child, and drop a tear.

HUMPHREY.

I love a dismal story: tell me thine,
Meantime, good Will, I'll listen as I dine.
I, too, my friend, can tell a piteous story—
When I turned hero how I purchased glory.

WILLIAM.

But, Humphrey, sure thou never canst have known
The comforts of a little home thine own:
A *home so snug, so* cheerful, too, as mine;
Twas always clean, and we could make it fine;

For there King Charles's golden rules were seen,
And there—God bless 'em both—the king and queen.
The pewter plates, our garnished chimney's grace,
So nicely scoured, you might have seen your face;
And over all, to frighten thieves, was hung,
Well cleaned although but seldom used, my gun.
Ah! that damned gun! I took it down one morn—
A desperate deal of harm they did my corn!
Our testy squire too loved to save the breed,
So covey upon covey ate my seed.
I marked the mischievous rogues, and took my aim;
I fired, they fell, and—up the keeper came.
That cursed morning brought on my undoing;
I went to prison, and my farm to ruin.
Poor Mary! for her grave the parish paid,
No tombstone tells where her cold corpse is laid!
My children—my dear boys—

HUMPHREY.

Come—grief is dry.—
You to your dinner—to my story I.
To you, my friend, who happier days have known,
And each calm comfort of a home your own,
This is bad living: I have spent my life
In hardest toil and unavailing strife,
And here (from forest ambush safe at least)
To me this scanty pittance seems a feast.
I was a plough-boy once; as free from woes
And blithesome as the lark with whom I rose.
Each evening at return a meal I found;
And, though my bed was hard, my sleep was sound.
One Whitsuntide, to go to fair, I drest
Like a great bumpkin, in my Sunday's best;
A primrose posey in my hat I stuck,
And to the revel went to try my luck,
From show to show, from booth to booth I stray,
See, stare, and wonder, all the live-long day.
A serjeant to the fair recruiting came,
Skilled in man-catching, to beat up for game;
Our booth he entered and sat down by me;—
Methinks even now the very scene I see!
The canvass roof, the hogshead's running store,
The old blind fiddler seated next the door,

The frothy tankard passing to and fro,
And the rude rabble round the puppet-show.
The serjeant eyed me well—the punch-bowl comes,
And as we laughed and drank, up struck the drums.
And now he gives a bumper to his wench,
God save the king, and then—God damn the French!
Then tells the story of his last campaign,
How many wounded and how many slain,
Flags flying, cannons roaring, drums a-beating,
The English marching on, the French retreating,—
"Push on—push on, my lads! they fly before ye,
March on to riches, happiness and glory!"
At first I wondered, by degrees grew bolder,
Then cried—"'Tis a fine thing to be a soldier!"
"Aye, Humphrey!" says the serjeant—"that's your name?"
'Tis a fine thing to fight the French for fame!
March to the field—knock out a mounseer's brains,
And pick the scoundrel's pocket for your pains.
Come, Humphrey, come, thou art a lad of spirit;
Rise to a halbert—as I did—by merit!
Wouldst thou believe it? even I was once
As thou art now, a plough-boy and a dunce;
But courage raised me to my rank. How now, boy!
Shall hero Humphrey still be Numps the plough-boy?
A proper-shaped young fellow! tall and straight!
Why, thou wert made for glory!—five feet eight!
The road to riches is the field of fight,—
Didst ever see a guinea look so bright?
Why, regimentals, Numps, would give thee grace,
A hat and feather would become that face;
The girls would crowd around thee to be kist—
Dost love a girl?" "Od zounds!" I cried, "I'll list!"
So passed the night: anon the morning came,
And off I set a volunteer for fame.
"Back shoulders, turn out your toes, hold up your head,
Stand easy!" so I did—till almost dead.
O how I longed to tend the plough again,
Trudge up the field and whistle o'er the plain,
When tired and sore amid the piteous throng,
Hungry and cold and wet I limped along,
And growing fainter as I passed and colder,
Cursed that ill hour when I became a soldier!
In town I found *the hours* more gaily pass,
And time fled swiftly with my girl and glass;

The girls were wondrous kind and wondrous fair,
They soon transferr'd me to the doctor's care;
The doctor undertook to cure the evil,
And he almost transferred me to the devil.
'Twere tedious to relate the dismal story
Of fighting, fasting, wretchedness, and glory.
At last discharged, to England's shores I came,
Paid for my wounds with want, instead of fame;
Found my fair friends, and plundered as they bade me.
They kist me, coaxed me, robbed me, and betrayed me.
Tried and condemned, his majesty transports me,
And here in peace, I thank him, he supports me.
So ends my dismal and heroic story,
And Humphrey gets more good from guilt than glory.

JOHN, SAMUEL, AND RICHARD.

Time, Evening.

JOHN.

'Tis a calm pleasant evening, the light fades away,
And the sun going down has done watch for the day.
To my mind, we live wondrous well when transported;
It is but to work, and we must be supported.
Fill the can, Dick! Success here to Botany Bay!

RICHARD.

Success if you will,—but God send me away!

JOHN.

You lubberly landsmen don't know when you're well!
Hadst thou known half the hardships of which I can tell!
The sailor has no place of safety in store—
From the tempest at sea, to the press-gang on shore!
When roguery rules all the rest of the earth,
God be thanked, in this corner I've got a good berth.

SAMUEL.

Talk of hardships! what these are the sailor don't know;
'Tis the soldier, my friend, that's acquainted with woe,

ıg journeys, short halting, hard work, and small pay,
be popt at like pigeons for sixpence a day!—
ank God! I'm safe quartered at Botany Bay.

JOHN.

! you know but little: I'll wager a pot
ave suffered more evils than fell to your lot,
ne, we'll have it all fairly and properly tried,
l story for story, and Dick shall decide.

SAMUEL.

ne.

JOHN.

Done. 'Tis a wager, and I shall be winner;
ɔu wilt go without grog, Sam, to-morrow, at dinner.

SAMUEL.

'as trapped by the sergeant's palavering pretences,
listed me when I was out of my senses.
I took leave to-day of all care and all sorrow,
d was drilled to repentance and reason to-morrow.

JOHN.

'ould be a sailor and plough the wide ocean,
t was soon sick and sad with the billows' commotion;
the captain he sent me aloft on the mast,
d cursed me, and bid me cry there—and hold fast!

SAMUEL.

ter marching all day, faint, and hungry, and sore,
ıave lain down at night on the swamps of the moor,
ısheltered, and forced by fatigue to remain,
ı chilled by the wind and benumbed by the rain.

JOHN.

ıave rode out the storm when the billows beat high,
d the red gleaming lightnings flashed through the dark
ıen the tempest of night the black sea overcast, [sky;
ɜt and weary I laboured, yet sung to the blast.

SAMUEL.

ıave marched, trumpets sounding, drums beating, flags
flying,
ıere the music of war drowned the shrieks of the dying.

When the shots whizzed around me all dangers defied,
Pushed on when my comrades fell dead at my side;
Drove the foe from the mouth of the cannon away,
Fought, conquered, and bled, all for sixpence a day.

JOHN.

And I, too, friend Samuel! have heard the shots rattle,
But we seamen rejoice in the play of the battle;
Though the chain and the grape-shot roll splintering around,
With the blood of our messmates though slippery the ground,
The fiercer the fight, still the fiercer we grow,
We heed not our loss so we conquer the foe;
And the hard battle won, if the prize be not sunk,
The captain gets rich, and the sailors get drunk.

SAMUEL.

God help the poor soldier when backward he goes
In disgraceful retreat through a country of foes!
No respite from danger by day or by night,
He is still forced to fly, still o'ertaken to fight;
Every step that he takes he must battle his way,
He must force his hard meal from the peasant away;
No rest and no hope, from all succour afar,
God forgive the poor soldier for going to the war!

JOHN.

But what are these dangers to those I have past
When the dark billows roared to the roar of the blast;
When we worked at the pumps, worn with labour and weak,
And with dread still beheld the increase of the leak?
Sometimes, as we rose on the wave, could our sight
From the rocks of the shore catch the light-house's light;
In vain to the beach to assist us they press,
We fire faster and faster our guns of distress;
Still, with rage unabating, the wind and waves roar;
How the giddy wreck reels, as the billows burst o'er!
Leap—leap—for she yawns—for she sinks in the wave!
Call on God to preserve—for God only can save.

SAMUEL.

There's an end of all troubles, however, at last!
And when I in the waggon of wounded was cast,

When my wounds with the chilly night-wind smarted sore,
And I thought of the friends I should never see more,
No hand to relieve—scarce a morsel of bread—
Sick at heart I have envied the peace of the dead!
Left to rot in a jail till by treaty set free,
Old England's white cliffs with what joy did I see!
I had gained enough glory, some wounds, but no good,
And was turned on the public to shift how I could.
When I think what I've suffered, and where I am now,
I curse him who snared me away from the plough.

JOHN.

When I was discharged I went home to my wife,
There in comfort to spend all the rest of my life,
My wife was industrious; we earned what we spent,
And though little we had, were with little content;
And whenever I listened, and heard the wind roar,
I blessed God for my little snug cabin on shore.
At midnight they seized me, they dragged me away,
They wounded me sore when I would not obey,
And because for my country I'd ventured my life,
I was dragged like a thief from my home and my wife.
Then the fair wind of fortune chopped round in my face,
And want at length drove me to guilt and disgrace—
But all's for the best!—on the world's wide sea cast,
I am havened in peace in this corner at last.

SAMUEL.

Come, Dick! we have done—and for judgment we call.

RICHARD.

And in faith I can give you no judgment at all;
But that as you're now settled, and safe from foul weather,
You drink up your grog and be merry together.

FREDERIC.

Time, Night. Scene, the Woods.

WHERE shall I turn me? whither shall I bend
My weary way? thus worn with toil and faint,
How through the thorny mazes of this wood
Attain my distant dwelling? That deep cry
That rings along the forest, seems to sound
My parting knell: it is the midnight howl
Of hungry monsters prowling for their prey!
Again! O save me—save me, gracious Heaven!
I am not fit to die.
Thou coward wretch,
Why heaves thy trembling heart? why shake thy limbs
Beneath their palsied burden? Is there aught
So lovely in existence? Wouldst thou drain
Even to its dregs the bitter draught of life?
Stamped with the brand of vice and infamy,
Why should the villain Frederic shrink from death?

Death! Where the magic in that empty name
That chills my inmost heart? Why at the thought
Starts the cold dew of fear on every limb?
There are no terrors to surround the grave,
When the calm mind, collected in itself,
Surveys that narrow house: the ghastly train
That haunt the midnight of delirious guilt
Then vanish. In that home of endless rest
All sorrows cease.—Would I might slumber there!

Why, then, this panting of the fearful heart?
This miser love of life, that dreads to lose
Its cherish'd torment? Shall the diseased man
Yield up his members to the surgeon's knife,
Doubtful of succour, but to ease his frame
Of fleshly anguish; and the coward wretch,
Whose ulcerated soul can know no help,
Shrink from the best Physician's certain aid?
Oh, it were better far to lay me down
Here on this cold damp earth, till some wild beast
Seize on his willing victim!
If to die
Were all, it were most sweet to rest my head
On the cold clod, and sleep the sleep of death.

But if the archangel's trump at the last hour
Startle the ear of death, and wake the soul
To phrensy!—dreams of infancy: fit tales
For garrulous beldames to affrighten babes!
What if I warred upon the world? the world
Had wronged me first: I had endured the ills
Of hard injustice: all this goodly earth
Was but to me one wild waste wilderness;
I had no share in nature's patrimony,
Blasted were all my morning hopes of youth,
Dark disappointment followed on my ways,
Care was my bosom inmate, and keen want
Gnawed at my heart. Eternal one, thou knowest
How that poor heart, even in the bitter hour
Of lewdest revelry, has inly yearned
For peace.
My Father! I will call on thee,
Pour to thy mercy-seat my earnest prayer,
And wait thy righteous will, resigned of soul.
Oh, thoughts of comfort! how the afflicted heart,
Tired with the tempest of its passions, rests
On you with holy hope! The hollow howl
Of yonder harmless tenant of the woods
Bursts not with terror on the sobered sense.
If I have sinned against mankind, on them
Be that past sin—they made me what I was.
In these extremest climes can want no more
Urge to the deeds of darkness, and at length
Here shall I rest. What though my hut be poor—
The rains descend not through its humble roof:
Would I were there again! The night is cold;
And what if in my wanderings I should rouse
The savage from his thicket!
Hark! the gun!
And lo, the fire of safety! I shall reach
My little hut again! again by toil
Force from the stubborn earth my sustenance,
And quick-eared guilt will never start alarmed
Amid the well-earned meal. This felon's garb—
Will it not shield me from the winds of heaven?
And what could purple more? Oh, strengthen me,
Eternal One, in this serener state!
Cleanse thou mine heart, so penitence and faith
Shall heal my soul, and my last days be peace.

ENGLISH ECLOGUES.

The following Eclogues, I believe, bear no resemblance to any poems in our language. This species of composition has become popular in Germany, and I was induced to attempt it by an account of the German Idylls given me in conversation. They cannot properly be styled imitations, as I am ignorant of that language at present, and have never seen any translations or specimens in this kind.

With bad Eclogues I am sufficiently acquainted, from Tityrus and Corydon down to our English Strephons and Thirsises. No kind of poetry can boast of more illustrious names, or is more distinguished by the servile dulness of imitated nonsense. Pastoral writers, "more silly than their sheep," have like their sheep gone on in the same track one after another. Gay stumbled into a new path. His eclogues were the only ones which interested me when I was a boy, and did not know they were burlesque. The subject would furnish matter for a long essay, but this is not the place for it.

How far poems requiring almost a colloquial plainness of language may accord with the public taste, I am doubtful. They have been subjected to able criticism, and revised with care.

THE OLD MANSION.

STRANGER.

OLD friend! why, you seem bent on parish duty,
Breaking the highway stones; and 'tis a task
Somewhat too hard, methinks, for age like yours.

OLD MAN.

Why, yes! for one with such a weight of years,
Upon his back .... I've lived here, man and boy,
In this same parish, near the age of man;
For I am hard upon threescore and ten.
I can remember, sixty years ago,
The beautifying of this mansion here,
When my late lady's father, the old squire,
Came to the estate.

STRANGER.

Why, then you have outlasted
All his improvements, for you see they're making
Great alterations here.

OLD MAN.

Aye, great indeed!
And if my poor old lady could rise up—
God rest her soul!—'twould grieve her to behold
The wicked work is here.

STRANGER.

They've set about it
In right good earnest. All the front is gone:
Here's to be turf, they tell me, and a road
Round to the door. There were some yew-trees, too,
Stood in the court.

OLD MAN.

Aye, master! fine old trees!
My grandfather could just remember back
When they were planted there. It was my task
To keep them trimm'd, and 'twas a pleasure to me:
All straight and smooth, and like a great green wall!
My poor old lady many a time would come
And tell me where to shear; for she had played
In childhood under them, and 'twas her pride
To keep them in their beauty. Plague, I say,
On their new-fangled whimsies! We shall have
A modern shrubbery here stuck full of firs
And your pert poplar trees. I could as soon
Have plough'd my father's grave as cut them down!

STRANGER.

But 'twill be lighter and more cheerful now—
A fine smooth turf, and with a gravel road
Round for the carriage—now it suits my taste.
I like a shrubbery, too, it looks so fresh;
And then there's some variety about it.
In spring the lilac and the Gueldres rose,
And the laburnum with its golden flowers
Waving in the wind. And when the autumn comes,
The bright red berries of the mountain ash,

With firs enough in winter to look green,
And show that something lives. Sure this is better
Than a great hedge of yew that makes it look
All the year round like winter, and for ever
Dropping its poisonous leaves from the under boughs
So dry and bare!

OLD MAN.

Ah! so the new squire thinks;
And pretty work he makes of it. What 'tis
To have a stranger come to an old house!

STRANGER.

It seems you know him not?

OLD MAN.

No, sir, not I.
They tell me he's expected daily now;
But in my lady's time he never came
But once, for they were very distant kin.
If he had played about here when a child
In that fore court, and eat the yew-berries,
And sate in the porch threading the jessamine flowers,
That fell so thick, he had not had the heart
To mar all thus.

STRANGER.

Come—come! all is not wrong.
Those old dark windows—

OLD MAN.

They're demolish'd too,—
As if he could not see through casement glass!
The very red-breasts that so regular
Came to my lady for her morning crumbs,
Wont know the window now!

STRANGER.

Nay, they were high,
And then so darken'd up with jessamine,
Harbouring the vermin. That was a fine tree,
However. Did it not grow in and line
The porch?

OLD MAN.

All over it: it did one good
To pass within ten yards when 'twas in blossom.

There was a sweet-brier, too, that grew beside:
My lady loved at evening to sit there
And knit; and her old dog lay at her feet
And slept in the sun—'twas an old favourite dog:
She did not love him less that he was old
And feeble, and he always had a place
By the fire-side, and when he died at last
She made me dig a grave in the garden for him.
Ah! she was good to all! a woful day
'Twas for the poor when to her grave she went!

STRANGER.

They lost a friend then?

OLD MAN.

You're a stranger here,
Or you wouldn't ask that question. Were they sick?
She had rare cordial waters, and for herbs
She could have taught the doctors. Then at winter,
When weekly she distributed the bread
In the poor old porch, to see her and to hear
The blessings on her! And I warrant them
They were a blessing to her when her wealth
Had been no comfort else. At Christmas, sir!
It would have warm'd your heart if you had seen
Her Christmas kitchen; how the blazing fire
Made her fine pewter shine, and holly boughs
So cheerful red; and as for mistletoe,
The finest bough that grew in the country round
Was mark'd for madam. Then her old ale went
So bountiful about! a Christmas cask,—
And 'twas a noble one!—God help me, sir!
But I shall never see such days again.

STRANGER.

Things may be better yet than you suppose,
And you should hope the best.

OLD MAN.

It don't look well,
These alterations, sir! I'm an old man
And love the good old fashions; we don't find
Old bounty *in new* houses. They've destroyed
All that my lady loved; her favourite walk

Grubb'd up, and they do say that the great row
Of elms behind the house, that meet a-top,
They must fall too. Well! well! I did not think
To live to see all this; and 'tis, perhaps,
A comfort I sha'n't live to see it long.

STRANGER.

But sure all changes are not needs for the worse,
My friend.

OLD MAN.

Mayhap they mayn't, sir;—for all that,
I like what I've been used to. I remember
All this from a child up; and now to lose it,
'Tis losing an old friend. There's nothing left
As 'twas. I go abroad and only meet
With men whose fathers I remember boys;
The brook that used to run before my door,
That's gone to the great pond; the trees I learnt
To climb are down; and I see nothing now
That tells me of old times, except the stones
In the churchyard. You are young, sir, and I hope,
Have many years in store; but pray to God
You mayn't be left the last of all your friends.

STRANGER.

Well! well! you've one friend more than you're aware of.
If the squire's taste don't suit with yours, I warrant
That's all you'll quarrel with: walk in and taste
His beer, old friend! and see if your old lady
E'er broached a better cask. You did not know me,
But we're acquainted now. 'Twould not be easy
To make you like the outside; but within—
That is not changed, my friend! you'll always find
The same old bounty and old welcome there.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S TALE.

JANE.

HARRY! I'm tired of playing. We'll draw round
The fire; and grandmamma, perhaps, will tell us
One of her stories.

HARRY.

Ay, dear grandmamma!
A pretty story: something dismal now;
A bloody murder.

JANE.

Or about a ghost.

GRANDMOTHER.

Nay, nay, I should but frighten ye. You know
The other night when I was telling ye
About the light in the churchyard, how you trembled
Because the screech-owl hooted at the window,
And would not go to-bed.

JANE.

Why, grandmamma,
You said yourself you did not like to hear him.
Pray now! we wont be frightened.

GRANDMOTHER.

Well, well, children!
But you've heard all my stories. Let me see,—
Did I never tell you how the smuggler murdered
The woman down at Pill?

HARRY.

No,—never! never!

GRANDMOTHER.

Not how he cut her head off in the stable?

HARRY.

Oh!—now!—do tell us that!

GRANDMOTHER.

You must have heard
Your mother, children! often tell of her.

She used to weed in the garden here, and worm
Your uncle's dogs,* and serve the house with coal:
And glad enough she was in winter time
To drive her asses here; it was cold work
To follow the slow beasts through sleet and snow;
And here she found a comfortable meal,
And a brave fire to thaw her, for poor Moll
Was always welcome.

HARRY.

Oh! 'twas blear-eyed Moll,
The collier woman—a great ugly woman.
I've heard of her.

GRANDMOTHER.

Ugly enough, poor soul.
At ten yards' distance you could hardly tell
If it were man or woman, for her voice
Was rough as our old mastiff's, and she wore
A man's old coat and hat,—and then her face!
There was a merry story told of her,
How when the press-gang came to take her husband,
As they were both in bed, she heard them coming,
Drest John up in her night-cap, and herself
Put on his clothes, and went before the captain.

JANE.

And so they prest a woman!

GRANDMOTHER.

'Twas a trick
She dearly loved to tell, and all the country
Soon knew the jest, for she was used to travel
For miles around. All weathers and all hours
She crossed the hill, as hardy as her beasts,
Bearing the wind and rain and winter frosts.
And if she did not reach her home at night,
She laid her down in the stable with her asses,
And slept as sound as they did.

HARRY.

With her asses?

* I know not whether this cruel and stupid custom is common in other parts of England. It is supposed to prevent the dogs from doing any mischief should they afterwards become mad.

GRANDMOTHER.

Yes, and she loved her beasts. For though, poor wretch,
She was a terrible reprobate, and swore
Like any trooper, she was always good
To the dumb creatures, never loaded them
Beyond their strength, and rather, I believe,
Would stint herself than let the poor beasts want,
Because, she said, they could not ask for food.
I never saw her stick fall heavier on them
Than just with its own weight. She little thought
This tender-heartedness would be her death.
There was a fellow who had oftentimes,
As if he took delight in cruelty,
Ill-used her asses. He was one who lived
By smuggling, and, for she had often met him
Crossing the down at night, she threatened him,
If he tormented them again, to inform
Of his unlawful ways. Well—so it was—
'Twas what they both were born to; he provoked her,
She laid an information, and one morning
They found her in the stable, her throat cut
From ear to ear, 'till the head only hung
Just by a bit of skin.

JANE.

Oh dear! oh dear!

HARRY.

I hope they hung the man!

GRANDMOTHER.

They took him up;
There was no proof, no one had seen the deed,
And he was set at liberty. But God,
Whose eye beholdeth all things, he had seen
The murder, and the murderer knew that God
Was witness to his crime. He fled the place;
But nowhere could he fly the avenging hand
Of Heaven! but nowhere could the murderer rest.
A guilty conscience haunted him; by day,
By night, in company, in solitude,
Restless and wretched, did he bear upon him
The weight of blood; her cries were in his ears;
Her stifled groans, as when he knelt upon her,
Always he heard; always he saw her stand

Before his eyes; even in the dead of night,
Distinctly seen as though in the broad sun,
She stood beside the murderer's bed and yawn'd
Her ghastly wound; till life itself became
A punishment at last he could not bear,
And he confess'd* it all, and gave himself
To death; so terrible, he said, it was
To have a guilty conscience.

HARRY.

Was he hung then?

GRANDMOTHER.

Hung and anatomized. Poor, wretched man!
Your uncles went to see him on his trial;
He was so pale, so thin, so hollow-eyed,
And such a horror in his meagre face,
They said he look'd like one who never slept.
He begg'd the prayers of all who saw his end,
And met his death with fears that well might warn
From guilt, though not without a hope in Christ.

THE FUNERAL.

The story related in this Eclogue is strictly true. I met the funeral, and learnt the circumstances, in a village in Hampshire. The indifference of the child was mentioned to me; indeed no addition whatever has been made to the story.

THE coffin, as I past across the lane,
Came sudden on my view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of the great city, and we paused and ask'd
Who to the grave was going. They replied,
It was a village girl, one who had borne
An eighteen months' strange illness, and had pined

* There may probably be some persons living who remember these circumstances. They happened many years ago, in the neighbourhood of Bristol. The woman's name was Bees. The stratagem by which she preserved her husband from the press-gang is also related of her.

With such slow wasting, that the hour of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade,
That makes the eye turn inward. Then I heard
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow; it made me think upon the dead.
I questioned more, and learnt her sorrowful tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's name,
And he, who should have cherished her, far off
Sail'd on the seas, self-exiled from his home,
For he was poor. Left, thus, a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
Were busy with her name. She had one ill
Heavier—neglect—forgetfulness from him
Whom she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, bitterer
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toil'd and toil'd,
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with arms outstretch'd,
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest working barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, so worn
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart lay rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
With natural infantine ingratitude
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. She was past
That anguish, for she felt her hour draw on,
And 'twas her *only* comfort now to think
Upon the grave. "Poor girl!" her mother said,

"Thou hast suffered much!" "Ay, mother! there is none
Can tell what I have suffered!" she replied;
"But I shall soon be where the weary rest."
And soon the rest she prayed for was vouchsafed,
For it pleased God to take her to his mercy.

THE SAILOR'S MOTHER.

WOMAN.

SIR, for the love of God, some small relief
To a poor woman!

TRAVELLER.

Whither are you bound?
'Tis a late hour to travel o'er these downs,
No house for miles around us, and the way
Dreary and wild. The evening wind already
Makes one's teeth chatter, and the very sun,
Setting so pale behind those thin white clouds,
Looks cold. 'Twill be a bitter night!

WOMAN.

Ay, sir,
'Tis cutting keen! I smart at every breath;
Heaven knows how I shall reach my journey's end,
For the way is long before me, and my feet,
God help me! sore with travelling. I would gladly,
If it pleased God, lie down at once and die.

TRAVELLER.

Nay, nay, cheer up! a little food and rest
Will comfort you; and then your journey's end
Will make amends for all. You shake your head,
And weep. Is it some evil business, then,
That leads you from your home?

WOMAN.

Sir, I am going
To see my son at Plymouth, sadly hurt
In the late action, and in the hospital
Dying, I fear me, now.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps your fears
Make evil worse. Even if a limb be lost
There may be still enough for comfort left;
An arm or leg shot off, there's yet the heart
To keep life warm, and he may live to talk
With pleasure of the glorious fight that maim'd him,
Proud of his loss. Old England's gratitude
Makes the maim'd sailor happy.

WOMAN.

'Tis not that,—
An arm or leg—I could have borne with that.
'Twas not a ball, it was some cursed thing
Which bursts and burns, that hurt him. Something, sir,
They do not use on board our English ships,
It is so wicked.

TRAVELLER.

Rascals! a mean art
Of cruel cowardice, yet all in vain!

WOMAN.

Yes, sir! and they should show no mercy to them
For making use of such unchristian arms.
I had a letter from the hospital,—
He got some friend to write it,—and he tells me
That my poor boy has lost his precious eyes—
Burnt out. Alas! that I should ever live
To see this wretched day;—they tell me, sir,
There is no cure for wounds like his. Indeed,
'Tis a hard journey that I go upon
To such a dismal end.

TRAVELLER.

He yet may live.
But if the worst should chance, why you must bear
The will of Heaven with patience. Were it not
Some comfort to reflect your son has fallen
Fighting his country's cause? and for yourself,
You will not in unpitied poverty,
Be left to mourn his loss. Your grateful country,
Amid the triumph of her victory,
Remembers those who paid its price of blood,
And with a noble charity relieves
The widow and the orphan.

WOMAN.

God reward them!
God bless them! it will help me in my age;
But sir, it will not pay me for my child!

TRAVELLER.

Was he your only child?

WOMAN.

My only one,
The stay and comfort of my widowhood,
A dear good boy! When first he went to sea,
I felt what it would come to—something told me
I should be childless soon. But tell me, sir,
If it be true that for a hurt like his
There is no cure? Please God to spare his life,
Though he be blind, yet I should be so thankful!
I can remember there was a blind man
Lived in our village, one from his youth up
Quite dark, and yet he was a merry man,
And he had none to tend on him so well
As I would tend my boy!

TRAVELLER.

Of this be sure,
His hurts are look'd to well, and the best help
The land affords, as rightly is his due,
Ever at hand. How happened it he left you?
Was a seafaring life his early choice?

WOMAN.

No, sir. Poor fellow, he was wise enough
To be content at home, and 'twas a home
As comfortable, sir, even though I say it,
As any in the country. He was left
A little boy when his poor father died,
Just old enough to totter by himself
And call his mother's name. We two were all,
And as we were not left quite destitute,
We bore up well. In the summer time I worked
Sometimes a-field. Then I was famed for knitting,
And in long winter nights my spinning wheel
Seldom stood still. We had kind neighbours, too,
And never felt distress. So he grew up

A comely lad, and wondrous well disposed;
I taught him well; there was not in the parish
A child who said his prayers more regular,
Or answered readier through his catechism.
If I had foreseen this! But 'tis a blessing
We don't know what we're born to!

TRAVELLER.

But how came it
He chose to be a sailor?

WOMAN.

You shall hear, sir;
As he grew up he used to watch the birds
In the corn,—child's work you know, and easily done.
'Tis an idle sort of task; so he built up
A little hut of wicker-work and clay
Under the hedge, to shelter him in rain.
And then he took, for very idleness,
To making traps to catch the plunderers:
All sorts of cunning traps that boys can make,—
Propping a stone to fall and shut them in,
Or crush them with its weight, or else a springe
Swung on a bough. He made them cleverly,—
And I,—poor, foolish woman! I was pleased
To see the boy so handy. You may guess
What followed, sir, from this unlucky skill.
He did what he should not when he was older:
I warn'd him oft enough; but he was caught
In wiring hares at last, and had his choice—
The prison or the ship.

TRAVELLER.

The choice at least
Was kindly left him, and for broken laws
This was, methinks, no heavy punishment.

WOMAN.

So I was told, sir. And I tried to think so.
But 'twas a sad blow to me! I was used
To sleep at nights as sweetly as a child,—
Now if the wind blew rough, it made me start
And think of my poor boy, tossing about
Upon the roaring seas. And then I seem'd
To *feel that it was hard* to take him from me

For such a little fault. But he was wrong,
Oh, very wrong,—a murrain on his traps!
See what they've brought him to!

TRAVELLER.

Well! well! take comfort,
He will be taken care of if he lives;
And should you lose your child, this is a country
Where the brave sailor never leaves a parent
To weep for him in want.

WOMAN.

Sir, I shall want
No succour long. In the common course of years
I soon must be at rest; and 'tis a comfort,
When grief is hard upon me, to reflect
It only leads me to that rest the sooner.

THE WITCH.

NATHANIEL.

FATHER! here, father! I have found a horse-shoe!
Faith, it was just in time, for t'other night
I laid two straws across at Margery's door,
And afterwards I fear'd that she might do me
A mischief for't. There was the miller's boy
Who set his dog at that black cat of hers,
I met him upon crutches, and he told me
'Twas all her evil eye.

FATHER.

'Tis rare good luck;
I would have gladly given a crown for one
If 'twould have done as well. But where didst find it?

NATHANIEL.

Down on the common; I was going a-field
And neighbour Saunders pass'd me on his mare;
He had hardly said "Good day," before I saw

The shoe drop off; 'twas just upon my tongue
To call him back;—it makes no difference, does it,
Because I know whose 'twas?

FATHER.

Why no, it can't.
The shoe's the same, you know, and you *did find* it.

NATHANIEL.

That mare of his has got a plaguy road
To travel, father, and if he should lame her,
For she is but tender-footed,—

FATHER.

Ay, indeed!
I should not like to see her limping back,
Poor beast! but charity begins at home;
And, Nat, there's our own horse in such a way
This morning?

NATHANIEL.

Why he ha'n't been rid again!
Last night I hung a pebble by the manger
With a hole through, and everybody says
That 'tis a special charm against the hags.

FATHER.

It could not be a proper natural hole, then,
Or 'twas not a right pebble,—for I found him
Smoking with sweat, quaking in every limb,
And panting so! God knows where he had been
When we were all asleep, through bush and brake,
Up-hill and down-hill all alike, full stretch
At such a deadly rate!

NATHANIEL.

By land and water,
Over the sea, perhaps!—I have heard tell
That 'tis some thousand miles, almost at the end
Of the world, where witches go to meet the devil.
They used to ride on broomsticks, and to smear
Some ointment over them, and then away
Out of the window! But 'tis worse than all
To worry the poor beasts so. Shame upon it,
That in a Christian country they should let
Such creatures live!

FATHER.

And when there's such plain proc
I did but threaten her because she robb'd
Our hedge, and the next night there came a w
That made me shake to hear it in my bed!
How came it that that storm unroofed my bar
And only mine in the parish? Look at her,
And that's enough; she has it in her face,—
A pair of large dead eyes, sunk in her head,
Just like a corpse, and pursed with wrinkles r
A nose and chin that scarce leave room betwe
For her lean fingers to squeeze in the snuff;
And when she speaks! I'd sooner hear a rave
Croak at my door! She sits there, nose and l
Smoke-dried and shrivell'd over a starved fire,
With that black cat beside her, whose great e
Shine like old Beelzebub's; and to be sure
It must be one of his imps! Ay, nail it hard

NATHANIEL.

I wish old Margery heard the hammer go!
She'd curse the music.

FATHER.

Here's the curate com
He ought to rid the parish of such vermin.
In the old times they used to hunt them out
And hang them without mercy. But, Lord b
The world is grown so wicked!

CURATE.

Good day, fi
Nathaniel, what art nailing to the threshold?

NATHANIEL.

A horse-shoe, sir; 'tis good to keep off witchc
And we're afraid of Margery.

CURATE.

Poor old wom
What can you fear from her?

FATHER.

What can we
Who lamed the miller's boy? Who raised th
That blew my old barn's roof down? Who d

Rides my poor horse a'nights? Who mocks the hounds?
But let me catch her at that trick again,
And I've a silver bullet ready for her,
One that shall lame her, double how she will.

NATHANIEL.

What makes her sit there moping by herself,
With no soul near her but that great black cat?
And do but look at her!

CURATE.

Poor wretch; half blind
And crooked with her years, without a child
Or friend in her old age, 'tis hard indeed
To have her very miseries made her crimes!
I met her but last week in that hard frost
Which made my young limbs ache, and when I ask'd
What brought her out in the snow, the poor old woman
Told me that she was forced to crawl abroad
And pick the hedges, just to keep herself
From perishing with cold, because no neighbour
Had pity on her age; and then she cried,
And said the children pelted her with snow-balls,
And wish'd that she were dead.

FATHER.

I wish she was!
She has plagued the parish long enough!

CURATE.

Shame, farmer!
Is that the charity your Bible teaches?

FATHER.

My Bible does not teach me to love witches.
I know what's charity. Who pays his tithes
And poor-rates readier?

CURATE.

Who can better do it?
You've been a prudent and industrious man,
And God has blest your labour.

FATHER.

Why, thank God, sir,
I've *had no reason to* complain of fortune.

CURATE.

Complain! Why you are wealthy. All the parish
Look up to you.

FATHER.

Perhaps, sir, I could tell
Guinea for guinea with the warmest of them.

CURATE.

You can afford a little to the poor,
And then, what's better still, you have the heart
To give from your abundance.

FATHER.

God forbid
I should want charity!

CURATE.

Oh! 'tis a comfort
To think at last of riches well employed!
I have been by a death-bed, and know the worth
Of a good deed at that most awful hour
When riches profit not.
Farmer, I'm going
To visit Margery. She is sick, I hear—
Old, poor, and sick! a miserable lot,
And death will be a blessing. You might send her
Some small matter, something comfortable,
That she may go down easier to the grave,
And bless you when she dies.

FATHER.

What! is she going!
Well, God forgive her then! if she has dealt
In the black art. I'll tell my dame of it,
And she shall send her something.

CURATE.

So I'll say;
And take my thanks for hers. [*goes.*

FATHER.

That's a good man,
That curate, Nat, of ours, to go and visit
The poor in sickness; but he don't believe
In witchcraft, and that is not like a Christian.

NATHANIEL.

And so old Margery's dying!

FATHER.

But you know
She may recover; so drive t'other nail in!

THE RUINED COTTAGE.

Ay, Charles! I knew that this would fix thine eye,—
This woodbine wreathing round the broken porch,
Its leaves just withering, yet one autumn flower
Still fresh and fragrant; and yon hollyhock
That through the creeping weeds and nettles tall
Peers taller, and uplifts its column'd stem
Bright with the broad rose-blossoms. I have seen
Many a fallen convent reverend in decay,
And many a time have trod the castle courts
And grass-green halls, yet never did they strike
Home to the heart such melancholy thoughts
As this poor cottage. Look, its little hatch
Fleeced with that grey and wintry moss; the roof
Part moulder'd in, the rest o'ergrown with weeds,
House-leek, and long thin grass, and greener moss;
So Nature steals on all the works of man,
Sure conqueror she, reclaiming to herself
His perishable piles.
I led thee here,
Charles, not without design; for this hath been
My favourite walk even since I was a boy;
And I remember, Charles, this ruin here,
The neatest, comfortable dwelling place;
That when I read in those dear books which first
Woke in my heart the love of poesy,
How with the villagers Erminia dwelt,
And Calidore for a fair shepherdess
Forgot his quest to learn the shepherd's lore;
My fancy drew from this the little hut
Where that poor princess wept her hopeless love,
Or where the gentle Calidore at eve

Led Pastorella home. There was not then
A weed where all these nettles overtop
The garden wall; but sweet-briar, scenting sweet
The morning air, rosemary and marjoram,
All wholesome herbs; and then, that woodbine wreath'd
So lavishly around the pillared porch
Its fragrant flowers, that when I pass'd this way,
After a truant absence hastening home,
I could not choose but pass with slacken'd speed
By that delightful fragrance. Sadly changed
Is this poor cottage! and its dwellers, Charles!—
Theirs is a simple, melancholy tale,—
There's scarce a village but can fellow it,
And yet methinks it will not weary thee,
And should not be untold.
A widow woman
Dwelt with her daughter here; just above want,
She lived on some small pittance that sufficed,
In better times, the needful calls of life,
Not without comfort. I remember her
Sitting at evening in that open door-way,
And spinning in the sun; methinks I see her
Raising her eyes and dark-rimm'd spectacles
To see the passer-by, yet ceasing not
To twirl her lengthening thread. Or in the garden,
On some dry summer evening, walking round
To view her flowers, and pointing, as she lean'd
Upon the ivory handle of her stick,
To some carnation whose o'erheavy head
Needed support, while with the watering-pot
Joanna followed, and refresh'd and trimm'd
The drooping plant; Joanna, her dear child,
As lovely and as happy then as youth
And innocence could make her.
Charles! it seem
As though I were a boy again, and all
The mediate years, with their vicissitudes,
A half-forgotten dream. I see the maid
So comely in her Sunday dress! her hair,
Her bright brown hair, wreath'd in contracting
And then her cheek! it was a red and white
That made the delicate hues of art look loathso
The countrymen who, on their way to church,
Were leaning o'er the bridge, loitering to hea

The bell's last summons, and in idleness
Watching the stream below, would all look up
When she pass'd by. And her old mother, Charles!
When I have heard some erring infidel
Speak of our faith as of a gloomy creed,
Inspiring fear and boding wretchedness,
Her figure has recurr'd; for she did love
The sabbath-day, and many a time hath cross'd
These fields in rain and through the winter snows,
When I, a graceless boy, wishing myself
By the fire-side, have wonder'd why *she* came
Who might have sate at home.
One only care
Hung on her aged spirit. For herself,
Her path was plain before her, and the close
Of her long journey near. But then her child,
Soon to be left alone in this bad world,—
That was a thought which many a winter night
Had kept her sleepless; and when prudent love
In something better than a servant's state
Had placed her well at last, it was a pang
Like parting life to part with her dear girl.

One summer, Charles, when at the holydays
Return'd from school, I visited again
My old accustom'd walks, and found in them
A joy almost like meeting an old friend,
I saw the cottage empty, and the weeds
Already crowding the neglected flowers.
Joanna, by a villain's wiles seduced,
Had played the wanton, and that blow had reach'd
Her mother's heart. She did not suffer long;
Her age was feeble, and the heavy blow
Brought her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.
I pass this ruin'd dwelling oftentimes,
And think of other days. It wakes in me
A transient sadness; but the feelings, Charles,
Which ever with these recollections rise,
I trust in God they will not pass away.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

JAMES.

WHAT, Gregory! you are come, I see, to join us
On this sad business.

GREGORY.

Ay, James, I am come,
But with a heavy heart, God knows it, man!
Where shall we meet the corpse?

JAMES.

Some hour from hence;
By noon, and near about the elms, I take it.
This is not as it should be, Gregory,
Old men to follow young ones to the grave!
This morning, when I heard the bell strike out,
I thought that I had never heard it toll
So dismally before.

GREGORY.

Well, well! my friend—
'Tis what we all must come to, soon or late.
But when a young man dies, in the prime of life,
One born so well, who might have blest us all
Many long years!—

JAMES.

And then the family,
Extinguish'd in him, and the good old name
Only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone!
A name that has gone down from sire to son
So many generations!—many a time
Poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse,
When but a child, would come to me and lead me
To the great family tree, and beg of me
To tell him stories of his ancestors;
Of Eustace, he that went to the Holy Land
With Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry,
Who fought at Crecy, in King Edward's wars;
And then his little eyes would kindle so
To hear of their brave deeds! I used to think
The bravest of them all would not out-do
My darling boy.

GREGORY.

This comes of your great schools
And college breeding. Plague upon his guardians,
That would have made him wiser than his fathers!

JAMES.

If his poor father, Gregory! had but lived,
Things would not have been so. He, poor good man,
Had little of book-learning, but there lived not
A kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman,
One better to his tenants. When he died,
There was not a dry eye for miles around.
Gregory, I thought that I could never know
A sadder day than that: but what was that,
Compared with this day's sorrow?

GREGORY.

I remember,
Eight months ago, when the young Squire began
To alter the old mansion, they destroy'd
The martin's nests, that had stood undisturb'd
Under that roof,—ay! long before my memory.
I shook my head at seeing it, and thought
No good could follow.

JAMES.

Poor young man! I loved him
Like my own child. I loved the family!
Come Candlemas, and I have been their servant
For five and forty years. I lived with them,
When his good father brought my Lady home,
And when the young Squire was born, it did me good
To hear the bells so merrily announce
An heir. This is indeed a heavy blow—
I feel it Gregory, heavier than the weight
Of threescore years. He was a noble lad,
I loved him dearly.

GREGORY.

Everybody loved him
Such a fine, generous open-hearted youth!
When he came home from school at holydays,
How I rejoiced to see him! he was sure
To come and *ask* of me what birds there were
About my fields; and when I found a covey,

There's not a testy Squire preserves his game
More charily than I have kept them safe
For Master Edward. And he look'd so well
Upon a fine sharp morning after them,
His brown hair frosted, and his cheek so flush'd
With such a wholesome ruddiness!—Ah! James,
But he was sadly changed when he came down
To keep his birthday.

JAMES.

Changed! why Gregory,
'Twas like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd
Out of the carriage. He was grown so thin,
His cheeks so delicate sallow, and his eyes
Had such a dim and rakish hollowness;
And when he came to shake me by the hand,
And spoke as kindly to me as he used,
I hardly knew the voice.

GREGORY.

It struck a damp
On all our merriment. 'Twas a noble ox
That smok'd before us, and the old October
Went merrily in overflowing cans;
But 'twas a skin-deep merriment. My heart
Seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank
His health, the thought came over me what cause
We had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught.
Poor gentleman! to think ten months ago
He came of age—and now!

JAMES.

I fear'd it then,
He look'd to me as one that was not long
For this world's business.

GREGORY.

When the doctor sent him
Abroad to try the air, it made me certain
That all was over. There's but little hope
Methinks that foreign parts can help a man
When his own mother-country will not do.
The last time he came down, these bells rang so,
I thought they would have rock'd the old steeple down;
And now that dismal toll! I would have stayed

Beyond its reach, but this was a last duty;
I am an old tenant of the family,
Born on the estate, and now that I've out-lived it,—
Why 'tis but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new Squire?

JAMES.

But little,
And that not well. But be he what he may,
Matters not much to me. The love I bore
To the good family will not easily fix
Upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
Is it not the funeral?

GREGORY.

'Tis, I think, some horsemen.
Ay! there are the black cloaks; and now I see
The white plumes on the hearse.

JAMES.

Between the trees;—
'Tis hid behind them now.

GREGORY.

Ay! now we see it,
And there's the coaches following, we shall meet
About the bridge. Would that this day were over!
I wonder whose turn's next!

JAMES.

God above knows!
When youth is summon'd, what must age expect!
God make us ready, Gregory, when it comes.

THE WEDDING.

TRAVELLER.

I PRAY you, wherefore are the village bells
Ringing so merrily?

WOMAN.

A wedding, sir—
Two of the village folk. And they are right
To make a merry time on't while they may.

Come twelve months hence, I warrant them they'd go
To church again more willingly than now
So all might be undone.

TRAVELLER.

An ill-match'd pair,
So I conceive you. Youth, perhaps, and age?

WOMAN.

No—both are young enough.

TRAVELLER.

Perhaps the man then—
A lazy idler, one who better likes
The alehouse than his work?

WOMAN.

Why, sir, for that,
He always was a well-conditioned lad,
One who'd work hard and well; and as for drink,
Save now and then, mayhap at Christmas time,
Sober as wife could wish.

TRAVELLER.

Then is the girl
A shrew, or else untidy? One who'd welcome
Her husband with a rude, unruly tongue,
Or drive him from a foul and wretched home
To look elsewhere for comfort? Is it so?

WOMAN.

She's notable enough; and as for temper,
The best good-humour'd girl! D'ye see that house?
There by the aspen-tree, whose grey leaves shine
In the wind? She lived a servant at the farm;
And often as I came to weeding here,
I've heard her singing as she milk'd her cows
So cheerfully. I did not like to hear her,
Because it made me think upon the days
When I had got as little on my mind,
And was as cheerful too. But she would marry,
And folks must reap as they have sown. God help her!

TRAVELLER.

Why, mistress, if they both are well inclined,
Why should not both be happy?

WOMAN.

They've no money.

TRAVELLER.

But both can work; and sure as cheerfully
She'd labour for herself as at the farm.
And he wont work the worse because he knows
That she will make his fire-side ready for him,
And watch for his return.

WOMAN.

All very well,
A little while.

TRAVELLER.

And what if they are poor?
Riches can't always purchase happiness;
And much we know will be expected there
Where much was given.

WOMAN.

All this I have heard at church!
And when I walk in the church-yard, or have been
By a death-bed, 'tis mighty comforting.
But when I hear my children cry for hunger,
And see them shiver in their rags—God help me!
I pity those for whom these bells ring up
So merrily upon their wedding-day,
Because I think of mine.

TRAVELLER.

You have known trouble;
These haply may be happier.

WOMAN.

Why, for that,
I've had my share; some sickness and some sorrow;
Well will it be for them to know no worse.
Yet had I rather hear a daughter's knell
Than her wedding peal, sir, if I thought her fate
Promised no better things.

TRAVELLER.

Sure, sure, good woman,
You look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!
All have their cares; those who are poor want wealth

Those who have wealth want more; so are we all
Dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each
Has his own comforts.

WOMAN.

Sir, d'ye see that horse
Turn'd out to common here by the way-side?
He's high in bone; you may tell every rib
Even at this distance. Mind him! How he turns
His head, to drive away the flies that feed
On his gall'd shoulder! There's just grass enough
To disappoint his whetted appetite.
You see his *comforts*, sir!

TRAVELLER.

A wretched beast!
Hard labour and worse usage he endures
From some bad master. But the lot of the poor
Is not like his.

WOMAN.

In truth it is not, sir!
For when the horse lies down at night, no cares
About to-morrow vex him in his dreams.
He knows no quarter-day; and when he gets
Some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,
He has no hungry children to claim part
Of his half meal!

TRAVELLER.

'Tis idleness makes want,
And idle habits. If the man will go
And spend his evenings by the alehouse fire,
Whom can he blame if there is want at home?

WOMAN.

Ay! idleness! The rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries! Is it idleness, I pray you,
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potato meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants? Six years agone, these bells
Rung on my wedding-day, and I was told
What I might look for,—but I did not heed

Good counsel. I had lived in service, sir;
Knew never what it was to want a meal;
Laid down without one thought to keep me sleepless
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came,
Could buy me a new ribbon:—and my husband,—
A towardly young man and well to do;
He had his silver buckles and his watch;
There was not in the village one who look'd
Sprucer on holydays. We married, sir,
And we had children; but as wants increased,
Wages did not. The silver buckles went,
So went the watch; and when the holyday coat
Was worn to work, no new one in its place.
For me—you see my rags! But I deserve them,
For wilfully, like this new-married pair,
I went to my undoing.

TRAVELLER.

But the parish——

WOMAN.

Ay, it falls heavy there, and yet their pittance
Just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

TRAVELLER.

Is this your child?

WOMAN.

Ay, sir, and were he dress'd
And clean, he'd be as fine a boy to look on
As the squire's young master. These thin rags of
Let comfortably in the summer wind;
But when the winter comes, it pinches me
To see the little wretch! I've three besides,
And—God forgive me! but I often wish
To see them in their coffins.—God reward you!
God bless you for your charity!

TRAVELLER.

You have taught me
To give sad meaning to the village bells!

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

STRANGER.

WHOM are they ushering from the world, with all
This pageantry and long parade of death?

TOWNSMAN.

A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet here
You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches
A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

STRANGER.

'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp
Tempts me to stand a gazer.

TOWNSMAN.

Yonder schoolboy
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show; and even
The chairing of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this,
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this black. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange;—
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half-millio
Screw'd down in yonder hearse!

STRANGER.

Then he was bo
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

TOWNSMAN.

When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips; but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts:
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

STRANGER.

The camel and the needle,—
Is that, then, in your mind?

TOWNSMAN.

Even so. The text
Is gospel-wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying,—through the needle's eye
As easily as such a pampered soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

STRANGER.

Pardon me, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

TOWNSMAN.

Your pardon, too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

STRANGER.

Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully,—the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right?

TOWNSMAN.

All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

STRANGER.

Why judge you then
So hardly of the dead?

TOWNSMAN.

For what he left
Undone.—For sins, not one of which is mentioned
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other Gods than those of the Creed:
Bow'd to no idols—but his money-bags:
Swore no false oaths,—except at the custom-house:
Kept the Sabbath idle: built a monument
To honour his dead father: did no murder:
Was too old-fashion'd for adultery:
Never pick'd pockets; never bore false-witness:
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted *his neighbour's* house, nor ox, nor ass\

STRANGER.

You knew him, then, it seems?

TOWNSMAN.

As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders;
They never hide their lights beneath a bushel.

STRANGER.

Nay, nay, uncharitable sir! for often
Doth bounty, like a streamlet, flow unseen
Freshening and giving life along its course.

TOWNSMAN.

We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives;—but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk;
The rains of heaven engendered nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

STRANGER.

Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

TOWNSMAN.

Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise:
But the poor man rung never at his door;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world,—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with heaven:—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch-lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

STRANGER.

I must needs
Believe you, sir—these are your witnesses,

ɜe mourners here, who from their carriages
e at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
e to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
e decent rheum. The very hireling mute
ɜs not a face blanker of all emotion
ɑ the old servant of the family!
ɾ can this man have lived, that thus his death
s not the soiling one white handkerchief!

TOWNSMAN.

› should lament for him, sir, in whose heart
ɜ had no place, nor natural charity?
parlour spaniel, when she heard his step,
› slowly from the hearth, and stole aside
h creeping pace; she never raised her eyes
voo kind words from him, nor laid her head
aised upon his knee, with fondling whine.
ɾ could it be but thus! Arithmetic
, the sole science he was ever taught;
multiplication-table was his Creed,
Pater-noster, and his Decalogue.
ɜn yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
open air and sunshine of the fields,
ɟive his blood its natural spring and play,
ɪn a close and dusky counting-house,
ke-dried and sear'd and shrivell'd up his heart.
ɾrom the way in which he was train'd up,
feet departed not; he toil'd and moil'd,
: muck-worm! through his threescore years and ten:
when the earth shall now be shovell'd on him,—
ıat which served him for a soul were still
hin its husk,—'twould still be dirt to dirt.

STRANGER.

your next newspapers will blazon him
industry and honourable wealth
ɾight example.

TOWNSMAN.

Even half a million
him no other praise. But come this way
e twelve-months hence, and you will find his virtues
ıly set forth in lapidary lines,
h, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
ɔping upon his urn their marble tears.

BALLADS AND METRICAL PIECES.

JASPAR.

JASPAR was poor, and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone,
And Jaspar look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Towards the close of day,
And loitered on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came, he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around,
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way,
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away:

He sat beneath a willow tree
That cast a trembling shade,
The gentle river full in front
A little island made,

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd—and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree;
He heard the waters flow along
And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread,
The nightingale sung sweet,—
He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet;

He started up and graspt a stake
And waited for his prey;
There came a lonely traveller
And Jaspar crost his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd
The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
That held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
With Jaspar's strength in vain;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
And never spoke again.

He lifted up the murdered man
And plunged him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse
And cleansed his hands from gore,
The willow waved, the stream flowed on
And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jaspar's conscience never knew
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consum'd
The gold he gain'd so ill,
And years of secret guilt pass'd on
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sat as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sat him down by Jaspar's side
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
With little was content,
But sickness on his wife had fallen
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn the landlord's power
Had seized the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of everything bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jaspar's side he sat,
And not a word said he.

Nay—why so downcast? Jaspar cried,
Come—cheer up, Jonathan!
Drink, neighbour, drink! 'twill warm thy hea
Come! come! take courage, man!

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drain'd it quick;
I have a wife, said Jonathan,
And she is deadly sick.

She has no bed to lie upon,
I saw them take her bed:—
And I have children—would to God
That they and I were dead!

Our landlord he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace—
I would that I were in my grave,
For there all troubles cease.

In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
  Though wealth enough has he!
God be to him as merciless
  As he has been to me!

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
  On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
  And with him forth he went.

This landlord on his homeward road
  'Twere easy now to meet.
The road is lonesome, Jonathan!—
  And vengeance, man! is sweet.

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
  The thought it made him start.
His head was hot, and wretchedness
  Had hardened now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
  And waited for their prey,
They sat them down beside the stream
  That crossed the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream,
  And never a word they said,
They sat and listen'd silently
  To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
  No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow boughs,
  The stream flowed quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
  Sweet sung the nightingale,
The soul of Jonathan was sooth'd,
  His heart began to fail.

'Tis weary waiting here, he cried,
  And now the hour is late,—
Methinks he will not come to-night,
  'Tis useless more to wait.

Have patience, man! the ruffian said,
A little we may wait,
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate.

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
My conscience yet is clear,
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
I will not linger here.

How now! cried Jaspar, why I thought
Thy conscience was asleep.
No more such qualms, the night is dark,
The river here is deep.

What matters that, said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
When there is one above whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees?

We are safe enough, said Jaspar then,
If that be all thy fear;
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here.

That instant as the murderer spake
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night.

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journies there,
He surely has espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jaspar since that hour has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night
And dread to him the day;
He thinks upon his untold crime
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul.

LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord,
And he, the rightful heir, possessed
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood in a fair domain,
And Severn's ample waters near
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
Would love to linger there
Forgetful of his onward road
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream;
In every wind that swept its waves
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain at midnight's silent hour
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled,
But could not fly despair;
He sought his home again, but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Each hour was tedious long, yet swift
The months appear'd to roll;
And now the day returned that shook
With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay,
For well had conscience kalendered
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! The rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul.

The tempest as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he prest,
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,
To sleep, but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form
Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand;

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge
He left his orphan son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard——
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convuls'd
With agonizing fear,
He only heard the storm of night,—
'Twas music to his ear.

When, lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals:
"What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!

He rose in haste; beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear.
It hemm'd him round. 'Twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy; for now
A boat approached the wall,
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

"My boat is small," the boatman cried,
"'Twill bear but one away:
Come in, Lord William, and do ye
In God's protection stay."

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice
Even in that hour of woe,
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat
His terror was so sore;
Thou shalt have half my gold, he cried,
Haste, haste to yonder shore.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream,
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paus'd, methought I heard
A child's distressful cry!
'Twas but the howling wind of night
Lord William made reply.

Haste, haste! ply swift and strong the oar!
Haste, haste across the stream!
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

I heard a child's distressful scream
The boatman cried again.
Nay hasten on—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain.

Oh God! Lord William dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou without pity hear
A child's expiring cry?

How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream?

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud;
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud:

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting place,
The moon-beam shone upon the child
And show'd how pale his face.

Now reach thine hand! the boatman cried,
Lord William reach and save!
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold and damp and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms
A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream;
He rose, he scream'd, no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHAIR,

AND WHO SAT THERE.

MERRILY, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church door.

Richard Penlake was a cheerful man,
Cheerful, and frank, and free,
But he led a sad life with Rebecca his wife,
For a terrible shrew was she.

Richard Penlake a scolding would take,
Till patience avail'd no longer,
Then Richard Penlake his crab-stick would take,
And show her that he was the stronger.

Rebecca his wife had often wish'd
To sit in St. Michael's chair;
For she should be the mistress then,
If *she had* once sat there.

It chanced that Richard Penlake fell sick,
They thought he would have died;
Rebecca, his wife, made a vow for his life,
As she knelt by his bed-side.

"Now hear my prayer, St. Michael! and spare
My husband's life," quoth she;
"And to thine altar we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

Richard Penlake repeated the vow,
For woundily sick was he;
"Save me, St. Michael, and we will go,
Six marks to give to thee."

When Richard grew well, Rebecca his wife
Teased him by night and by day:
"O mine own dear! for you I fear,
If we the vow delay."

Merrily, merrily rung the bells,
The bells of St. Michael's tower,
When Richard Penlake and Rebecca his wife
Arrived at the church door.

Six marks they on the altar laid,
And Richard knelt in prayer:
She left him to pray, and stole away
To sit in St. Michael's chair.

Up the tower Rebecca ran,
Round and round and round;
'Twas a giddy sight to stand a-top.
And look upon the ground.

"A curse on the ringers for rocking
The tower!" Rebecca cried,
As over the church battlements
She strode with a long stride.

"A blessing on St. Michael's chair!"
She said as she sat down:
Merrily, merrily, rung the bells,
And Rebecca was shook to the ground.

Tidings to Richard Penlake were brought
That his good wife was dead:
"Now shall we toll for her poor soul
The great church bell?" they said.

"Toll at her burying," quoth Richard Penlake,
"Toll at her burying," quoth he;
"But don't disturb the ringers now,
In compliment to me."

THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

THE rage of Babylon is rous'd,
The king puts forth his strength;
And Judah bends the bow,
And points her arrows for the coming war.

Her walls are firm, her gates are strong,
Her youth gird on the sword;
High are her chiefs in hope,
For Egypt soon will send the promised aid.

But who is he whose voice of woe
Is heard amid the streets?
Whose ominous voice proclaims
Her strength and arms and promised succours vain?

His meagre cheek is pale and sunk,
Wild is his hollow eye,
Yet fearful its strong glance;
And who could bear the anger of his frown?

Prophet of God! in vain thy lips
Proclaim the woe to come!
In vain thy warning voice
Summoned her rulers timely to repent!

The Ethiop changes not his skin.
Impious and idiot still,
The rulers spurn thy voice,
And now the measure of their crimes is full.

And now around Jerusalem
The countless foes appear;
Far as the eye can reach
Spreads the wide horror of the circling siege.

Why is the warrior's cheek so pale?
Why droops the gallant youth
Who late so high of heart
Made sharp his javelin for the welcome war?

'Tis not for terror that his eye
Swells with the struggling woe;
Oh! he could bear his ills,
Or rush to death, and in the grave have peace

His parents do not ask for food,
But they are weak with want;
His wife has given her babes
Her wretched meal,—she utters no complain

The consummating hour is come!
Alas for Solyma!
How is she desolate,—
She that was great among the nations fallen!

And thou—thou miserable king—
Where is thy trusted flock,
Thy flock so beautiful,
Thy father's throne, the temple of thy God?

Repentance calls not back the past;
It will not wake again
Thy murdered sons to life,
Or bring back vision to thy blasted sight!

Thou wretched, childless, blind, old man—
Heavy thy punishment!
Dreadful thy present woes—
Alas, more dreadful thy remember'd guilt!

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

CLEAR shone the morn, the gale was fair,
When from Corunna's crowded port,
With many a cheerful shout and loud acclaim,
The huge Armada past.

To England's shores their streamers point,
To England's shores their sails are spread;
They go to triumph o'er the sea-girt land,
And Rome has blest their arms.

Along the ocean's echoing verge,
Along the mountain range of rocks
The clustering multitudes behold their pomp
And raise the votive prayer.

Commingling with the ocean's roar
Ceaseless and hoarse their murmurs rise,
And soon they trust to see the winged bark
That bears good tidings home.

The watch-tower now in distance sinks,
And now Galicia's mountain rocks
Faint as the far-off clouds of evening lie,
And now they fade away.

Each like some moving citadel,
On through the waves they sail sublime;
And now the Spaniards see the silvery cliffs,
Behold the sea-girt land!

O fools! to think that ever foe
Should triumph o'er that sea-girt land!
O fools! to think that ever Britain's sons
Should wear the stranger's yoke!

For not in vain hath nature rear'd
Around her coast those silvery cliffs;
For not in vain old Ocean spreads his waves
To guard his favourite isle!

On come her gallant mariners!
What now avail Rome's boasted charms?
Where are the Spaniard's vaunts of eager wrath?
His hopes of conquest now?

And hark! the angry winds arise,
Old Ocean heaves his angry waves;
The winds and waves against the invaders fight,
To guard the sea-girt land.

Howling around his palace towers
The Spanish despot hears the storm
He thinks upon his navies far away,
And boding doubts arise.

Long over Biscay's boisterous surge
The watchman's aching eye shall strain!
Long shall he gaze, but never winged bark
Shall bear good tidings home.

A BALLAD, SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE BEFORE HER.

FROM A STORY RELATED BY OLAUS MAGNUS.

THE raven croak'd as she sat at her meal,
And the old woman knew what he said,
And she grew pale at the raven's tale,
And sicken'd and went to her bed.

Now fetch me my children, and fetch them with speed,
The old woman of Berkeley said,
The monk my son, and my daughter the nun,
Bid them hasten, or I shall be dead.

The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,
Their way to Berkeley went,
And they have brought with pious thought
The holy sacrament.

The old woman shriek'd as they entered her door.
'Twas fearful her shrieks to hear,
Now take the sacrament away
For mercy, my children dear!

Her lip it trembled with agony,
The sweat ran down her brow,
I have tortures in store for evermore,
Oh! spare me my children now!

Away they sent the sacrament,
The fit it left her weak,
She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes
And faintly struggled to speak.

All kind of sin I have rioted in,
And the judgment now must be,
But I secured my children's souls,
Oh! pray my children for me.

I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes,
The fiends have been my slaves,
I have nointed myself with infant's fat,
And feasted on rifled graves.

And the Devil will fetch me now in fire
My witchcrafts to atone,
And I who have rifled the dead man's grave
Shall never have rest in my own.

Bless I intreat my winding sheet,
My children I beg of you!
And with holy water sprinkle my shroud,
And sprinkle my coffin too.

And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone,
And fasten it strong I implore
With iron bars, and with three chains
Chain it to the church floor.

And bless the chains and sprinkle them,
And let fifty priests stand round,
Who night and day the mass may say
Where I lie on the ground.

And see that fifty choristers
Beside the bier attend me,
And day and night by the taper's light
With holy hymns defend me.

Let the church bells all both great and small
Be toll'd by night and day,
To drive from thence the fiends who come
To bear my body away.

And ever have the church door barr'd
After the even song,
And I beseech you, children dear,
Let the bars and bolts be strong.

And let this be three days and nights
My wretched corpse to save,
Keep me so long from the fiendish throng
And then I may rest in my grave.

The old woman of Berkeley laid her down,
And her eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came her breath and the struggle of death
Did loosen every limb

They blessed the old woman's winding sheet
With rites and prayers due,
With holy water they sprinkled her shroud
And they sprinkled her coffin too.

And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone,
And with iron barr'd it down,
And in the church with three strong chains
They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them,
And fifty priests stood round,
By night and day the mass to say
Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred choristers
Beside the bier attend her,
Who day and night by the taper's light
Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the priests and choristers
It was a goodly sight
Each holding, as it were a staff,
A taper burning bright.

And the church bells all, both great and small,
Did toll so loud and long,
And they have barr'd the church door hard,
After the even song.

And the first night the tapers' light
Burnt steadily and clear,
But they without a hideous rout
Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church door,
Like a long thunder peal,
And the priests they pray'd and the choristers sung
Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well,
The tapers they burnt bright,
The monk her son, and her daughter the nun,
They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, away they flew,
The fiends from the herald of day,
And undisturb'd the choristers sing,
And the fifty priests they pray.

The second night the tapers' light
Burnt dismally and blue,
And every one saw his neighbour's face
Like a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise
That the stoutest heart might shock,
And a deafening roar like a cataract pouring
Over a mountain rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads,
As fast as they could tell,
And aye as louder grew the noise
The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung
As they trembled more and more,
And the fifty priests pray'd to Heaven for aid,—
They never had pray'd so before.

The cock he crew, away they flew
  The fiends from the herald of day,
And undisturb'd the choristers sing,
  And the fifty priests they pray.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame
  A hideous stench did make,
And they burnt as though they had been dipt
  In the burning brimstone lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,
  Grew momently more and more,
And strokes as of a battering ram
  Did shake the strong church door.

The bellmen they for very fear
  Could toll the bell no longer,
And still as louder grew the strokes
  Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads,
  They fell on the ground dismay'd,
There was not a single saint in heaven
  Whom they did not call to aid.

And the choristers' song, that late was so strong,
  Grew a quaver of consternation,
For the church did rock, as an earthquake shock
  Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast
  That shall one day wake the dead,
The strong church door could bear no more,
  And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite,
  And the choristers faintly sung,
And the priests dismay'd, panted and pray'd
  Till fear froze every tongue.

And in he came with eyes of flame
  The devil to fetch the dead,
And all the church with his presence glow'd
  Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains,
And like flax they moulder'd asunder,
And the coffin lid that was barr'd so firm
He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley rise
And come with her master away,
And the cold sweat stood on the cold cold corpse,
At the voice she was forced to obey.

She rose on her feet in her winding sheet,
Her dead flesh quiver'd with fear,
And a groan like that which the old woman gave
Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd the fiend to the church door,
There stood a black horse there,
His breath was red like furnace smoke,
His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiend he flung her on the horse,
And he leapt up before,
And away like the lightning's speed they went,
And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her cries and shrieks
For four miles round they could hear,
And children at rest at their mother's breast,
Started and screamed with fear.

THE SURGEON'S WARNING.

THE doctor whisper'd to the nurse,
And the surgeon knew what he said,
And he grew pale at the doctor's tale,
And trembled in his sick bed.

Now fetch me my brethren, and fetch them with speed,
The surgeon affrighted said,
The parson and the undertaker,
Let them hasten, or I shall be dead.

The parson and the undertaker
They hastily came complying,
And the surgeon's apprentices ran up stairs
When they heard that their master was dying.

The 'prentices all they enter'd the room,
By one, by two, by three,
With a sly grin came Joseph in,
First of the company.

The surgeon swore, as they enter'd his door,—
'Twas fearful his oaths to hear,—
Now send these scoundrels to the devil,
For God's sake, my brethren dear.

He foam'd at the mouth with the rage he felt,
And he wrinkled his black eyebrow,
That rascal Joe would be at me, I know,
But, zounds, let him spare me now.

Then out they sent the 'prentices,
The fit it left him weak;
He look'd at his brothers with ghastly eyes,
And faintly struggled to speak.

All kinds of carcasses I have cut up,
And the judgment now must be!
But, brothers, I took care of you,
So pray take care of me!

I have made candles of infants' fat,
The sextons have been my slaves,
I have bottled babes unborn, and dried
Hearts and livers from rifled graves.

And my 'prentices will surely come,
And carve me bone from bone,
And I, who have rifled the dead man's grave,
Shall never rest in my own.

Bury me in lead when I am dead,
My brethren, I entreat,
And see the coffin weigh'd, I beg,
Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

And let it be solder'd closely down,
  Strong as strong can be, I implore,
And put it in a patent coffin,
  That I may rise no more.

If they carry me off in the patent coffin,
  Their labour will be in vain,
Let the undertaker see it bought of the maker,
  Who lives in St. Martin's lane.

And bury me in my brother's church,
  For that will safer be,
And, I implore, lock the church door,
  And pray take care of the key.

And all night long let three stout men
  The vestry watch within,
To each man give a gallon of beer
  And a keg of Holland's gin;

Powder, and ball, and blunderbuss,
  To save me if he can,
And eke five guineas if he shoot
  A resurrection man.

And let them watch me for three weeks,
  My wretched corpse to save,
For then I think that I may stink
  Enough to rest in my grave.

The surgeon laid him down in his bed,
  His eyes grew deadly dim,
Short came his breath, and the struggle of death
  Distorted every limb.

They put him in lead when he was dead,
  And shrouded up so neat,
And they the leaden coffin weigh,
  Lest the plumber should be a cheat.

They had it solder'd closely down,
  And examined it o'er and o'er,
And they put it in a patent coffin,
  That he might rise no more.

For to carry him off in a patent coffin
Would, they thought, be but labour in vain,
So the undertaker saw it bought of the maker
Who lives by St. Martin's lane.

In his brother's church they buried him,
That safer he might be,
They lock'd the door, and would not trust
The sexton with the key.

And three men in the vestry watch,
To save him if they can,
And should he come there to shoot they swear
A resurrection man.

And the first night, by lantern light,
Through the churchyard as they went,
A guinea of gold the sexton showed
That Mr. Joseph sent.

But conscience was tough, it was not enough,
And their honesty never swerved,
And they bade him go, with Mister Joe,
To the devil as he deserved.

So all night long, by the vestry fire,
They quaff'd their gin and ale,
And they did drink, as you may think,
And told full many a tale.

The second night, by lantern light,
Through the churchyard as they went,
He whisper'd anew, and show'd them two
That Mister Joseph sent.

The guineas were bright, and attracted their sight,
They look'd so heavy and new,
And their fingers itch'd as they were bewitch'd,
And they knew not what to do.

But they waver'd not long, for conscience was strong,
And they thought they might get more;
And they refused the gold, but not
So rudely as before.

So all night long, by the vestry fire,
They quaff'd their gin and ale,
And they did drink, as you may think,
And told full many a tale.

The third night, as by lantern light
Through the churchyard as they went,
He bade them see, and show'd them three
That Mister Joseph sent.

They look'd askance with greedy glance,
The guineas they shone bright,
For the sexton on the yellow gold
Let fall his lantern light.

And he look'd sly, with his roguish eye,
And gave a well-timed wink,
And they could not stand the sound in his hand,
For he made the guineas chink.

And conscience late, that had such weight,
All in a moment fails,
For well they knew, that it was true
A dead man told no tales.

And they gave all their powder and ball,
And took the gold so bright,
And they drank their beer and made good cheer
Till now it was midnight.

Then, though the key of the church door
Was left with the parson his brother,
It opened at the sexton's touch,—
Because he had another.

And in they go with that villain Joe,
To fetch the body by night,
And all the church look'd dismally,
By his dark-lantern light.

They laid the pick-axe to the stones,
And they moved them soon asunder,
They shovell'd away the hard-prest clay,
And came to the coffin under.

They burst the patent coffin first,
And they cut through the lead,
And they laugh'd aloud when they saw the shroud
Because they had got at the dead.

And they allow'd the sexton the shroud,
And they put the coffin back,
And nose and knees they then did squeeze
The surgeon in a sack.

The watchmen as they past along
Full four yards off could smell,
And a curse bestow'd upon the load
So disagreeable.

So they carried the sack a-pick-a-back,
And they carved him bone from bone;
But what became of the surgeon's soul
Was never to mortal known.

MARY THE MAID OF THE INN.

I.

WHO is yonder poor maniac, whose wildly-fix'd eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to express?
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs:
She never complains—but her silence implies
The composure of settled distress.

II.

No aid, no compassion the maniac will seek;
Cold and hunger awake not her care;
Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
Has the deathy pale hue of despair.

III.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day,
Poor Mary the maniac has been.
The traveller remembers who journeyed this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
As Mary the maid of the inn.

IV.

er cheerful address filled her guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile;
Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

V.

She loved; and young Richard had settled the day,
And she hoped to be happy for life:
But Richard was idle and worthless, and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say
That she was too good for his wife.

VI.

'Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,
And fast were the windows and door;
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
And smoking in silence with tranquil delight
They listened to hear the wind roar.

VII.

"'Tis pleasant," cried one, "seated by the fire-side,
To hear the wind whistle without."
"A fine night for the abbey!" his comrade replied;
"Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried
Who should wander the ruins about.

VIII.

"I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head;
And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,—
For this wind might awaken the dead!"

IX.

"I'll wager a dinner," the other one cried,
"That Mary would venture there now."
"Then wager and lose!" with a sneer he replied;
"I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,
And faint if she saw a white cow."

X.

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile;
"I shall win,—for I know she will venture there now,
And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough
From the elder that grows in the aisle."

XI.

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
And her way to the abbey she bent;
The night it was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through the sky
She shivered with cold as she went.

XII.

O'er the path so well known still proceeded the maid
Where the abbey rose dim on the sight;
Through the gateway she entered, she felt not afraid;
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

XIII.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
Howled dismally round the old pile;
Over weed-covered fragments still fearless she past,
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,
Where the elder-tree grew in the aisle.

XIV.

Well-pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near
And hastily gathered the bough;
When the sound of a voice seemed to rise on her ear:
She paused, and she listened, all eager to hear,
And her heart panted fearfully now.

XV.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head,
She listened,—nought else could she hear,
The wind ceased; her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near.

XVI.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
And she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
And between them a corpse did they bear.

XVII.

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold!
Again the rough wind hurried by,—
It blew off the hat of the one, and behold,
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it rolled—
She felt, and expected to die.

XVIII.

"Curse the hat!" he exclaims; "nay, come on here, and hide
The dead body," his comrade replies.
She beholds them in safety pass on by her side—
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,
And fast through the abbey she flies.

XIX.

She ran with wild speed, she rushed in at the door,
She gazed horribly eager around,
Then her limbs could support their faint burthen no more,
And exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
Unable to utter a sound.

XX.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
For a moment the hat met her view;—
Her eyes from that object convulsively start, [heart
For—O God! what cold horror then thrilled through her
When the name of her Richard she knew!

XXI.

Where the old abbey stands on the common hard by,
His gibbet is now to be seen;
His irons you still from the road may espy,
The traveller beholds them, and thinks with a sigh,
Of *poor Mary* the maid of the inn.

DONICA.

In Finland there is a castle which is called the New Rock, about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshow either the death of the governor, or some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under the water.

It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly: only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said, "Fair maids, why keep you company with this dead virgin, whom you suppose to be alive?" when taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

The following ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the blessed Angels; a poem by Thomas Heywood, 1635.

HIGH on a rock whose castled shade
  Darkened the lake below,
In ancient strength majestic stood
  The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below
  Durst never cast his net,
Nor ever swallow in its waves
  Her passing wings would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks
  In wild alarm would run,
Though parched with thirst, and faint beneath
  The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze
  The long lank sedges waved,
All white with foam, and heaving high
  Its deafening billows raved;

All when the tempest from its base
  The rooted pine would shake,
The powerless storm unruffled swept
  Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew near
The house of Arlinkow,
Its dark unfathomed depths did send
Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old
One only child had he,
Donica was the maiden's name,
As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening morn
Flushed o'er her clear white cheek;
The music of her voice was mild,
Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for none
So fair could Finland boast;
Her parents loved the maiden much,
Young Eberhard loved her most.

Together did they hope to tread
The pleasant path of life,
For now the day drew near to make
Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair and mild the air;
Along the lake they stray;
The eastern hill reflected bright
The fading tints of day.

And brightly o'er the water streamed
The liquid radiance wide;
Donica's little dog ran on
And gamboled at her side.

Youth, Health, and Love bloomed on her cheek,
Her full dark eyes express
In many a glance to Eberhard
Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing gale
Sighed through the long lank sedge;
The air was hushed; no little wave
Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathomed lake sent forth
Strange music from beneath,
And slowly o'er the waters sailed
The solemn sounds of death.

As the deep sounds of death arose,
Donica's cheek grew pale,
And in the arms of Eberhard
The senseless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shrieked,
And loud he called for aid,
And with a wild and eager look
Gazed on the death-pale maid.

But soon again did better thoughts
In Eberhard arise,
And he with trembling hope beheld
The maiden raise her eyes.

And on his arm reclined she moved
With feeble pace and slow,
And soon with strength recovered reached
The towers of Arlinkow.

Yet never to Donica's cheek
Returned the lively hue;
Her cheeks were deathy white, and wan,
Her lips a livid blue.

Her eyes so bright and black of yore,
Were now more black and bright,
And beamed strange lustre in her face
So deadly wan and white.

The dog that gamboled by her side,
And loved with her to stray,
Now at his altered mistress howled,
And fled in fear away.

Yet did the faithful Eberhard
Not love the maid the less;
He gazed with sorrow, but he gazed
With deeper tenderness.

And when he found her health unharmed
He would not brook delay,
But pressed the not unwilling maid
To fix the bridal day.

And when at length it came, with joy
They hailed the bridal day,
And onward to the house of God
They went their willing way.

And as they at the altar stood
And heard the sacred rite,
The hallowed tapers dimly streamed
A pale sulphureous light.

And as the youth with holy warmth
Her hand in his did hold,
Sudden he felt Donica's hand
Grow deadly damp and cold.

And loudly did he shriek, for lo!
A spirit met his view,
And Eberhard in the angel form
His own Donica knew.

That instant from her earthly frame
Howling the demon fled,
And at the side of Eberhard
The living form fell dead.

RUDIGER.

rs princes and noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat or barge make toward the shore, drawn by a swan in a silver the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful e, who stept upon the shore; which done, the boat guided by an left him, and floated down the river. This man fell after- in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had children. After some years the same swan came with the same unto the same place; the soldier entering into it was carried the way he came, left wife, children and family, and was never nongst them after.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the river strolled,
As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they strayed, a swan they saw
Sail stately up and strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along;

Whose streamer to the gentle breeze
Long floating fluttered light,
Beneath whose crimson canopy
There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sailed the stately swan,
And lightly up the parting tide
The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
And leapt to land the knight,
And down the stream the little boat
Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Waldhurst's walls
Could with this stranger vie,
Was never youth at aught esteemed
When Rudiger was by.

Was never a maid in Waldhurst's walls
Might match with Margaret,
Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dark,
Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth
Had strove to win the fair;
But never a rich and noble youth
Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he
Still bore away the prize,
For knightly feats superior still,
And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love,
Soon won the willing fair;
And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning dreams of happiness
Fast rolled the months away;
For he was kind, and she was kind,
And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit
Absorbed in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye would seem
With anxious meaning fraught.

But soon he raised his looks again
And smiled his cares away;
And, mid the hall of gaiety
Was none like him so gay.

And onward rolled the waning months,
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret her Rudiger
Hailed with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger
The little infant see;
And darkly on the babe he gazed,—
A gloomy man was he.

And when to bless the little babe
The holy father came,
To cleanse the stains of sin away
In Christ's redeeming name,

Then did the cheek of Rudiger
Assume a death-pale hue,
And on his clammy forehead stood
The cold convulsive dew;

And faltering in his speech, he bade
The priest the rites delay,
Till he could, to right health restored,
Enjoy the festive day.

When o'er the many-tinted sky
He saw the day decline,
He called upon his Margaret
To walk beside the Rhine.—

"And we will take the little babe,
For soft the breeze that blows,
And the mild murmurs of the stream
Will lull him to repose."

And so together forth they went,
The evening breeze was mild,
And Rudiger upon his arm
Pillowed the little child.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls
Along the banks did roam;
But soon the evening wind came cold,
And all betook them home.

Yet Rudiger, in silent mood
Along the banks would roam,
Nor aught could Margaret prevail
To turn his footsteps home.

"Oh turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger,
The rising mists behold,
The evening wind is damp and chill,
The little babe is cold!"

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
The mists will do no harm,
And from the wind the little babe
Lies sheltered on my arm."

"Oh, turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger,
Why onward wilt thou roam?
The moon is up, the night is cold,
And we are far from home."

He answered not; for now he saw
A swan come sailing strong,
And by a silver chain she drew
A little boat along.

To shore they came, and to the boat
Fast leapt he with the child,
And in leapt Margaret—breathless now,
And pale with fear, and wild.

With arching crest and swelling breast
On sailed the stately swan,
And lightly down the rapid tide
The little boat went on.

The full orb'd-moon, that beamed around
Pale splendour through the night,
Cast through the crimson canopy
A dim, discoloured light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream
In silence still they sail,
And the long streamer fluttering fast,
Flapped to the heavy gale,—

And he was mute in sullen thought,
And she was mute with fear,
Nor sound but of the parting tide
Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice,
"Give me the child," she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret,
Nor my poor heart distress—
I do but pay perforce the price
Of former happiness;

And hush thee, too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease!
Lie still, lie still;—a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew,
And swift he stept on shore,
And him behind did Margaret
Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate,
Nor house nor tree was there,
And there a rocky mountain rose,
Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawned,
No eye its depth might view,
For in the moonbeam shining round
That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood,
Her heart it paused with fear,
When Rudiger approached the cave,
And cried, "Lo, I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave
Returned, "Lo, I am here!"
And black from out the cavern gloom
Two giant arms appear.

And Rudiger approached and held
The little infant nigh;
Then Margaret shrieked, and gathered then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close
Her trembling arms she folds,
And with a strong convulsive grasp
The little infant holds.

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries,
And loud on God she calls;
Then from the grasp of Rudiger
The little infant falls.

And loud he shrieked, for now his frame
The huge black arms clasped round,
And dragged the wretched Rudiger
Adown the dark profound.

THE SPIRIT.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Now which is the road across the common,
Good woman! in pity declare;
No path can I trace, for the night is dark,
And I fear me, before the far turnpike I mark,
Some grim-visaged ghost will appear."

"The ghost never walks till the clock strikes twelve,
And this is the first of the night,"
Cried the woman. "Now, why dost thou look at me so?
And why do thine eyes so fearfully glow?
Good stranger, forbear thy affright.

"I tell thee that across the common,
This cart-track thy horse must pursue,
Till close by thy feet two gibbets thou meet,
Where the rains and the tempests the highwayman beat,
That a traveller once murder'd like you."

The horseman replied, "I have no terror
Of men who in midnight plan;
But a ghost that pops on one before or behind,
And around him sees clearly while mortals are blind,—
Ay, that tries the heart of the man.

"Is there no road but by those gibbets?"
"No road," the woman replied.
"But though with the wind each murderer swings
They both of them are harmless things,
And so are the ravens beside."

"What! are there ravens there?—those creatures
That are so black and blue!
But, are they ravens? I inquire,
For I have heard by the winter's fire,
That phantoms the dead pursue."

The woman replied, "They are night-ravens
That pick the dead men's eyes;
And they cry qua, with their hollow jaw;
Methinks I one this moment saw!
To the banquet at hand he flies.

"Now fare thee well!" The traveller silent,
Whilst terror consumed his soul,
Went musing on. The night was still,
And every star had drunk his fill
At the brim of oblivion's bowl.

And now he near to the gibbets approach'd!
The black men waved in the air;
He raised his head, and cast a glance,
Yet heeded them not, though they seem'd to dance,
For he determined not to fear.

Wherefore, he cried, should men incline
To fear where no danger is found!
He scarce had said, when in the dark night,
Beside him appear'd a spirit in white!
He trembled, and could not look round.

He gallop'd away! the spirit pursued!
And the murderer's irons they screak!
The gibbets are past, and now fast and more fast,
The horseman and spirit outstrip the loud blast,
Though neither have courage to speak.

Now both on the verge of the common arrive,
Where a gate the free passage denied:
The horseman his arm outstretch'd to expand
The gate to admit him, when cold o'er his hand,
The mouth of the spirit did glide.

He started! and swift through the still darker lane
Gallop'd fast from the being he fear'd;
But yet, as the shadow the substance pursues,
The spirit behind, by a side-glance he views,
And more luminous now it appear'd!

The turnpike he reach'd; "Oh, tell me," he cried,
"I can neither look round nor go on;
What spirit is this which has followed me here
From the common? Good master, I dreadfully fear;
Speak! speak! or my sense will be gone!

h, Jenny!" he cried, "thou crafty old jade!
s it thee? I'll beat thy bones bare.
d gentleman, fear not; no spirit is nigh,
ich has follow'd you here from the common hard by,
'is only old Gaffer's grey mare!"

G HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

e Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest hermit unknown came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by ust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all · of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy e threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he l not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as whimsy, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more ed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; iin some few months after, he was smitten with a strange and le disease.—*Mezeray.*

He past unquestioned through the camp,
Their heads the soldiers bent
In silent reverence, or begg'd
A blessing as he went;
And so the hermit past along,
And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone,
The map before him lay,
Fresh conquests he was planning there
To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes
The intruder to behold,
With reverence he the hermit saw,
For he was very old;
His look was gentle as a saint's,
And yet his eye was bold.

Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs
That thou hast done this land;
O King, *repent* in time, for know
The judgment is at hand.

I have past forty years of peace
Beside the river Blaise,
But what a weight of woe hast thou
Laid on my latter days.

I used to see along the stream,
The white sail sailing down,
That wafted food in better times
To yonder peaceful town.

Henry! I never now behold
The white sail sailing down;
Famine, disease, and death, and thou,
Destroy that wretched town.

I used to hear the traveller's voice,
As here he past along;
Or maiden, as she loiter'd home,
Singing her even song.

I never hear the traveller's voice,
In fear he hastens by;
But I have heard the village maid
In vain for succour cry.

I used to see the youths row here,
And watch the dripping oar,
As pleasantly their viols' tones
Came softened to the shore.

King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse
I now see floating down!
Thou bloody man! repent in time,
And leave this leaguer'd town.

I shall go on, King Henry cried,
And conquer this good land:
Seest thou not, hermit, that the Lord
Has given it to my hand?

The hermit heard King Henry speak;
And angrily look'd down;
His face was gentle, and for that
More solemn was his frown.

What, if no miracle from heaven
The murderer's arm control,
Think you for that the weight of blood
Lies lighter on his soul?

Thou conqueror King, repent in time,
Or dread the coming woe;
For, Henry, thou hast heard the threat,
And soon shalt feel the blow.

King Henry forced a careless smile,
As the hermit went his way;
But Henry soon remembered him,
Upon his dying day.

OLD CHRISTOVAL'S ADVICE,

AND THE REASON WHY HE GAVE IT.

If thy debtor be poor, old Christoval cried,
Exact not too hardly thy due,
For he who preserves a poor man from want
May preserve him from wickedness too.

If thy neighbour should sin, old Christoval cried,
Never, never unmerciful be!
For remember, it is by the mercy of God,
That thou art not as wicked as he.

At sixty and seven the hope of heaven
Is my comfort, old Christoval cried,
But if God had cut me off in my youth,
I might not have gone there when I died.

You shall have the farm, young Christoval,
My good master Henrique said,
But a surety provide, in whom I can confide,
That duly the rent shall be paid.

I was poor, and I had not a friend on earth,
And I knew not what to say;
We stood by the porch of St. Andres' church,
And it was on St. Isidro's day.

Accept for my surety St. Isidro,
I ventured to make reply;
The saint in heaven may perhaps be my friend,
But friendless on earth am I.

We entered the church and came to his grave,
And I fell on my bended knee;
I am friendless, holy St. Isidro,
And I venture to call upon thee.

I call upon thee my surety to be,
Thou knowest my honest intent,
And if ever I break my plighted word
Let thy vengeance make me repent!

I was idle; the day of payment came on,
And I had not the money in store,
I fear'd the wrath of St. Isidro,
But I fear'd Henrique more.

On a dark, dark night I took my flight,
And hastily fled away,
It chanced by St. Andres' church
The road I had chosen lay.

As I pass'd the door I thought what I had swore
Upon St. Isidro's day,
And I seem'd to fear because he was near,
And faster I hasten'd away.

So all night long I hurried on,
Pacing full many a mile,
I knew not his avenging hand
Was on me all the while.

Weary I was, and safe I thought;
But when it was daylight
I had, I found, been running round
And round the church all night.

I shook like a palsy and fell on my knees,
And for pardon devoutly I pray'd:
When my master came up—What! Christoval,
You are here betimes, he said.

I have been idle, good master! I cried,
Good master, and I have been wrong;
And I have been running round the church
In penance all night long.

If thou hast been idle, Henrique said,
Go home and thy fault amend;
I will not oppress thee, Christoval,
May the Saint thy labour befriend.

Homeward I went a penitent,
And I never was idle more;
St. Isidro blest my industry
As he punish'd my fault before.

When my debtor was poor, old Christoval said,
I have never exacted my due,
I remembered Henrique was good to me,
And copied his goodness too.

When my neighbour has sinn'd, old Christoval said,
I have ever forgiven his sin,
For I thought of the night by St. Andres' church,
And remember'd what I might have been.

KING CHARLEMAGNE.

' was strange that he loved her, for youth was gone by,
And the bloom of her beauty was fled,
'was the glance of the harlot that gleam'd in her eye,
nd all but the monarch disgusted descry
The art that had tinged her cheek red.

et he thought with Agatha none might compare,
That kings might be proud of her chain;
he court was a desert if she were not there,
ıe only was lovely, she only was fair,
Such dotage possess'd Charlemagne.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, the maid,
Alike this their rival detest;
And the good old archbishop who ceased to upbraid
Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd
To sing her the requiem of rest.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all,
For Agatha sickens and dies.
And now they are ready with bier and with pall,
The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,
And the bell tolls long through the skies.

They came, but he sent them in anger away,
For she should not be buried, he said;
And despite of all counsel, for many a day,
Array'd in her costly apparel she lay,
And he would go sit by the dead.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain,
The army in vain ask their lord;
The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,
Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemagne,
And still he unsheathes not the sword.

The soldiers they clamour, the priests bend in prayer,
In the quiet retreats of the cell;
The physicians to counsel together repair,
They pause and they ponder, at last they declare
That his senses are bound by a spell.

With relics protected, and confident grown,
And telling devoutly his beads,
The archbishop prepares him, and when it was known
That the king for awhile left the body alone,
To search for the spell he proceeds.

Now careful he searches with tremulous haste
For the spell that bewitches the king;
And under the tongue for security placed,
Its margin with mystical characters faced,
At length he discovers a ring.

Exulting he seiz'd it and hasten'd away,
The monarch re-entered the room;
The enchantment was ended, and suddenly gay,
He bade the attendants no longer delay
But bear her with speed to the tomb.

Now merriment, joyaunce, and feasting again
Enlivened the palace of Aix;
And now by his heralds did king Charlemagne
Invite to his palace the courtier train
To hold a high festival day.

And anxiously now for the festival day
The highly-born maidens prepare;
And now all apparell'd in costly array,
Exulting they come to the palace of Aix,
Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

Oh! happy the damsel who 'mid her compeers
For a moment engaged the king's eye!
Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears,
Each maid or triumphant or jealous appears
As noticed by him or past by.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the ball
In anxious suspense they advance;
Each hoped the king's choice on her beauties might fall,
When, lo! to the utter confusion of all,
He ask'd the archbishop to dance.

The damsels they laugh and the barons they stare,
'Twas mirth and astonishment all;
And the archbishop started and muttered a prayer,
And, wroth at receiving such mockery there,
Withdrew him in haste from the hall.

The moon dimpled over the water with light
As he wandered along the lake side,
When, lo! where beside him the king met his sight,
"Oh, turn thee, archbishop, my joy and delight!
Oh, turn thee, my charmer!" he cried.

"Oh come where the feast, and the dance, and the song
Invite thee to mirth and to love;
Or at this happy moment, away from the throng,
To the shade of yon wood let us hasten along—
The moon never pierces that grove."

Amazement and anger the prelate possest,
With terror his accents he heard,
Then Charlemagne warmly and eagerly prest
The archbishop's old wither'd hand to his breast,
And kiss'd his old gray grizzle beard.

"Let us well, then, these fortunate moments employ!"
Cried the monarch with passionate tone:
"Come away, then, dear charmer—my angel—my joy,
Nay, struggle not now—'tis in vain to be coy—
And remember that we are alone."

"Blessed Mary, protect me!" the archbishop cried;
"What madness is come to the king!"
In vain to escape from the monarch he tried,
When luckily he on his finger espied
The glitter of Agatha's ring.

Overjoy'd, the old prelate remembered the spell,
And far in the lake flung the ring;
The waters closed round it, and wond'rous to tell,
Released from the cursed enchantment of hell,
His reason returned to the king.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay,
And there did he 'stablish his reign;
And the traveller who will, may behold at this day
A monument now in the ruins at Aix
Of the spell that possess'd Charlemagne.

A BALLAD,

A YOUNG MAN THAT WOULD READ UNLAWFUL BOOKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

CORNELIUS AGRIPPA went out one day,
His study he lock'd ere he went away,
And he gave the key of the door to his wife,
And charged her to keep it lock'd on her life.

And if any one ask my study to see,
I charge you trust them not with the key,
Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore,
On your life let nobody enter that door.

There lived a young man in the house who in vain
Access to that study had strove to obtain,
And he begg'd and pray'd the books to see,
Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the study-table a book there lay,
Which Agrippa himself had been reading that day,
The letters were written with blood within,
And the leaves were made of dead men's skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between
Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen,
The likeness of things so foul to behold
That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read
He knew not what, but he would proceed,
When there was heard a sound at the door
Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew,
The young man knew not what to do;
But trembling in fear he sat within,
Till the door was broke and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got,
Like iron heated nine times red hot;
The breath of his nostrils was brimstone blue,
And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

What wouldst thou with me? the wicked one cried,
But not a word the young man replied;
Every hair on his head was standing upright,
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

What wouldst thou with me? cried the author of ill,
But the wretched young man was silent still;
Not a word had his lips the power to say,
And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

What wouldst thou with me? the third time he cries,
And a flash of lightning came from his eyes,
And he lifted his griffin claw in the air,
And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes with a furious joy were possest
As he tore the young man's heart from his breast,
He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey,
And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

Henceforth let all young men take heed
How in a conjurer's books they read.

THE LOVER'S ROCK.

THE maiden through the favouring night
From Granada took her flight,
She bade her father's house farewell,
And fled away with Manuel.

No Moorish maid might hope to vie
With Laila's cheek or Laila's eye,
No maiden loved with purer truth,
Or ever loved a lovelier youth.

In fear they fled across the plain
The father's wrath, the captive's chain,
In hope to Murcia on they flee,
To peace, and love, and liberty.

And now they reach the mountain's height,
And she was weary with her flight,
She laid her head on Manuel's breast,
And pleasant was the maiden's rest.

But while she slept, the passing gale
Waved the maiden's flowing veil,
Her father, as he crost the height,
Saw the veil so long and white.

Young Manuel started from his sleep,
He saw them hastening up the steep,
And Laila shriek'd, and desperate now
They climb'd the precipice's brow.

They saw him raise his angry hand,
And follow with his ruffian band,
They saw them climbing up the steep,
And heard his curses loud and deep.

Then Manuel's heart grew wild with woe,
He loosen'd crags and roll'd below,
He loosen'd rocks, for Manuel strove
For life, and liberty, and love.

The ascent was steep, the rock was high,
The Moors they durst not venture nigh,
The fugitives stood safely there,
They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief, unmoved could see
His daughter bend the suppliant knee;
He heard his child for pardon plead,
And swore the Christian slave should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow,
And make the Christian fall below,
He bade the archers aim the dart,
And pierce the maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there,
She clasp'd young Manuel in despair,
"Death, Manuel, shall set us free!
Then leap below, and die with me."

He clasp'd her close and groan'd farewell,
In one another's arms they fell;
They leapt adown the craggy side,
In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid,
The Christian youth and Moorish maid,
But never cross was planted there,
To mark the victims of despair.

Yet every Murcian maid can tell
Where Laila lies who loved so well,
And every youth who passes there,
Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

HENRY THE HERMIT.

It was a little island where he dwelt,
A solitary islet, bleak and bare,
Short scanty herbage spotting with dark spots
Its gray stone surface. Never mariner
Approach'd that rude and uninviting coast,
Nor ever fisherman his lonely bark
Anchored beside its shore. It was a place
Befitting well a rigid anchoret,
Dead to the hopes, and vanities, and joys,
And purposes of life; and he had dwelt
Many long years upon that lonely isle;
For in ripe manhood he abandoned arms,
Honours and friends and country and the world,
And had grown old in solitude. That isle
Some solitary man in other times
Had made his dwelling-place; and Henry found
The little chapel which his toil had built
Now by the storms unroofed; his bed of leaves
Wind-scattered; and his grave o'ergrown with grass
And thistles, whose white seeds, winged in vain,
Withered on rocks, or in the waves were lost.
So he repaired the chapel's ruined roof,
Clear'd the grey lichens from the altar-stone,
And underneath a rock that sheltered him
From the sea-blast, he built his hermitage.

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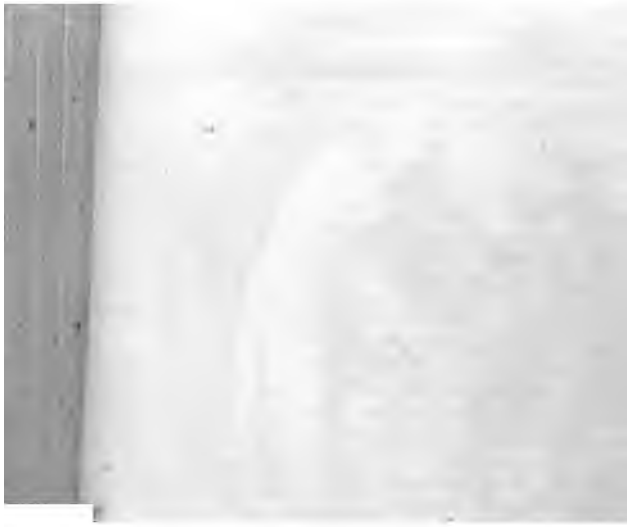
HENRY THE HERMIT.



The peasants from the shore would bring him food,
And beg his prayers; but human converse else
He knew not in that utter solitude,
Nor ever visited the haunts of men,
Save when some sinful wretch on a sick bed
Implored his blessing and his aid in death.
That summons he delayed not to obey,
Though the night tempest or autumnal wind
Maddened the waves; and though the mariner,
Albeit relying on his saintly load,
Grew pale to see the peril. Thus he lived
A most austere and self-denying man,
Till abstinence, and age, and watchfulness
Had worn him down, and it was pain at last
To rise at midnight from his bed of leaves
And bend his knees in prayer. Yet not the less,
Though with reluctance of infirmity,
Rose he at midnight from his bed of leaves,
And bent his knees in prayer; but with more zeal,
More self-condemning fervour, raised his voice
For pardon for that sin, 'till that the sin
Repented was a joy like a good deed.

One night upon the shore his chapel bell
Was heard; the air was calm, and its far sounds
Over the water came, distinct and loud.
Alarmed at that unusual hour to hear
Its toll irregular, a monk arose.
The boatmen bore him willingly across,
For well the hermit Henry was beloved.
He hastened to the chapel; on a stone
Henry was sitting there, cold, stiff, and dead,
The bell-rope in his hand, and at his feet
The lamp that stream'd a long unsteady light.

THE CROSS ROADS.

THERE was an old man breaking stones
To mend the turnpike way;
He sate him down beside a brook
And out his bread and cheese he took,
For now it was mid-day.

He leant his back against a post,
His feet the brook ran by;
And there were water-cresses growing,
And pleasant was the water's flowing,
For he was hot and dry.

A soldier with his knapsack on,
Came travelling o'er the down;
The sun was strong and he was tired;
And he of the old man inquired
How far to Bristol town.

Half an hour's walk for a young man,
By lanes and fields and stiles;
But you the foot-path do not know,
And if along the road you go,
Why then 'tis three good miles.

The soldier took his knapsack off,
For he was hot and dry;
And out his bread and cheese he took,
And he sat down beside the brook
To dine in company.

Old friend! in faith, the soldier says,
I envy you almost;
My shoulders have been sorely prest,
And I should like to sit and rest
My back against that post.

In such a sweltering day as this,
A knapsack is the devil!
And if on t'other side I sat,
It would not only spoil our chat,
But make me seem uncivil.

The old man laugh'd and moved—I wish
It were a great arm'd-chair!
But this may help a man at need!
And yet it was a cursed deed
That ever brought it there.

There's a poor girl lies buried here
  Beneath this very place.
The earth upon her corpse is prest,
The stake is driven into her breast,
  And a stone is on her face.

The soldier had but just leant back,
  And now he half rose up.
There's sure no harm in dining here,
My friend? and yet to be sincere
  I should not like to sup.

God rest her! she is still enough
  Who sleeps beneath my feet!
The old man cried. No harm I trow
She ever did herself, though now
  She lies where four roads meet.

I have past by about that hour
  When men are not most brave;
It did not make my heart to fail,
And I have heard the nightingale
  Sing sweetly on her grave.

I have past by about that hour
  When ghosts their freedom have;
But there was nothing here to fright,
And I have seen the glow-worm's light
  Shine on the poor girl's grave.

There's one who like a Christian lies
  Beneath the church-tree's shade;
I'd rather go a long mile round
Than pass at evening through the ground
  Wherein that man is laid.

There's one who in the churchyard lies
  For whom the bell did toll;
He lies in consecrated ground,
But for all the wealth in Bristol town
  I would not be with his soul!

Didst see a house below the hill,
  Which the winds and the rains destroy?
'Twas then a farm where he did dwell,
And I remember it full well
  When I was a growing boy.

And she was a poor parish girl
  Who came up from the west;
From service hard she ran away,
And at that house in evil day,
  Was taken in to rest.

The man he was a wicked man,
  And an evil life he led;
Rage made his cheek grow deadly white,
And his gray eyes were large and light,
  And in anger they grew red.

The man was bad, the mother worse,
  Bad fruit of a bad stem;
'Twould make your hair to stand on end
If I should tell to you, my friend,
  The things that were told of them!

Didst see an out-house, standing by?
  The walls alone remain;
It was a stable then, but now
Its mossy roof has fallen through
  All rotted by the rain.

The poor girl she had served with them
  Some half-a-year or more,
When she was found hung up one day
Stiff as a corpse and cold as clay
  Behind that stable door!

It is a wild and lonesome place,
  No hut or house is near;
Should one meet a murderer there alone
'Twere vain to scream, and the dying groan
  Would never reach mortal ear.

And there were strange reports about;
But still the coroner found
That she by her own hand had died,
And should buried be by the wayside,
And not in Christian ground.

This was the very place he chose,
Just where these four roads met,
And I was one among the throng
That hither followed them along,
I shall never the sight forget!

They carried her upon a board,
In the clothes in which she died;
I saw the cap blow off her head,
Her face was of a dark, dark red,
Her eyes were starting wide:

I think they could not have been closed
So widely did they strain.
I never saw so dreadful a sight,
And it often made me wake at night,
For I saw her face again.

They laid her here where four roads meet,
Beneath this very place.
The earth upon her corpse was prest,
This post is driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face.

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

ıow not whether it be worth reporting, that there is in Cornwall, he parish of St. Neots, a well arched over with the robes of four of trees, withy, oak, elm, and ash, dedicated to St. Keyne. The ed virtue of the water is this, that whether husband or wife come) drink thereof, they get the mastery thereby.—*Fuller*.

A WELL there is in the west-country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is *not* a wife in the west-country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the well of St. Keyne;
Pleasant it was to his eye,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank,
Under the willow tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the well to fill his pail,
On the well-side he rested it,
And bade the stranger hail.

Now art thou a bachelor, stranger? quoth he,
For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

Or has your good woman, if one you have,
In Cornwall ever been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drank of the well of St. Keyne.

I have left a good woman who never was here,
The stranger he made reply;
But that my draught should be better for that,
I pray you answer me why.

St. Keyne, quoth the countryman, many a time
Drank of this crystal well,
And before the angel summoned her
She laid on the water a spell.

If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

But if the wife should drink of it first,
God help the husband then!
The stranger stoop'd to the well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the waters again.

You drank of the well, I warrant, betimes?
He to the countryman said.
But the countryman smiled as the stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my wife in the porch.
But i'faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church.

THE PIOUS PAINTER.

The story of the Pious Painter is related in the Fabliaux of Le Grand.

PART THE FIRST.

THERE once was a painter in Catholic days,
Like Job, who eschewed all evil;
Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze
With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise
And delight was in painting the devil.

They were angels, compared to the devils he drew,
Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell;
Such burning hot eyes, such a damnable hue!
You could even smell brimstone, their breath was so blue,
He painted the devil so well.

And now had the artist a picture begun,
'Twas over the Virgin's church door;
She stood on the dragon embracing her son,
Many devils already the artist had done,
But this must out-do all before.

The old dragon's imps, as they fled through the air,
At seeing it paused on the wing,
For he had the likeness so just to a hair,
That they came as Apollyon himself had been there,
To pay their respects to their king.

Every child at beholding it, shivered with dread,
And scream'd as he turn'd away quick.
Not an old woman saw it, but raising her head,
Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles, and said,
God keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the painter so earnestly thought on by day,
He sometimes would dream of by night;
But once he was startled, as sleeping he lay,
'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly survey
That the devil himself was in sight.

You rascally dauber! old Beelzebub cries,
Take heed how you wrong me again!
Though your caricatures for myself I despise,
Make me handsomer now in the multitude's eyes,
Or see if I threaten in vain!

Now the painter was bold, and religious beside,
And on faith he had certain reliance;
So earnestly he all his countenance eyed,
And thank'd him for sitting, with Catholic pride,
And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the painter arose,
He is ready as soon as 'tis light.
Every look, every line, every feature he knows,
'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labours he goes,
And he has the old Wicked One quite.

Happy man! he is sure the resemblance can't fail,
The tip of the nose is red hot,
There's his grin and his fangs, his skin cover'd with scale,
And that the identical curl of his tail—
Not a mark, not a claw is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight,
'Tis a portrait complete to his mind!
He touches again, and again feeds his sight,
He looks round for applause, and he sees with affright,
The original standing behind.

Fool! idiot! old Beelzebub grinn'd as he spoke,
And stampt on the scaffold in ire.
The painter grew pale, for it knew it no joke,
'Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,
The devil could wish it no higher.

Help—help me! O Mary! he cried in alarm,
As the scaffold sunk under his feet.
From the canvas the Virgin extended her arm,
She caught the good painter, she saved him from harm,
There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The old dragon fled when the wonder he spied,
And cursed his own fruitless endeavour.
While the painter call'd after his rage to deride,
Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,
I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!

PART THE SECOND.

The painter so pious all praise had acquired,
For defying the malice of hell;
The monks the unerring resemblance admired:
Not a lady lived near but her portrait desired
From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number among
Of features most fair to behold;
The country around of fair Marguerite rung,
Marguerite she was lovely, and lively, and young,
Her husband was ugly and old.

O painter, avoid her! O painter, take care!
For Satan is watchful for you!
Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's snare,
The net is made ready, O painter, beware
Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head
On the artist she fixes her eyes;
The colours are ready, the canvas is spread,
He lays on the white, and he lays on the red,
And the features of beauty arise.

He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and so blue!
  There's a look that he cannot express;—
His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue,
More and more on the lady he fixes his view,
  On the canvas he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more,
  And that look that fair Marguerite gave!
Many devils the artist had painted of yore,
But he never attempted an angel before—
  St. Anthony help him and save!

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told,
  To the woman, the tempter, and fate.
It was settled the lady so fair to behold,
Should elope from her husband so ugly and old,
  With the painter so pious of late!

Now Satan exults in his vengeance complete,
  To the husband he makes the scheme known;
Night comes, and the lovers impatiently meet,
Together they fly, they are seized in the street,
  And in prison the painter is thrown.

With repentance, his only companion, he lies,
  And a dismal companion is she!
On a sudden he saw the old serpent arise,
Now you villanous dauber! old Beelzebub cries,
  You are paid for your insults to me!

But my tender heart it is easy to move,
  If to what I propose you agree;
That picture,—be just! the resemblance improve,
Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll remove,
  And you shall this instant be free.

Overjoyed, the conditions so easy he hears,
  I'll make you quite handsome! he said,
He said, and his chain on the devil appears,
Released from his prison, released from his fears,
  The painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look,
And proceeds to his work as before;
The people beheld him, the culprit they took,
They thought that the painter his prison had broke
And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dungeon, behold in his place,
In the corner old Beelzebub lay.
He smirks and he smiles, and he leers with a grace,
That the painter might catch all the charms of his face,
Then vanished in lightning away.

Quoth the painter, I trust you'll suspect me no more,
Since you find my assertions were true.
But I'll alter the picture above the church door,
For I never saw Satan so closely before,
And I must give the devil his due.

ST. JUAN GUALBERTO.

I.

THE work is done, the fabric is complete;
Distinct the traveller sees its distant tower,
Yet ere his steps attain the sacred seat,
Must toil for many a league and many an hour.
Elate the abbot sees the pile and knows
Stateliest of convents now, his new Moscera rose.

II.

Long were the tale that told Moscera's pride,
Its columns' clustered strength and lofty state,
How many a saint bedeck'd its sculptured side,
What intersecting arches graced its gate;
Its tower how high, its massy walls how strong,
These fairly to describe were sure a tedious song.

III.

Yet while the fane rose slowly from the ground,
But little store of charity, I ween,
The passing pilgrim at Moscera found;
And often there the mendicant was seen
Hopeless to turn him from the convent door,
For this so costly work still kept the brethren poor.

IV.

Now all is perfect, and from every side
They flock to view the fabric, young and old.
Who now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride,
When on the sabbath day his eyes behold
The multitudes that crowd his chapel floor,
Some sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

V.

So chanced it that Gualberto pass'd that way,
Since sainted for a life of holy deeds;
He paused the new-rear'd convent to survey,
And, whilst o'er all its bulk his eye proceeds,
Sorrows, as one whose holier feelings deem
That ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

VI.

Him, musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw,
And forth he came to greet the holy guest
For he was known as one who held the law
Of Benedict, and each severe behest
So duly kept with such religious care,
That Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his pra

VII.

"Good brother, welcome!" thus Rodulfo cries,
"In sooth it glads me to behold you here;
It is Gualberto! and mine aged eyes
Did not deceive me: yet full many a year
Has slipt away since last you bade farewell
To me your host and my uncomfortable cell.

VIII.

"'Twas but a sorry welcome then you found,
And such as suited ill a guest so dear;
The pile was ruinous old, the base unsound,
It glads me more to bid you welcome here
That you can call to mind our former state—
Come, brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate."

IX.

So spake the cheerful abbot, but no smile
Of answering joy softened Gualberto's brow;
He raised his hand, and pointed to the pile,
"Moscera better pleased me then, than now!
A palace this, befitting kingly pride!
Will holiness, my friend, in palace pomp abide?"

X.

"Ay," cries Rodulfo, "'tis a goodly place!
And pomp becomes the house of worship well.
Nay, scowl not round with so severe a face!
When earthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,
Where art exhausted decks the sumptuous hall,
Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all?"

XI.

"And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high
To serve your God?" the monk severe replied.
"It rose from zeal and earnest piety,
And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside?
Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere
In humble hermit cell, God will incline his ear.

XII.

"Rodulfo! whilst this haughty building rose,
Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door?
Did charity relieve the orphans' woes?
Clothed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor?
He who with alms most succours the distrest,
Proud abbot, know, he serves his heavenly Father best.

XIII.

"Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell
Who first abandoned all to serve the Lord?
Their place of worship was the desert cell,
Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board,
And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by,
They blest their gracious God, and thought it luxury."

XIV.

Then anger darkened in Rodulfo's face,
"Enough of preaching," sharply he replied,
"Thou art grown envious;—'tis a common case,
Humility is made the cloak of pride.
Proud of our home's magnificence are we,
But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary."

XV.

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone,
"O Father, hear me! if this splendid pile
Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone,
Bless it, O Father, with thy fostering smile!
Still may it stand, and never evil know,
Long as beside its walls the eternal stream shall flow."

XVI.

"But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men
Have wasted here the wealth which thou hast lent,
To pamper worldly pride; frown on it then!
Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent,
Let yonder brook that flows so calm beside,
Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!"

XVII.

He said—and lo! the brook no longer flows;
The waters pause, and now they swell on high;
High and more high the mass of water grows,
The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly,
And on their saints and on their God they call,
For now the mountain bulk o'ertops the convent wall.

XVIII.

It falls, the mountain bulk, with thunder sound!
Full on Moscera's pile the vengeance falls!
Its lofty tower now rushes to the ground,
Prone lie its columns now, its high arched walls,
Earth shakes beneath the onward-rolling tide,
That from its base swept down the unholy house of pride.

XIX.

Were old Gualberto's reasons built on truth,
Dear George, or like Moscera's base unsound?
This sure I know, that glad am I, in sooth,
He only play'd his pranks on foreign ground;
For had he turn'd the stream on England too,
The Vandal monk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

XX.

Then Malmesbury's arch had never met my sight,
Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile;
I had not traversed then with such delight
The hallowed ruins of our Arthur's isle,
Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd
On those who rob its walls to mend the turnpike road.

XXI.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, thy country's pride;
And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain.
Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried,
Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,
Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way,
Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

XXII.

And we should never then have heard, I think,
At evening hour, great Tom's tremendous knell;
The fountain streams that now in Christ-Church stink,
Had niagara'd o'er the quadrangle;
But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood,
I ween, dear George, our own old college might have stood.

XXIII.

Then had not Westminster, the house of God,
Served for a concert room, or signal post;
Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod,
Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast;
And eager to destroy the unholy walls,
Fleet-ditch *had roll'd* up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

XXIV.

George, dost thou deem the legendary deeds
Of Romish saints a useless medley store
Of lies, that he flings time away who reads?
And wouldst thou rather bid me puzzle o'er
Matter and mind, and all the eternal round,
Plunged headlong down the dark and fathomless prof

XXV.

Now do I bless the man who undertook
These monks and martyrs to biographize,
And love to ponder o'er his ponderous book,
The mingled mass of nature and of lies,
Where angels now, now Beelzebubs appear,
And blind and honest zeal, and holy faith sincere.

XXVI.

'Tis not all Euclid truth, and yet 'twere hard
The fabling monks for fabling to abuse;
What if a monk, from better theme debarred,
Some pious subject for a tale should chuse,
How some good man the flesh and fiend o'ercame,
His taste methinks, and not his conscience, were to bl

XXVII.

In after years, what he, good man! had wrote,
As we write novels to instruct our youth,
Went travelling on, its origin forgot,
Till at the length it past for gospel truth.
A fair account! and shouldst thou like the plea,
Thank thou thy valued friend, dear George, who taugl

XXVIII.

All is not false that seems at first a lie.
One Antolinez, once a Spanish knight,
Knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops hard by,
Before the expected hour began the fight.
Though courage, duty, honour summoned there,
He chose to forfeit all, not leave the unfinish'd prayer

XXIX.

hilst devoutly thus the unarm'd knight
its till the holy service should be o'er,
hen the foremost in the furious fight
s he beheld to bathe his sword in gore,
n the van his plumes were seen to play,
in to him decreed the glory of the day.

XXX.

uth is told, and all at once exclaim,
guardian angel heaven had deign'd to send;
us the tale is handed down to fame.
r if this Antolinez had a friend,
n the hour of danger served him well,
rge, the tale is true, and yet no miracle.

XXXI.

ot one who scan with scornful eyes
dreams that make the enthusiast's best delight;
ou the legendary lore despise
f Gualberto yet again I write,
irst impell'd he sought the convent cell;
mple tale, and one that pleased me well.

XXXII.

e had smiled upon Gualberto's birth,
heir of Valdespesa's rich domain.
ly child, he grew in years and worth,
l well repaid a father's anxious pain.
d his sire in battle forced success,
his valour known, and known for haughtiness.

XXXIII.

nced that one in kindred near allied
s slain by his hereditary foe;
by his sorrow moved, and more by pride,
father vow'd that blood for blood should flow;
om his youth Gualberto had been taught
h *unceasing hate* should just revenge be sought.

XXXIV.

Long did they wait; at length the tidings came
That through a lone and unfrequented way,
Soon would Anselmo,—such the murderer's name,—
Pass on his journey home, an easy prey.
"Go," cried the father, "meet him in the wood!"
And young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

XXXV.

When now the youth was at the forest shade
Arrived, it drew towards the close of day;
Anselmo haply might be long delay'd,
And he, already wearied with his way,
Beneath an ancient oak his limbs reclined,
And thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

XXXVI.

Slow sunk the glorious sun, a roseate light
Spread o'er the forest from his lingering rays,
The glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight
Soften'd in shade,—he could not choose but gaze;
And now a placid greyness clad the heaven,
Save where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

XXXVII.

Cool breathed the grateful air, and fresher now
The fragrance of the autumnal leaves arose;
The passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough;
And not a sound disturb'd the deep repose,
Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by,
Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

XXXVIII.

Is there who has not felt the deep delight,
The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?
The breast they will not soften, is not right;
And young Gualberto was not hard of heart—
Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well,
When from a neighbouring church he heard the vespers'

XXXIX.

The Catholic who hears that vesper bell,
Howe'er employed, must put a prayer to heaven.
In foreign lands I liked the custom well,
For with the calm and sober thoughts of even
It well accords; and shouldst thou journey there,
It will not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

XL.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold
Each pious rite with most religious care,
And—for the young man's feelings were not cold—
He never yet had miss'd his vesper-prayer.
But strange misgivings now his heart invade,
And when the vesper bell had ceased, he had not pray'd.

XLI.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd?
The sudden doubt arose within his mind,
And many a former precept then he weigh'd,
The words of Him who died to save mankind,
How 'twas the meek who should inherit heaven,
And man should man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

XLII.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope
That yet some chance his victim might delay.
So as he mused, adown the neighbouring slope
He saw a lonely traveller on his way;
And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd,—
His holier thoughts are gone; he bares the murderous sword.

XLIII.

"The house of Valdespesa gives the blow!
Go, and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!"
Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe,
And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell,
And *stopt his* hand and cried—"Oh, do not take
A wretched sinner's life! Mercy, for Jesus' sake!"

XLIV.

At that most blessed name, as at a spell,
Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.
His hand for murder raised unharming fell,
He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start,
A moment mute in holy horror stood,
Then cried, "Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

XLV.

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live,
And bless, for both preserved, that holy name;
And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive
The bloody purpose led by which he came.
Then to the neighbouring church he sped away,
His overburthen'd soul before his God to lay.

XLVI.

He ran with breathless speed,—he reach'd the door,
Tumultuous tides his throbbing pulses swell—
He came to crave for pardon, to adore
For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,
And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there
He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

XLVII.

A blest illusion! From that very night
The monk's austerest life devout he led;
And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,
And seraph-visions floated round his head;
The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,
And still the good man's name adorns the sainted roll.

P. 25.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

I.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

II.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
That he beside the rivulet,
In playing there, had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

III.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
'Tis some poor fellow's skull, said he,
Who fell in the great victory.

IV.

I find them in the garden, for
There's many here about,
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out;
For many thousand men, said he,
Were slain in the great victory.

V.

Now tell us what 'twas all about,
Young Peterkin he cries,
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
Now tell us all about the war,
And what they kill'd each other for.

VI.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,
That put the French to rout;
But what they kill'd each other for,
I could not well make out.
But everybody said, quoth he,
That 'twas a famous victory.

VII.

My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by,
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

VIII.

With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born infant, died.
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

IX.

They say it was a shocking sight,
After the field was won,
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

X.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene.—
Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!
Said little Wilhelmine.
Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,
It was a famous victory.

XI.

And everybody praised the Duke
Who such a fight did win.
But what good came of it at last?—
Quoth little Peterkin.
Why that I cannot tell, said he,
But 'twas a famous victory.

ST. ROMUALD.

ONE day, it matters not to know
How many hundred years ago,
A Spaniard stopt at a posada door:
The landlord came to welcome him, and chat
Of this and that,
For he had seen the traveller there before.

Does holy Romuald dwell
Still in his cell?
The traveller ask'd, or is the old man dead?
No, he has left his loving flock, and we
So good a Christian never more shall see,
The landlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

Ah, sir! we knew his worth.
If ever there did live a saint on earth!
Why, sir, he always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt,
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again.

There used to be rare work
With him and the Devil there in yonder cell,
For Satan used to maul him like a Turk.
There they would sometimes fight
All through a winter's night,
From sunset until morn,
He with a cross, the Devil with his horn;

The Devil spitting fire with might and main,
Enough to make St. Michael half afraid;
He splashing holy water till he made
His red hide hiss again,
And the hot vapour fill'd the little cell.
This was so common, that his face became
All black and yellow with the brimstone flame,
And then he smelt—Oh Lord! how he did smell!

Then, sir! to see how he would mortify
The flesh! If any one had dainty fare,
Good man, he would come there,
And look at all the delicate things, and cry,
Oh, belly! belly!
You would be gormandizing now, I know.
But it shall not be so;—
Home to your bread and water—home, I tell ye!

But, quoth the traveller, wherefore did he leave
A flock that knew his saintly worth so well?
Why, said the landlord, sir, it so befell
He heard unluckily of our intent
To do him a great honour, and you know
He was not covetous of fame below,
And so by stealth one night away he went.

What was this honour, then? the traveller cried.
Why, sir, the host replied,
We thought, perhaps, that he might one day leave us;
And then should strangers have
The good man's grave;
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he'll be made a saint of, to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might,
And so we meant to strangle him one night.

THE KING OF THE CROCODILES.

people at Isna, in Upper Egypt, have a superstition concerning rocodiles similar to that entertained in the West Indies; they say ere is a king of them, who resides near Isna, and who has ears, but o tail; and he possesses an uncommon regal quality—that of doing o harm. Some are bold enough to assert that they have seen him.

Now, woman, why without your veil?
And wherefore do you look so pale?
And woman, why do you groan so sad,
And beat your breast, as you were mad?

Oh! I have lost my darling boy,
In whom my soul had all its joy;
And I for sorrow have torn my veil,
And sorrow hath made my very heart pale.

Oh, I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild;
He stoop'd to the river down to drink,
And there was a crocodile by the brink.

He did not venture in to swim,
He only stoop'd to drink at the brim;
But under the reeds the crocodile lay,
And struck with his tail and swept him away.

Now take me in your boat, I pray,
For down the river lies my way;
And me to the reed-island bring,
For I will go to the crocodile king.

The king of the crocodiles never does wrong—
He has no tail so stiff and strong,
He has no tail to strike and slay,
But he has ears to hear what I say.

And to the king I will complain
How my poor child was wickedly slain;
The king of the crocodiles he is good,
And I shall have the murderer's blood.

The man replied, No, woman, no,
To the island of reeds I will not go;
I would *not*, for any worldly thing,
See the face of the crocodile king.

Then lend me now your little boat,
And I will down the river float.
I tell thee that no worldly thing
Shall keep me from the crocodile king.

The woman she leapt into the boat,
And down the river alone did she float,
And fast with the stream the boat proceeds,
And now she is come to the island of reeds.

The king of the crocodiles there was seen,
He sat upon the eggs of his queen,
And all around, a numerous rout,
The young prince crocodiles crawl'd about.

The woman shook every limb with fear,
As she to the crocodile king came near,
For never man without fear and awe
The face of his crocodile majesty saw.

She fell upon her bended knee,
And said, O king, have pity on me,
For I have lost my darling child,
And that's the loss that makes me wild.

A crocodile ate him for his food,
Now let me have the murderer's blood,
Let me have vengeance for my boy,
The only thing that can give me joy.

I know that you, sire! never do wrong;
You have no tail so stiff and strong,
You have no tail to strike and slay,
But you have ears to hear what I say.

You have done well, the king replies,
And fix'd on her his little eyes;
Good woman, yes, you have done right,
But you have not described me quite.

I have no tail to strike and slay,
And I have ears to hear what you say;
I have teeth, moreover, as you may see,
And I will make a meal of thee.

GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

Here followeth the History of HATTO, *Archbishop of Mentz.*

It hapned in the year 914, that there was an exceeding great famine in Germany, at what time Otho, surnamed the Great, was Emperor, and one Hatto, once Abbot of Fulda, was Archbishop of Mentz, of the bishops after Crescens and Crescentius the two and thirtieth, of the archbishops after St. Bonifacius the thirteenth. This Hatto, in the time of this great famine aforementioned, when he saw the poor people of the country exceedingly oppressed with famine, assembled a great company of them together into a barne, and like a most accursed and mercilesse caitiffe burnt up those poor innocent souls, that were so far from doubting any such matter, that they rather hoped to receive some comfort and relief at his hands. The reason that moved the prelate to commit that execrable impiety, was because he thought the famine would the sooner cease, if those unprofitable beggars that consumed more bread than they were worthy to eat, were dispatched out of the world. For he said that those poor folks were like to mice, that were good for nothing but to devour corne. But God Almighty, the just avenger of the poor folks quarrel, did not long suffer this hainous tyranny—this most detestable fact—unpunished. For he mustered up an army of mice against the archbishop, and sent them to persecute him as his furious Alastors, so that they afflicted him both day and night, and would not suffer him to take his rest in any place. Whereupon the prelate, thinking that he should be secure from the injury of mice if he were in a certain tower, that standeth in the Rhine, near to the towne, betook himself unto the said tower as to a safe refuge and sanctuary from his enemies, and locked himself in. But the innumerable troupes of mice chaced him continually very eagerly, and swumme unto him upon the top of the water to execute the just judgment of God, and so at last he was most miserably devoured by those sillie creatures; who pursued him with such bitter hostility, that it is recorded they scraped and gnawed out his very name from the walls and tapistry wherein it was written, after they had so cruelly devoured his body. Wherefore the tower wherein he was eaten up by the mice is shown to this day, for a perpetual monument to all succeeding ages of the barbarous and inhuman tyranny of this impious prelate, being situate in a little green island in the midst of the Rhine, near to towne of Bing, and is commonly called in the German tongue, the Mowse-turn.—*Coryat's Crud.*

Other authors who record this tale say that the bishop was eaten by rats.

THE summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor
They crowded around bishop Hatto's door,
For he had a plentiful last-year's store,
And all the neighbourhood could tell
His granaries were furnished well.

At last bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter there.

Rejoiced the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flocked from far and near,
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Hatto he made fast the door,
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
He set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

I' faith 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it, in these times forlorn,
Of rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sate down to supper merrily,
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he entered the hall,
Where his picture hung against the wall,
A sweat like death all over him came,
For the rats had eaten it out of the frame.

As he look'd, there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm,
My lord, I opened your granaries this morn,
And the rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently,
And he was as pale as pale could be,
Fly! my lord bishop, fly! quoth he,
Ten thousand rats are coming this way—
The Lord forgive you for yesterday!

I'll go to my tower in the Rhine, replied he,
'Tis the safest place in Germany,
The walls are high, and the shores are steep,
And the tide is strong, and the water deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hastened away,
And he crost the Rhine without delay,
And reach'd his tower in the island, and barr'd
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down and closed his eyes—
But soon a scream made him arise,
He started, and saw two eyes of flame
On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd;—it was only the cat;
But the bishop he grew more fearful for that,
For she sate screaming, mad with fear
At the army of rats that were drawing near.

For they have swum over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep,
And now by thousands up they crawl
To the holes and the windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows, and in at the door,
And through the walls, by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling, and up through the floor,
From the right and the left, from behind and before,
From within and without, from above and below,
And all at once to the bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the bishop's bones,
They gnawed the flesh from every limb,
For *they were sent to* do judgment on him!

BISHOP BRUNO.

" Bruno, the Bishop of Herbipolitanum, sailing in the river of Danubius with Henry the Third, then emperour, being not far from a place which the Germanes call Ben Strudel, or the devouring gulfe, which is neere unto Grinon, a castle in Austria, a spirit was heard clamouring aloud, ' Ho, ho, Bishop Bruno, whither art thou travelling? Bu dispose of thyselfe how thou pleasest, thou shalt be my prey and spoile At the hearing of these words they were all stupified, and the bisho with the rest crost and blest themselves. The issue was, that within a short time after, the bishop feasting with the emperor in a castl belonging to the Countesse of Esburch, a rafter fell from the roof o the chamber wherein they sate, and strooke him dead at the table."– *Heywood's Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels.*

BISHOP BRUNO awoke in the dead midnight,
And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:
He dreamt he had rung the palace bell,
And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain,
He turn'd to sleep, and he dreamt again:
He rung at the palace gate once more,
And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream,
And he heard at his window the screech owl scream!
Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,—
Oh! glad was he when he saw the daylight!

Now he goes forth in proud array,
For he with the emperor dines to-day;
There was not a baron in Germany
That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride,
The people throng'd to see their pride,
They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent,
But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud,
When he heard a voice that cried aloud,
Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee—
But I would have *you* know, you travel to me!

Behind and before, and on either side,
He look'd, but nobody he espied.
And the bishop at that grew cold with fear,
For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace bell,
He almost expected to hear his knell;
And when the porter turn'd the key,
He almost expected death to see.

But soon the bishop recover'd his glee,
For the emperor welcom'd him royally;
And now the tables were spread, and there
Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the bishop had blest the meat,
When a voice was heard as he sat in his seat,—
With the emperor now you are dining in glee,
But know, bishop Bruno, you sup with me!

The bishop then grew pale with affright,
And suddenly lost his appetite;
All the wine and dainty cheer
Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he,
For the wine went flowing merrily,
And he forgot his former dread,
And his cheeks again grew rosy red.

When he sat down to the royal fare
Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there,
But when the masquers entered the hall,
He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquer's crowd
There went a voice hollow and loud—
You have past the day, bishop Bruno, with glee!
But you must pass the night with me!

His cheek grows pale and his eye-balls glare,
And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair;—
With that there came one from the masquer's band,
And he took the bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath,
His marrow grew cold at the touch of death;
On saints in vain he attempted to call,
Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace hall.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS,

AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
The few locks that are left you are gray;
You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are gone,
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

In the days of my youth, Father William replied,
I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death!
Now tell me the reason, I pray.

I am cheerful, young man, Father William replied;
Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my God!
And he hath not forgotten my age.

LYRICAL PIECES.

YOUTH AND AGE.

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly-dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his craggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears,
But only give delight.

And if the mist retiring slow,
Roll round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapours hide
Some beauty from his sight.

But when behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How wearily the traveller
Pursues his evening way!

Then sorely o'er the craggy road
His painful footsteps creep,
And slow with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear;
He dreads some unseen precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerfully does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas! the evening traveller feels
The fears of wary age!

THE EBB TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlaboured boat falls rapidly along,
The solitary helms-man sits to guide
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks, that lay
So silent late, the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The wisdom emblemed in thy varying way,
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms that long have stood
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

So tardily appears
The course of time to manhood's envied stage,
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

THE PIG.

A COLLOQUIAL POEM.

JACOB! I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.
It would be well, my friend, if thou and I
Had, like that pig, attained the perfectness
Made reachable by Nature! why dislike
The sow-born grunter?—he is obstinate,
Thou answerest, ugly, and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now I pray you
Hear the pig's counsel.
Is he obstinate?
We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learnt
That pigs were made for man, born to be brawn'd
And baconiz'd; that he must please to give
Just what his gracious masters please to take;
Perhaps his tusks, the weapons Nature gave
For self-defence, the general privilege;
Perhaps—hark, Jacob! dost thou hear that horn?
Woe to the young posterity of pork!
Their enemy is at hand.
Again. Thou say'st
The pig is ugly. Jacob, look at him!
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
His face,—nay, Jacob, Jacob! were it fair
To judge a lady in her dishabille?
Fancy it drest, and with saltpetre rouged.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse;
So crisp in beauty Amoretta's hair
Rings round her lover's soul the chains of love.
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious? give thy fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify this beast. Place at his end
The starry glories of the peacock's pride;
Give *him the* swan's white breast for his horn-hoofs;
Shape such a foot and ankle as the waves

Crowded in eager rivalry to kiss,
When Venus from the enamour'd sea arose;—
Jacob, thou canst but make a monster of him;
All alteration man could think, would mar
His pig-perfection.
The last charge—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And show, by sanction of authority,
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defence:
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter,—why the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged epicure to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
If matter be not, but as sages say
Spirit is all, and all things visible
Are one, the infinitely modified,
Think, Jacob, what that pig is, and the mire
In which he stands knee-deep?
And there! that bree
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossom'd field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

ODE TO A PIG,

WHILE HIS NOSE WAS BEING BORED.

HARK! hark! that pig—that pig! the hideous note,
More loud, more dissonant, each moment grows—
Would one not think the knife was in his throat!
And yet they are only boring through his nose.

You foolish beast, so rudely to withstand
Your master's will, to feel such idle fears!
Why, pig, there's not a lady in the land
Who has not also bored and ring'd her ears.

Pig! 'tis your master's pleasure—then be still,
And hold your nose to let the iron through!
Dare you resist your lawful sovereign's will?
Rebellious swine! you know not what you do.

To man o'er every beast the power was given,
Pig, hear the truth, and never murmur more!
Would you rebel against the will of Heaven?
You impious beast, be still, and let them bore!

The social pig resigns his natural rights
When first with man he covenants to live;
He barters them for safer stye delights,
For grains and wash, which man alone can give.

Sure is provision on the social plan,
Secure the comforts that to each belong:
Oh, happy swine! the impartial sway of man
Alike protects the weak pig and the strong.

And you resist! you struggle now because
Your master has thought fit to bore your nose!
You grunt in flat rebellion to the laws
Society finds needful to impose!

Go to the forest, piggy, and deplore
The miserable lot of savage swine!
See how the young pigs fly from the great boar,
And see how coarse and scantily they dine!

Behold their hourly danger, when who will
May hunt, or snare, or seize them for his food!
Oh, happy pig! whom none presumes to kill
Till your protecting master thinks it good!

And when, at last, the closing hour of life
Arrives (for pigs must die as well as man),
When in your throat you feel the long sharp knife,
And the blood trickles to the pudding pan;

And, when at last, the death wound yawning wide,
Fainter and fainter grows the expiring cry,
Is there no grateful joy, no loyal pride,
To think that for your master's good you die?

THE HOLLY TREE.

I.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see
The holly tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives
Its glossy leaves
Ordered by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the atheist's sophistries.

II.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen
Wrinkled and keen,
No grazing cattle through their prickly round
Can reach to wound;
But as they grow where nothing is to fear,
Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

III.

I love to view these things with curious eyes,
And moralize;
And in the wisdom of the holly tree
Can emblems see
Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant rhyme,
Such as may profit in the after-time.

IV.

So, though abroad perchance I might appear
Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude;
Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be,
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

V.

And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
Some harshness show,
All vain asperities I day by day
Would wear away,
Till the smooth temper of my age should be
Like the high leaves upon the holly tree.

VI.

And as when all the summer trees are seen
So bright and green
The holly leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they,
But when the bare and wintry woods we see
What then so cheerful as the holly tree?

VII.

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,
That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly tree.

LUCRETIA.

A MONODRAMA.

Scene, the house of COLLATINE.

WELCOME, my father! good Valerius,
Welcome! and thou too, Brutus! ye were both
My wedding guests, and fitly ye are come.
My husband—Collatine—alas! no more
Lucretia's husband, for thou shalt not clasp
Pollution to thy bosom,—hear me on!
For I will tell thee all.
I sate at eve
Spinning amid my maidens as I wont,
When from the camp at Ardea Sextus came.
Curb down thy swelling feelings, Collatine!
I little liked the man; yet, for he came
From Ardea, for he brought me news of thee,
I gladly gave him welcome, gladly listen'd,
Thou canst not tell how gladly! to his tales
Of battles, and the long and perilous siege,
And when I laid me down at night to sleep,
'Twas with a lighten'd heart,—I knew thee safe.
My *visions* were of thee.

Nay hear me out!
And be thou wise in vengeance, so thy wife
Not vainly shall have suffered. I have wrought
My soul up to the business of this hour
That it may stir your noble spirits, prompt
Such glorious deeds that ages yet unborn
Shall bless my fate. At midnight I awoke—
For by my bed the villain Tarquin stood.
My chamber lamp gleam'd on his unsheath'd sword;
That was not half so fearful as his eye,
His hot, red, eye!—O Collatine—my husband!
Where wert thou then! gone was my rebel strength—
All power of utterance gone! astonish'd—stunn'd,
I saw the coward ruffian, heard him urge
His damned suit, and bid me tamely yield—
Yield to dishonour. When he proffer'd death—
Oh I had leapt to meet the merciful sword!
But that with most accursed vows he vow'd
That he would lay a dead slave by my side,
Murdering my spotless honour.—Collatine!
From what an anguish have I rescued thee!
And thou, my father—wretched as thou art—
Thou miserable, childless, poor old man—
Think, father, what that agony had been!
Now thou mayst sorrow for me, thou mayst bless
The memory of thy poor, pollu'ed child.

Look if it have not kindled Brutus' eye!
Mysterious man! at last I know thee now,
I see thy dawning glories,—to the grave
Not unrevenged Lucretia shall descend—
Not always shall her wretched country wear
The Tarquins' yoke,—ye will deliver Rome—
And I have comfort in this dreadful hour.

Thinkest thou, my husband, that I dreaded death?
O Collatine! the weapon that had gored
My bosom, had been ease, been happiness—
Elysium to the hell of his hot grasp.
Judge if Lucretia could have fear'd to die!

(Stabs herself.)

TO RECOVERY.

RECOVERY, where art thou?
Daughter of Heaven, where shall we seek thy help?
Upon what hallowed fountain hast thou laid
O nymph adored, thy spell?

By the grey ocean's verge,
Daughter of Heaven, we seek thee, but in vain;
We find no healing in the breeze that sweeps
Thy thymy mountain's brow.

Where are the happy hours,
The sunshine that so cheer'd the morn of life!
For health is fled, and with her fled the joys
That made existence dear.

I saw the distant hills
Smile in the radiance of the orient beam,
And gazed delighted that anon our feet
Should visit scenes so fair.

I look'd abroad at noon,
The shadow and the storm were on the hills.
The crags that like a faery fabric shone
Darkness had overwhelm'd.

On you, ye coming years,
So fairly shone the April gleam of hope,
So darkly o'er the distance late so bright,
Now settle the black clouds.

Come thou and chase away
Sorrow and pain, the persecuting powers
That make the melancholy day so long,
So long the restless night.

Shall we not find thee here,
Recovery, on the ocean's breezy strand?
Is there no healing in the gales that sweep
The thymy mountain's brow?

I look for thy approach,
O life-preserving Power! as he who strays
Alone in darkness o'er the pathless marsh
Watches the dawn of day.

THE FILBERT.

NAY gather not that filbert, Nicholas,
There is a maggot there,—it is his house—
His castle—Oh commit not burglary!
Strip him not naked, 'tis his clothes, his shell,
His bones, the very armour of his life,
And thou shalt do no murder, Nicholas!
It were an easy thing to crack that nut,
Or with thy crackers or thy double teeth,
So easily may all things be destroyed!
But 'tis not in the power of mortal man
To mend the fracture of a filbert shell.
There were two great men once amused themselves
With watching maggots run their wriggling race
And wagering on their speed; but Nick, to us
It were no sport to see the pampered worm
Roll out and then draw in his folds of fat,
Like to some barber's leathern powder bag
Wherewith he feathers, frosts, or cauliflowers
Spruce beau, or lady fair, or doctor grave.
Enough of dangers and of enemies
Hath Nature's wisdom for the worm ordained,
Increase not thou the number! him the mouse
Gnawing with nibbling tooth the shell's defence
May from his native tenement eject;
Him may the nut-hatch piercing with strong bill
Unwittingly destroy, or to his hoard
The squirrel bear, at leisure to be crack'd.
Man also hath his dangers and his foes,
As this poor maggot hath, and when I muse
Upon the aches, anxieties, and tears,
The maggot knows not, Nicholas, methinks
It were a happy metamorphosis
To be enkernelled thus: never to hear
Of wars, and of invasions, and of plots,
Kings, Jacobines, and tax-commissioners,
To feel no motion but the wind that shook
The filbert tree, and rocked me to my rest;
And in the middle of such exquisite food
To live luxurious! the perfection this
Of snugness! it were to unite at once
Hermit retirement, aldermanic bliss,
And stoic independence of mankind.

THE BATTLE OF PULTOWA.

On Vorska's glittering waves
The morning sun-beams play;
Pultowa's walls are throng'd
With eager multitudes:
Athwart the dusty vale
They strain their aching eyes,
Where to the fight he moves
ıe conqueror Charles, the iron-hearted Swede.]

Him famine hath not tamed
The tamer of the brave;
Him winter hath not quell'd,
hen man by man his veteran troops sunk down,
Frozen to their endless sleep,
He held undaunted on;
Him pain hath not subdued,
What though he mounts not now
The fiery steed of war,
›rne on a litter to the fight he goes.

Go, iron-hearted king!
Full of thy former fame.
Think how the humbled Dane
Crouch'd to thy victor sword;
Think how the wretched Pole
Resign'd his conquer'd crown;
Go iron-hearted king!
:t Narva's glory swell thy haughty breast—
ıe death-day of thy glory, Charles, hath dawn'd;
Proud Swede, the sun hath risen
That on thy shame shall set!

Now bend thine head from heaven,
Now Patkul be revenged!
For o'er that bloody Swede
Ruin hath rais'd his arm—
For ere the night descends
His veteran host subdued,
is laurels blasted to revive no mor
He flies before the foe!

Long years of hope deceived
That conquered Swede must prove,
Patkul thou art avenged!
Long years of idleness
That restless soul must bear,
Patkul thou art avenged!
The despot's savage anger took thy life,
Thy death has stabb'd his fame.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

The night is come, no fears disturb
The dreams of innocence;
They trust in kingly faith and kingly oaths,
They sleep—alas! they sleep!

Go to the palace wouldst thou know
How hideous night can be;
Eye is not closed in those accursed walls,
Nor heart at quiet there.

The monarch from the window leans,
He listens to the night,
And with a horrible and eager hope
Awaits the midnight bell.

Oh, he has hell within him now!
God, always art thou just!
For innocence can never know such pangs
As pierce successful guilt.

He looks abroad and all is still.
Hark!—now the midnight bell
Sounds through the silence of the night alone;
And now the signal gun!

Thy hand is on him, righteous God!
He hears the frantic shriek,
He hears the glorying yells of massacre,
And he repents too late.

He hears the murderer's savage shout,
  He hears the groan of death;
In vain they fly,—soldiers defenceless now,
  Women, old men, and babes.

Righteous and just art thou, O God!
  For at his dying hour
Those shrieks and groans re-echoed in his ear
  He heard that murderous yell!

They throng'd around his midnight couch
  The phantoms of the slain,—
It preyed like poison on his powers of life,—
  Righteous art thou, O God!

Spirits who suffered at that hour
  For freedom and for faith,
Ye saw your country bent beneath the yoke,
  Her faith and freedom crush'd.

And like a giant from his sleep
  Ye saw when France awoke;
Ye saw the people burst their double chain,
  And ye had joy in heaven.

THE COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

And wherefore do the poor complain?
  The rich man asked of me;—
Come walk abroad with me, I said,
  And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening and the frozen streets
  Were cheerless to behold,
And we were wrapt and coated well,
  And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,
  His locks were few and white,
I ask'd him what he did abroad
  In that cold winter's night:

'Twas bitter keen, indeed, he said,
But at home no fire had he,
And therefore he had come abroad
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-footed child,
And she begg'd loud and bold,
I ask'd her what she did abroad
When the wind it blew so cold;

She said her father was at home,
And he lay sick in bed,
And therefore was it she was sent
Abroad to beg for bread.

We saw a woman sitting down
Upon a stone to rest,
She had a baby at her back
And another at her breast;

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there,
When the night-wind was so chill;—
She turn'd her head and bade the child
That scream'd behind be still.

She told us that her husband served
A soldier, far away,
And therefore to her parish she
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl, her dress was loose,
And sunken was her eye,
Who with the wanton's hollow voice
Address'd the passers by;

I ask'd her what there was in guilt
That could her heart allure
To shame, disease, and late remorse?
She answer'd, she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,
For silently stood he,—
You ask'd me why the poor complain,
And these have answer'd thee!

TO A BEE.

THOU wert out betimes, thou busy busy bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so gray,
I saw thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy busy bee!
After the fall of the cistus flower,
When the primrose-tree blossom was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
I heard thee, thou busy busy bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy busy bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent,
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy busy bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy busy bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil.
Woe then for thee, thou busy busy bee!

METRICAL LETTER.

WRITTEN FROM LONDON.

MARGARET! my cousin,—nay you must not smile,
I love the homely and familiar phrase;
And I will call thee cousin Margaret,
However quaint amid the measured line,
The good old term appears. Oh! it looks ill
When delicate tongues disclaim old term of kin,
Sirring and madaming as civilly
As if the road between the heart and lips

Were such a weary and Laplandish way,
That the poor travellers came to the red gates
Half frozen. Trust me, cousin Margaret,
For many a day my memory hath played
The creditor with me, on your account,
And made me shame to think that I should owe
So long a debt of kindness. But in truth,
Like Christian on his pilgrimage, I bear
So heavy a pack of business, that albeit
I toil on mainly, in our twelve hours' race
Time leaves me distanced. Loath indeed were I
That for a moment you should lay to me
Unkind neglect: mine, Margaret, is a heart
That smokes not, yet methinks there should be some
Who know how warm it beats. I am not one
Who can play off my smiles and courtesies
To every lady of her lap-dog tired,
Who wants a plaything; I am no sworn friend
Of half-an-hour, as apt to leave as love;
Mine are no mushroom feelings which spring up
At once without a seed and take no root,
Wiseliest distrusted. In a narrow sphere,
The little circle of domestic life,
I would be known and loved; the world beyond
Is not for me. But Margaret, sure I think
That you should know me well, for you and I
Grew up together, and when we look back
Upon old times our recollections paint
The same familiar faces. Did I wield
The wand of Merlin's magic I would make
Brave witchcraft. We would have a faery ship,
Ay, a new ark, as in that other flood
Which cleansed the sons of Anak from the earth;
The sylphs should waft us to some goodly isle
Like that where whilome old Apollidon
Built up his blameless spell; and I would bid
The sea nymphs pile around their coral bowers,
That we might stand upon the beach, and mark
The far-off breakers shower their silver spray
And hear the eternal roar whose pleasant sound
Told us that never mariner should reach
Our quiet coast. In such a blessed isle
We might renew the days of infancy,
And life like a long childhood pass away,

Without one care. It may be, Margaret,
That I shall yet be gathered to my friends;
For I am not one of those who live estranged
Of choice, till at the last they join their race
In the family vault. If so, if I should lose,
Like my old friend the pilgrim, this huge pack
So heavy on my shoulders, I and mine
Right pleasantly will end our pilgrimage.
If not, if I should never get beyond
This Vanity town, there is another world,
Where friends will meet. And often, Margaret,
I gaze at night into the boundless sky,
And think that I shall there be born again,
The exalted native of some better star;
And like the rude American I hope
To find in heaven the things I loved on earth.

THE VICTORY.

HARK! how the church-bells' thundering harmony
Stuns the glad ear! tidings of joy have come,
Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships
Met on the element,—they met, they fought
A desperate fight!—good tidings of great joy!
Old England triumphed! yet another day
Of glory for the ruler of the waves!
For those who fell, 'twas in their country's cause,
They have their passing paragraphs of praise
And are forgotten.
There was one who died
In that day's glory, whose obscurer name
No proud historian's page will chronicle.
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,
'Twas in the list of slaughter, and blest God
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.
But it was told me after that this man
Was one whom lawful violence had forced
From his own home and wife and little ones,
Who by his labour lived; that he was one
Whose *uncorrupted* heart could keenly feel

A husband's love, a father's anxiousness;
That from the wages of his toil he fed
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
At midnight when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued,—talk of them, of joys
Which he had known—oh God! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart
His manly heart, at last would overflow
Even like a child's with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit! suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,
For it came suddenly and shattered him,
And left no moment's agonizing thought
On those he loved so well.
He ocean-deep
Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter,
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back,
When first she heard the tidings of the fight;
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listened to the names of those who died;
Man does not know, or knowing, will not heed,
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and behold
His image who was gone. Oh God! be thou,
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!

TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou need'st not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes,
I wont humanely crush thy bowels out,
Lest thou should'st eat the flies,—
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a rhymer sore-perplext,
The subject of his verse:
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.

Then shrink not, old free-mason, from my view,
But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the ways
Of Satan, sire of lies;
Hell's huge black spider for mankind he lays
His toils as thou for flies.
When Betty's busy eye runs round the room
Woe to that nice geometry, if seen!
But where is he whose broom
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy flimsy webs were thought,
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the weak are caught
But which the strong break through.
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'en,
Like some poor client is that wretched fly—
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain
His life-blood dry.

And is not thy weak work like human schemes
And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and love's delightful dreams
So easily destroyed!
So does the statesman, whilst the avengers sleep,
Self-deem'd secure, his wiles in secret lay,
Soon shall destruction sweep
His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance more
Shall yet the verse prolong,
For spider, thou art like the poet poor,
Whom thou hast help'd in song.
Both busily our needful food to win,
We work, as nature taught, with ceaseless pains,
Thy bowels thou dost spin,
I spin my brains.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blacken'd cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude,
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse
Had past unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At pride's last triumph. Now these measur'd sounds
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.
But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting place, no dear delights of home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropt from existence, like the withered leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed: when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.
We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! one favour'd mind
Scarce lower than the angels, shall explore
The ways of nature, whilst his fellow-man
Fram'd with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain
Be moulded by his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.

ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO.

It lay before me on the close-grazed grass,
Beside my path, an old tobacco quid:
And shall I by the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought? now heaven forbid!

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there,
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire,
One who for wife and children takes no care,
But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.

Ah! luckless was the day he learnt to chew!
Embryo of ills the quid that pleas'd him first!
Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,
Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise,
The forest oak was once an acorn seed:
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies,
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation, mortal, ere come nigh!
Suspect some ambush in the parsley hid!
From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly!
Ye youths avoid the first tobacco quid!

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran chaw,
And better thoughts my musings should engage;
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffered fortune's hardest knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
Yet has a friend in his tobacco-box,
And whilst he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Even so it is with human happiness,
Each seeks his own according to his whim;
One toils for wealth, one fame alone can bless,
One *asks a quid*, a quid is all to him.

O veteran chaw, thy fibres savoury strong,
Whilst ought remain'd to chew thy master chew'd,
Then cast thee here, when all thy juice was gone,
Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude!

A happy man, O cast-off quid, is he
Who, like as thou, has comforted the poor.
Happy his age, who knows himself like thee,
Thou didst thy duty, man can do no more.

TO A FRIEND SETTLED IN THE COUNTRY.

RICHARD, the lot which fate to thee has given,
Almost excites my envy. This green field
Sweet solace to the wearied mind must yield;
And yonder wide circumference of heaven,
At morn or when the day-star rides on high,
Or when the calm and mellowed light of even
Softens the glory of the western sky,
Spreads only varied beauties to thine eye.
And when these scenes, these lovely scenes so fair,
Hill, vale, and wood, are hidden from thy sight,
Still through the deepness of the quiet air,
Canst thou behold the radiant host of night,
And send thy spirit through the infinite,
Till lofty contemplation end in prayer.
Richard, the lot which fate to thee has given,
I not unenvying shall recall to mind,
In that foul town, by other fate confined,
Where never running brook, nor verdant field,
Nor yonder wide circumference of heaven,
Sweet solace to the wearied soul can yield.

COOL REFLECTIONS DURING A MIDSUMMER WALK.

O spare me—spare me, Phœbus! if, indeed,
Thou hast not let another Phaeton
Drive earthward thy fierce steeds and fiery car;
Mercy! I melt! I melt! no tree—no bush,
No shelter! not a breath of stirring air
East, west, or north, or south! dear god of day,
Put on thy night-cap!—crop thy locks of light,
And be in the fashion! turn thy back upon us,
And let thy beams flow upward! make it night
Instead of noon! one little miracle,
In pity, gentle Phœbus!
What a joy,
Oh, what a joy to be a seal and flounder,
On an ice-island! or to have a den
With the white bear, cavern'd in polar snow!
It were a comfort to shake hands with death—
He has a rare cold hand! to wrap one's self
In the gift shirt Deianeira sent,
Dipt in the blood of Nessus, just to keep
The sun off,—or toast cheese for Beelzebub,
That were a cool employment to this journey
Along a road whose white intensity
Would now make platina uncongelable,
Like quicksilver.
Were it midnight, I should walk
Self-lanthorn'd, saturate with sun-beams. Jove!
O gentle Jove! have mercy, and once more
Kick that obdurate Phœbus out of heaven.
Give Boreas the wind-cholic, till he roars
For cardimum, and drinks down peppermint,
Making what's left as precious as Tokay.
Send Mercury to salivate the sky
Till it dissolves in rain. O gentle Jove!
But some such little kindness to a wretch
Who feels his marrow spoiling his best coat—
Who swells with calorique as if a Prester
Had leavened every limb with poison-yeast—
Lend me thine eagle just to flap his wings,
And fan me, and I will build temples to thee
And turn *true* pagan.

Not a cloud nor breeze—
O you most heathen deities! if ever
My bones reach home (for, for the flesh upon them
That hath resolved itself into a dew),
I shall have learnt owl-wisdom. Most vile Phœbus,
Set me a Persian sun-idolater
Upon this turnpike road, and I'll convert him
With no inquisitorial argument
But thy own fires. Now woe be to me, wretch,
That I was in a heretic country born!
Else might some mass for the poor souls that bleach,
And burn away the calx of their offences
In that great purgatory crucible,
Help me. O Jupiter! my poor complexion!
I am made a copper-Indian of already.
And if no kindly cloud will parasol me,
My very cellular membrane will be changed—
I shall be negrofied.
A brook! a brook!
Oh what a sweet cool sound!
'Tis very nectar!
It runs like life through every strengthen'd limb—
Nymph of the stream, now take a grateful prayer.

SNUFF.

A DELICATE pinch! oh how it tingles up
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full collected pleasure bursts at last!
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this
The only Christopher in my kalendar.
Why, but for thee, the uses of the nose
Were half unknown, and its capacity
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath,
At midnoon glittering with the golden furze,
Bears its balsamic odours, but provokes,
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers,
That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,

That half the year the nostrils would keep lent,
But that the kind tobacconist admits
No winter in his work; when nature sleeps
His wheels roll on, and still administer
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.

What is Peru and those Brazilian mines
To thee, Virginia? miserable realms,
They furnish gold for knaves and gems for fools:
But thine are *common* comforts! to omit
Pipe-panegyric and tobacco praise,
Think what the general joy the snuff-box gives,
Europe, and far above Pizarro's name
Write Raleigh in thy records of renown!
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold
His master's box produced, for when he sees
The thumb and finger of authority
Stuff'd up the nostrils, when hat, head, and wig
Shake all; when on the waistcoat black the dust
Or drop falls brown, soon shall the brow severe
Relax, and from vituperative lips
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,
And jokes that *must* be laugh'd at shall proceed.

TO A FRIEND EXPRESSING A WISH TO TRAVEL.

Dost thou, then, listening to the traveller's tale
Of mountainous wilds, and towns of ancient fame,
And spacious bays, and streams renown'd of name
That roll their plenty through the freshen'd vale;
Dost thou then long to voyage far away,
And visit other lands, that thou mayest view
These varied scenes so beautiful and new?
Thou dost not know how sad it is to stray
Amid a foreign land, thyself unknown,
And when o'erwearied with the toilsome day,
To rest at eve and feel thyself alone.
Delightful sure it is at early morning

To see the sun-beam shine on scenes so fair,
And when the eve the mountain heights adorning
Sinks slow, empurpling the luxurious air.
Pleasant it is at times like these to roam,
But wouldst thou not at night, confined within
Thy foul and comfortless and lonely inn,
Remember with a sigh the joys of home?

THE DEATH OF WALLACE.

Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to death,
At length the traitor meets the traitor's doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapon'd and in chains,
And garlanded around his helmless head
The laurel wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fled before his sword,
Who at the name of Wallace once grew pale
And faltered out a prayer.

Yes, they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes, they can gaze upon those manly limbs
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy,
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense
Was by their damned cruelty revived,
What though ingenious vengeance lengthened life
To fell protracted death—

What though the hangman's hand
Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart,
In the last agony, the last sick pang,
Wallace had comfort still.

He called to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which he died,
And it was joy in death!

Go, Edward, triumph now!
Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd;
On Wallace, on Llewellyn's mangled limbs
The fowls of heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed,
Go, Edward, full of glory, to thy grave!
The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul,
Go, Edward, to thy God!

TO A FRIEND,

INQUIRING IF I WOULD LIVE OVER MY YOUTH AGAIN.

Do I regret the past?
Would I again live o'er
The morning hours of life?
Nay, William, nay, not so!
In the warm joyaunce of the summer sun
I do not wish again
The changeful April day.
Nay, William, nay, not so!
Safe haven'd from the sea
I would not tempt again
The uncertain ocean's wrath.
Praise be to him who made me what I am,
Other I would not be.
Why is it pleasant then to sit and talk
Of days that are no more?
When in his own dear home
The traveller rests at last,
And tells how often in his wanderings

The thought of those far off
Has made his eyes o'erflow
With no unmanly tears;
Delighted, he recalls
Through what fair scenes his charmed feet have trod
But ever when he tells of perils past,
And troubles now no more,
His eyes most sparkle, and a readier joy
Flows rapid to his heart.

No, William, no, I would not live again
The morning hours of life;
I would not be again
The slave of hope and fear;
I would not learn again
The wisdom by experience hardly taught.
To me the past presents
No object for regret;
To me the present gives
All cause for full content;—
The future,—it is now the cheerful noon,
And on the sunny-smiling fields I gaze
With eyes alive to joy;
When the dark night descends,
My weary lids I willingly shall close,
Again to wake in light.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the oak of our fathers that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches spread round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart it was sound
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its shade.

oak of our fathers to freedom was dear,
eaves were her crown, and its wood was her spear.
for the oak of our fathers that stood
s beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

e crept up an ivy and clung round the trunk,
ruck in its mouths and its juices it drunk;
branches grew sickly, deprived of their food,
the oak was no longer the pride of the wood.

foresters saw and they gather'd around,
oots still were fast, and its heart still was sound
r lopt off the boughs that so beautiful spread,
the ivy they spared on its vitals that fed.

onger the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd,
the beasts of the forest fed under its shade;
; and mangled the trunk in its ruin is seen,
onument now what its beauty has been.

oak has received its incurable wound;
r have loosened the roots, though the heart may be sound;
it the travellers at distance green-flourishing see,
the leaves of the ivy that ruined the tree.

for the oak of our fathers that stood
s beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

REMEMBRANCE.

"The remembrance of youth is a sigh."—*Ms.*

MAN hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends;
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?

Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern,
Hope lightens as she counts the hours
That hasten his return.
From hard control and tyrant rules
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
The child's sad thoughts will roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not youth as fancy tells
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delayed
And feelings blasted or betrayed,
The fabled bliss destroy,
And he remembers with a sigh
The careless days of infancy.

Maturer manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of youth
Its generous warmth is gone;
Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await
And old experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

THE ROSE.

"BETWENE the cytee and the chirche of Bethlehem, is the felde oridus, that is to seyne, the felde floriched. For als moche as a fayre ayden was blamed with wrong and sclaundred, that she hadde don rnicacioun, for whiche cause sche was demed to the dethe, and to be ent in that place, to the whiche sche was ladd. And as the fyre gan to brenne about hire, she made hire preyeres to oure Lord, that s wissely as sche was not gylty of that synne, that he wold help hire, id make it to be knowen to alle men of his mercyfulle grace; and hanne she had thus seyd, sche entered into the fuyer, and anon was e fuyer quenched and oute, and the broudes that weren brennynge, comen white Roseres, fulle of roses, and theise werein the first oseres and roses, bothe white and rede, that evere ony man saughe. nd thus was this maiden saved be the grace of God."—*The Voiage d Travaile of Sir John Maundeville.*

NAY EDITH! spare the rose;—it lives, it lives,
It feels the noon-tide sun, and drinks refresh'd
The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand
Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy
The sense of being!—Why that infidel smile?
Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful,
And thou shalt have a tale of other times,
For I am skill'd in legendary lore,
So thou wilt let it live. There was a time
Ere this, the freshest sweetest flower that blooms,
Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard
How first by miracle its fragrant leaves
Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.
There dwelt at Bethlehem a Jewish maid
And Zillah was her name, so passing fair
That all Judea spake the damsel's praise.
He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance
How it revealed her soul, and what a soul
Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe was he!
For not in solitude, for not in crowds,
Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid
Her imaged form which followed every where,
And filled the heart, and fix'd the absent eye.
Woe was he, for her bosom own'd no love
Save the strong ardours of religious zeal,
For Zillah on her God had centered all
Her spirit's deep affections. So for her
Her tribes-men *sigh'd* in vain, yet reverenced
The obdurate virtue that destroyed their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,
Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hated her.
His sensual eye had gloated on her cheek
Even till the flush of angry modesty
Gave it new charms, and made him gloat the more.
She loath'd the man, for Hamuel's eye was bold,
And the strong workings of brute selfishness
Had moulded his broad features; and she fear'd
The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overcast
His faint and lying smile. Nor vain her fear,
For Hamuel vowed revenge and laid a plot
Against her virgin fame. He spread abroad
Whispers that travel fast, and ill reports
Which soon obtain belief; how Zillah's eye
When in the temple heaven-ward it was rais'd
Did swim with rapturous zeal, but there were those
Who had beheld the enthusiast's melting glance
With other feelings filled;—that 'twas a task
Of easy sort to play the saint by day
Before the public eye, but that all eyes
Were closed at night;—that Zillah's life was foul,
Yea, forfeit to the law.

Shame—shame to man
That he should trust so easily the tongue
Which stabs another's fame! the ill report
Was heard, repeated, and believed,—and soon,
For Hamuel by his damned artifice
Produced such semblances of guilt, the maid
Was judged to shameful death.

Without the walls
There was a barren field; a place abhorr'd,
For it was there where wretched criminals
Received their death; and there they built the stake,
And piled the fuel round, which should consume
The accused maid, abandon'd, as it seem'd,
By God and man. The assembled Bethlemites
Beheld the scene, and when they saw the maid
Bound to the stake, with what calm holiness
She lifted up her patient looks to heaven,
They doubted of her guilt. With other thoughts
Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage joy
Led thitherward, but now within his heart
Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first pangs

wakening guilt, anticipating hell.
e eye of Zillah as it glanced around
ll on the murderer once, but not in wrath;
ıd therefore like a dagger it had fallen,
ıd struck into his soul a cureless wound.
nscience! thou God within us! not in the hour
triumph, dost thou spare the guilty wretch,
ıt in the hour of infamy and death
rsake the virtuous! they draw near the stake,—
ıd lo! the torch!—hold hold your erring hands!
ıt quench the rising flames!—they rise! they spread!
ey reach the suffering maid! Oh God protect
e innocent one!
They rose, they spread, they raged;—
e breath of God went forth; the ascending fire
neath its influence bent, and all its flames
one long lightning flash concentrating,
ırted and blasted Hamuel,—him alone.
ırk!—what a fearful scream the multitude
ur forth!—and yet more miracles! the stake
ıds out, and spreads its light green leaves, and bowers
e innocent maid, and roses bloom around,
ɔw first beheld since Paradise was lost,
ıd fill with Eden odours all the air.

THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

Sweet to the morning traveller
The sky-lark's early song,
Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits
The dewy light among.

And cheering to the traveller
The gales that round him play,
When faint and heavily he drags
Along his noon-tide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun
Full wearily toils he,
The flowing water makes to him
A pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays
And all is calm around,
There is sweet music to his ear
In the distant sheep-bells' sound.

But oh! of all delightful sounds
Of evening or of morn,
The sweetest is the voice of love.
That welcomes his return.

AUTUMN.

NAY William, nay, not so; the changeful year
In all its due successions to my sight
Presents but varied beauties, transient all,
All in their season good. These fading leaves
That with their rich variety of hues
Make yonder forest in the slanting sun
So beautiful, in you awake the thought
Of winter, cold, drear winter, when these trees
Each like a fleshless skeleton shall stretch
Its bare brown boughs; when not a flower shall spread
Its colours to the day, and not a bird
Carol its joyaunce—but all nature wear
One sullen aspect, bleak and desolate,
To eye, ear, feeling, comfortless alike.
To me their many-coloured beauties speak
Of times of merriment and festival,
The year's best holyday: I call to mind
The school-boy days, when in the falling leaves
I saw with eager hope the pleasant sign
Of coming Christmas, when at morn I took
My wooden kalender, and counting up
Once more its often-told account, smooth'd off
Each day with more delight the daily notch.
To you the beauties of the autumnal year
Make mournful emblems, and you think of man
Doom'd to the grave's long winter, spirit-broke,
Bending beneath the burthen of his years,
Sense-dull'd and fretful, "full of aches and pains,"

Yet clinging still to life. To me they shew
The calm decay of nature, when the mind
Retains its strength, and in the languid eye
Religion's holy hopes kindle a joy
That makes old age look lovely. All to you
Is dark and cheerless; you in this fair world
See some destroying principle abroad,
Air, earth, and water full of living things,
Each on the other preying; and the ways
Of man, a strange perplexing labyrinth,
Where crimes and miseries, each producing each,
Render life loathsome, and destroy the hope
That should in death bring comfort. Oh my frien
That thy faith were as mine! that thou couldst see
Death still producing life, and evil still
Working its own destruction; couldst behold
The strifes and tumults of this troubled world
With the strong eye that sees the promised day
Dawn through this night of tempest! all things then
Would minister to joy; then should thine heart
Be healed and harmonized, and thou shouldst feel
God, always, everywhere, and all in all.

HISTORY.

Thou chronicle of crimes! I read no more—
For I am one who willingly would love
His fellow kind. O gentle poesy,
Receive me from the court's polluted scenes,
From dungeon-horrors, from the fields of war,
Receive me to your haunts,—that I may nurse
My nature's better feelings, for my soul
Sickens at man's misdeeds!
I spake—when lo!
She stood before me in her majesty,
Clio, the strong-eyed muse. Upon her brow
Sate a calm anger. Go—young man, she cried,
Sigh among myrtle bowers, and let thy soul
Effuse itself in strains so sorrowful sweet,
That love-sick maids may weep upon thy page
In most delicious sorrow. Oh shame! shame!

Was it for this I waken'd thy young mind?
Was it for this I made thy swelling heart
Throb at the deeds of Greece, and thy boy's eye
So kindle when that glorious Spartan died?
Boy! boy! deceive me not! what if the tale
Of murder'd millions strike a chilling pang,
What if Tiberius in his island stews,
And Philip at his beads, alike inspire
Strong anger and contempt; hast thou not risen
With nobler feelings? with a deeper love
For freedom? Yes—most righteously thy soul
Loathes the black history of human crimes
And human misery! let that spirit fill
Thy song, and it shall teach thee, boy! to raise
Strains such as Cato might have deign'd to hear,
As Sidney in his hall of bliss may love.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF DECEMBER, 1793.

THOUGH now no more the musing ear
Delights to listen to the breeze,
That lingers o'er the green wood shade,
I love thee, winter! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of spring,
Sweet is the summer's evening gale,
And sweet the autumnal winds that shake
The many-coloured grove.

And pleasant to the sobered soul
The silence of the wintry scene,
When nature shrouds her in her trance
In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam
The wild heath sparkling on the sight;
Not undelightful now to pace
The forest's ample rounds;

And see the spangled branches shine,
And mark the moss of many a hue
That varies the old tree's brown bark,
  Or o'er the gray stone spreads.

And mark the clustered berries bright
Amid the holly's gay green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
  That clasps its foliage close.

So virtue diffident of strength
Clings to religion's firmer aid,
And by religion's aid upheld
  Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,
Whose waters hid from summer sun
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear
  With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form;
And lovely is the silvery scene
  When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection, too, may love the hour
When nature, hid in winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
  Or bids the flowret bloom.

For nature soon in spring's best charms
Shall rise revived from winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
  And bid the flowret bloom.

STANZAS WRITTEN ON THE FIRST OF JANUARY, 1794.

Come melancholy moralizer, come!
Gather with me the dark and wintry wreath;
With me engarland now
The sepulchre of Time!

Come, moralizer, to the funeral song!
I pour the dirge of the departed days;
For well the funeral song
Befits this solemn hour.

But hark! even now the merry bells ring round
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,
This consecrated day,
To mirth and indolence.

Mortal! whilst fortune with benignant hand
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,
Whilst her unclouded sun
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice,—rejoice that time flies fast?
That night shall shadow soon thy summer sun?
That swift the stream of years
Rolls to eternity?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,
If power be thine, remember what thou art!
Remember thou art man,
And death thine heritage!

Hast thou known love! doth beauty's better sun
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,
Her eye all eloquence,
All harmony her voice?

Oh state of happiness!—hark how the gale
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove!
Winter is dark and cold;
Where now the charms of spring?

Sayest thou that fancy paints the future scene
In hues too sombrous? that the dark-stoled maid
With stern and frowning front
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,
Her many-coloured robes
Dance varying to the sun?

Ah! vainly does the pilgrim, whose long road
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vext height,
With anxious gaze survey
The quiet vale, far off.

Oh there are those who love the pensive song,
To whom all sounds of mirth are dissonant!
They at this solemn hour
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless sorrow hails the lapse of time,
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day
Is sunk again in night,
That one day more is gone.

And he who bears affliction's heavy load
With patient piety, well pleased he knows
The world a pilgrimage,
The grave the inn of rest.

WRITTEN ON SUNDAY MORNING.

Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
I to the woodlands wend, and there
In lovely nature see the God of love.
The swelling organ's peal
Wakes not my soul to zeal,
Like the wild music of the wind-swept grove.
The gorgeous altar and the mystic vest
Rouse not such ardour in my breast,

As where the noon-tide beam
Flashed from the broken stream,
Quick vibrates on the dazzled sight;
Or where the cloud-suspended rain
Sweeps in shadows o'er the plain;
Or when reclining on the cliff's huge height
I mark the billows burst in silver light.
Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
I to the woodlands shall repair,
Feed with all nature's charms mine eyes,
And hear all nature's melodies.
The primrose bank shall there dispense
Faint fragrance to the awakened sense;
The morning beams that life and joy impart,
Shall with their influence warm my heart,
And the full tear that down my cheek will steal,
Shall speak the prayer of praise I feel!

Go thou and seek the house of prayer!
I to the woodlands bend my way,
And meet religion there.
She needs not haunt the high-arched dome to pray
Where storied windows dim the doubtful day:
With liberty she loves to rove,
Wide o'er the heathy hill or cowslipt dale;
Or seek the shelter of the embowering grove,
Or with the streamlet wind along the vale.
Sweet are these scenes to her; and when the night
Pours in the north her silver streams of light,
She woos reflection in the silent gloom,
And ponders on the world to come.

ON MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

TAKEN AT TWO YEARS OF AGE.

And I was once like this! that glowing cheek
Was mine, those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow
Smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
Dies o'er the sleeping surface! Twenty years
Have wrought strange alteration! Of the friends
Who once so dearly prized this miniature,

And loved it for its likeness, some are gone
To their last home; and some, estranged in heart,
Beholding me, with quick-averted glance
Pass on the other side. But still these hues
Remain unaltered, and these features wear
The look of infancy and innocence.
I search myself in vain, and find no trace
Of what I was: those lightly-arching lines
Dark and o'erhanging now; and that sweet face
Settled in these strong lineaments!—There were
Who formed high hopes and flattering ones of thee,
Young Robert; for thine eye was quick to speak
Each opening feeling: should they not have known,
If the rich rainbow on the morning cloud
Reflects its radiant dyes, the husbandman
Beholds the ominous glory, and foresees
Impending storms.—They augured happily,
That thou didst love each wild and wondrous tale
Of fairy fiction, and thine infant tongue
Lisped with delight the godlike deeds of Greece
And rising Rome; therefore they deemed, forsooth,
That thou should tread preferment's pleasant path.
Ill-judging ones! they let thy little feet
Stray in the pleasant paths of poesy,
And when thou shouldst have prest amid the crowd,
There didst thou love to linger out the day,
Loitering beneath the laurel's barren shade.
Spirit of Spenser! was the wanderer wrong?

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

WHAT! and not one to heave the pious sigh!
Not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye
For social scenes, for life's endearments fled,
Shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead!
Poor wretched outcast! I will weep for thee,
And sorrow for forlorn humanity.
Yes, I will weep; but not that thou art come
To the stern sabbath of the silent tomb:
For squalid want, and the black scorpion care,
Heart-withering fiends! shall never enter there.

I sorrow for the ills thy life has known,
As through the world's long pilgrimage, alone,
Haunted by poverty and woe-begone,
Unloved, unfriended, thou didst journey on:
Thy youth in ignorance and labour past,
And thine old age all barrenness and blast!
Hard was thy fate, which, while it doomed to woe,
Denied thee wisdom to support the blow;
And robbed of all its energy thy mind,
Ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,
Abject of thought, the victim of distress,
To wander in the world's wide wilderness.

Poor outcast, sleep in peace! the wintry storm
Blows bleak no more on thine unsheltered form;
Thy woes are past; thou restest in the tomb;—
I pause—and ponder on the days to come.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE OLD SPANIEL.

And they have drowned thee then at last! poor Phillis!
The burthen of old age was heavy on thee,
And yet thou shouldst have lived! What though thine eye
Was dim, and watched no more with eager joy
The wonted call that on thy dull sense sunk
With fruitless repetition, the warm sun
Might still have cheered thy slumber: thou didst love
To lick the hand that fed thee, and though past
Youth's active season, even life itself
Was comfort. Poor old friend! how earnestly
Would I have pleaded for thee! thou hadst been
Still the companion of my childish sports;
And as I roamed o'er Avon's woody cliffs,
From many a day-dream has thy short quick bark
Recalled my wandering soul. I have beguiled
Often the melancholy hours at school,
Soured by some little tyrant, with the thought
Of distant home, and I remembered then
Thy faithful fondness: for not mean the joy,

Returning at the pleasant holidays,
I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively
Sometimes have I remarked thy slow decay,
Feeling myself changed too, and musing much
On many a sad vicissitude of life!
Ah, poor companion! when thou followedst last
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
Which closed for ever on him, thou didst lose
Thy truest friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity!
But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man! There is another world
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee!

ON A LANDSCAPE OF GASPAR POUSSIN.

Poussin! how pleasantly thy pictured scenes
Beguile the lonely hour! I sit and gaze
With lingering eye, till charmed fancy makes
The lovely landscape live, and the rapt soul
From the foul haunts of herded human-kind
Flies far away with spirit speed, and tastes
The untainted air, that with the lively hue
Of health and happiness illumes the cheek
Of mountain liberty. My willing soul,
All eager, follows on thy fairy flights,
Fancy! best friend; whose blessed witcheries
With loveliest prospects cheat the traveller
O'er the long wearying desert of the world.
Nor dost thou, fancy! with such magic mock
My heart, as, demon-born, old Merlin knew,
Or Alquif, or Zarzafiel's sister sage,
Whose vengeful anguish for so many a year
Held in the jacinth sepulchre entranced
Lisvart and Perion, pride of chivalry.

Friend of my lonely hours! thou leadest me
To such calm joys as nature, wise and good,
Proffers in vain to all her wretched sons;
Her wretched sons who pine with want amid
The abundant earth, and blindly bow them down
Before the Moloch shrines of wealth and power,
Authors of evil. Oh, it is most sweet
To medicine with thy wiles the wearied heart,
Sick of reality. The little pile
That tops the summit of that craggy hill
Shall be my dwelling: craggy is the hill
And steep; yet through yon hazles upward leads
The easy path, along whose winding way,
Now close embowered, I hear the unseen stream
Dash down, anon behold its sparkling foam
Gleam through the thicket; and ascending on,
Now pause me to survey the goodly vale
That opens on my vision. Half-way up,
Pleasant it were upon some broad smooth rock
To sit and sun myself, and look below,
And watch the goatherd down yon high-banked path
Urging his flock grotesque; and bidding now
His lean rough dog from some near cliff to drive
The straggler; while his barkings loud and quick
Amid their trembling bleat arising oft,
Fainter and fainter, from the hollow road
Send their far echoes, till the waterfall,
Hoarse bursting from the caverned cliff beneath,
Their dying murmurs drown. A little yet
Onward, and I have gained the upmost height.
Fair spreads the vale below: I see the stream
Stream radiant on beneath the noontide sky.
A passing cloud darkens the bordering steep,
Where the town-spires behind the castle towers
Rise graceful; brown the mountain in its shade,
Whose circling grandeur, part by mists concealed,
Part with white rocks resplendent in the sun,
Should bound mine eyes,—ay, and my wishes too,—
For I would have no hope or fear beyond.
The empty turmoil of the worthless world,
Its vanities and vices, would not vex
My quiet heart. The traveller, who beheld
The low tower of the little pile, might deem
It were the house of God: nor would he err,

So deeming, for that home would be the home
Of peace and love, and they would hallow it
To Him. Oh, life of blessedness! to reap
The fruit of honourable toil, and bound
Our wishes with our wants! Delightful thoughts,
That soothe the solitude of maniac hope,
Ye leave her to reality awaked,
Like the poor captive, from some fleeting dream
Of friends and liberty and home restored,
Startled and listening, as the midnight storm
Beats hard and heavy through his dungeon bars.

MUSINGS ON THE WIG OF A SCARE-CROW.

Alas for this world's changes and the lot
Of sublunary things! yon wig that there
Moves with each motion of the inconstant air,
Invites my pensive mind to serious thought.
Was it for this its curious caul was wrought
Close as the tender tendrils of the vine
With cluster'd curls? Perhaps the artist's cane
Its borrowed beauties for some lady fair
Arranged with nicest art and fingers fine;
Or for the forehead fram'd of some divine
Its graceful gravity of grizzled grey;
Or whether on some stern schoolmaster's brow
Sate its white terrors, who shall answer now?
On yonder rag-robed pole for many a day
Have those dishonour'd locks endur'd the rains
And winds, and summer sun, and winter snow,
Scaring with vain alarms the robber crow,
Till of its former form no trace remains,
None of its ancient honours! I survey
Its alter'd state with moralizing eye,
And journey sorrowing on my lonely way,
And muse on fortune's mutability.

TO CONTEMPLATION.

FAINT gleams the evening radiance through the sky,
The sober twilight dimly darkens round;
In short quick circles the shrill bat flits by,
And the slow vapour curls along the ground.

Now the pleased eye from yon lone cottage sees
On the green mead the smoke long-shadowing play;
The red-breast on the blossomed spray
Warbles wild her latest lay,
And sleeps along the dale the silent breeze.
Calm contemplation, 'tis thy favourite hour!
Come tranquillizing power!

view thee on the calmy shore
When ocean stills his waves to rest;
Or when slow-moving on the serges hoar
Meet with deep hollow roar
And whiten o'er his breast;
For lo! the moon with softer radiance gleams,
And lovelier heave the billows in her beams.

When the low gales of evening moan along,
I love with thee to feel the calm cool breeze,
And roam the pathless forest wilds among
Listening the mellow murmur of the trees
Full-foliaged, as they lift their arms on high
And wave their shadowy heads in wildest melody.

Or lead me where amid the tranquil vale
The broken stream flows on in silver light,
And I will linger where the gale
O'er the bank of violets sighs,
Listening to hear its softened sounds arise;
And hearken the dull beetle's drowsy flight:
And watch the horn-eyed snail
Creep o'er his long moon-glittering trail,
And mark where, radiant through the night, [light.
Moves in the grass-green hedge the glow-worm's living

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TO CONTEMPLATION.

hee, meekest power! I love to meet,
s oft with even solitary pace
he scattered abbey's hallowed rounds I trace
l listen to the echoings of my feet.
r on the half-demolished tomb,
/hose warning texts anticipate my doom,
[ark the clear orb of night
; through the storying glass a faintly-varied light.

will I not in some more gloomy hour
oke with fearless awe thine holier power,
ndering beneath the sainted pile
en the blast moans along the darksome aisle,
l clattering patters all around
midnight shower with dreary sound.
But sweeter 'tis to wander wild
By melancholy dreams beguiled,
While the summer moon's pale ray
Faintly guides me on my way
To the lone romantic glen
Far from all the haunts of men,
Where no noise of uproar rude
Breaks the calm of solitude.
But soothing silence sleeps in all,
Save the neighbouring waterfall,
Whose hoarse waters falling near
Load with hollow sounds the ear,
And with down-dasht torrent white
Gleam hoary through the shades of night.
Thus wandering silent on and slow
I'll nurse reflection's sacred woe,
And muse upon the perisht day
When hope would weave her visions gay,
Ere Fancy chilled by adverse fate
Left sad Reality my mate.

Contemplation! when to memory's eyes
he visions of the long-past days arise,
hy holy power imparts the best relief,
nd the calmed spirit loves the joy of grief.

TO HORROR.

Dark Horror, hear my call!
Stern genius hear from thy retreat
On some old sepulchre's moss-cankered seat
Beneath the abbey's ivied wall
That trembles o'er its shade;
Where wrapt in midnight gloom, alone,
Thou lovest to lie and hear
The roar of waters near,
And listen to the deep dull groan
Of some perturbed sprite
Borne fitful on the heavy gales of night.

Or whether o'er some wide waste hill
Thou markest the traveller stray,
Bewildered on his lonely way.
When, loud and keen and chill,
The evening winds of winter blow,
Drifting deep the dismal snow.

Or if thou followest now on Greenland's shore,
With all thy terrors, on the lonely way
Of some wrecked mariner, when to the roar
Of herded bears, the floating ice-hills round
Pour their deep echoing sound,
And by the dim drear boreal light
Givest half his dangers to the wretch's sight.

Or if thy fury form,
When o'er the midnight deep
The dark-winged tempests sweep,
Watches from some high cliff the increasing storm,
Listening with strange delight,
As the black billows to the thunder rave
When by the lightning's light
Thou seest the tall ship sink beneath the wave.

Dark Horror! bear me where the field of fight
Scatters contagion on the tainted gale,
When to the moon's faint beam,

On many a carcase shine the dews of night,
And a dead silence stills the vale
Save when at times is heard the glutted raven's scream.

Where some wrecked army from the conqueror's might
Speed their disastrous flight,
With thee, fierce genius! let me trace their way,
And hear at times the deep heart-groan
Of some poor sufferer left to die alone,
His sore wounds smarting with the winds of night;
And we will pause, where, on the wild,
The mother to her frozen breast,
On the heaped snows reclining clasps her child,
And with him sleeps, chilled to eternal rest!

Black Horror! speed we to the bed of death,
Where he whose murderous power afar
Blasts with the myriad plagues of war,
Struggles with his last breath;
Then to his wildly-starting eyes
The phantoms of the murdered rise;
Then on his phrensied ear
Their groans for vengeance and the demon's yell
In one heart-maddening chorus swell.
Cold on his brow convulsing stands the dew,
And night eternal darkens on his view.

Horror! I call thee yet once more!
Bear me to that accursed shore
Where round the stake the impaled negro writhes.
Assume thy sacred terrors then! dispense
The blasting gales of pestilence!
Arouse the race of Afric! holy power,
Lead them to vengeance! and in that dread hour
When ruin rages wide,
I will behold and smile by Mercy's side.

TO A FRIEND.

And wouldst thou seek the low abode
Where peace delights to dwell?
Pause traveller on thy way of life!
With many a snare and peril rife
Is that long labyrinth of road:
Dark is the vale of years before;
Pause traveller on thy way!
Nor dare the dangerous path explore
Till old experience comes to lend his leading ray.

Not he who comes with lanthorn light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright
With faltering feet and slow;
No! let him rear the torch on high,
And every maze shall meet thine eye,
And every snare and every foe;
Then with steady step and strong,
Traveller, shalt thou march along.

Though power invite thee to her hall,
Regard not thou her tempting call
Her splendour's meteor glare;
Though courteous flattery there await
And wealth adorn the doom of state,
There stalks the midnight spectre, Care;
Peace, traveller! does not sojourn there.

If fame allure thee, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow,
Where stands her stately pile;
For far from thence does peace abide,
And thou shalt find fame's favouring smile
Cold as the feeble sun on Hecla's snow-clad side.

And, traveller! as thou hopest to find
That low and loved abode,
Retire thee from the thronging road,
And shun the mob of human-kind.
Ah! hear how old experience schools,
"Fly, fly the crowd of knaves and fools,

And thou shalt fly from woe;
The one thy heedless heart will greet
With Judas smile, and thou wilt meet
In every fool a foe!"

So safely mayst thou pass from these,
And reach secure the home of peace,
And friendship find thee there.
No happier state can mortal know,
No happier lot can earth bestow,
If love thy lot shall share.
Yet still content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless,
And virtue sojourn in the cell
Of hermit happiness.

THE MORNING MIST.

Look, William, how the morning mists
Have covered all the scene,
Nor house nor hill canst thou behold,
Grey wood, or meadow green.

The distant spire across the vale
These floating vapours shroud,
Scarce are the neighbouring poplars seen,
Pale shadowed in the cloud.

But seest thou, William, where the mists
Sweep o'er the southern sky,
The dim effulgence of the sun
That lights them as they fly?

Soon shall that glorious orb of day
In all his strength arise,
And roll along his azure way,
Through clear and cloudless skies.

Then shall we see across the vale
The village spire so white,
And the grey wood and meadow green
Shall live again in light.

So, William, from the moral world
The clouds shall pass away;
The light that struggles through them now
Shall beam eternal day.

TO THE BURNIE* BEE.

Blithe son of summer, furl thy filmy wing,
Alight beside me on this bank of moss;
Yet to its sides the lingering shadows cling,
And sparkling dews the dark-green tufts emboss.

Here mayst thou freely quaff the nectar'd sweet
That in the violet's purple chalice hides,
Here on the lily scent thy fringed feet,
Or with the wild-thyme's balm anoint thy sides.

Back o'er thy shoulders throw those ruby shards
With many a tiny coal-black freckle deckt,
My watchful look thy loitering saunter guards,
My ready hand thy footstep shall protect.

Daunted by me beneath this trembling bough
On forked wing no greedy swallow sails,
No hopping sparrow pries for food below,
Nor evet lurks, nor dusky blindworm trails.

Nor shall the swarthy gaoler for thy way
His grate of twinkling threads successful strain,
With venom'd trunk thy writhing members slay,
Or from thy heart the reeking life's-blood drain.

Forego thy wheeling in the sunny air,
Thy glancing to the envious insects round,
To the dim calmness of my bower repair,
Silence and coolness keep its hallowed ground.

Here to the elves who sleep in flowers by day
Thy softest hum in lulling whispers pour,
Or o'er the lovely band thy shield display,
When blue-eyed twilight sheds her dewy shower.

* A provincial name of the beetle coccinella, or lady-bird.

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THE DANCING BEAR.

So shall the fairy-train by glow-worm light
With rainbow tints thy folding pennons fret,
Thy scaly breast in deeper azure dight,
Thy burnish'd armour speck with glossier jet.

With viewless fingers weave thy wintry tent,
And line with gossamer thy pendant cell,
Safe in the rift of some lone ruin pent
Where ivy shelters from the storm-wind fell.

Blest if like thee I cropt with heedless spoil
The gifts of youth and pleasure in their bloom,
Doom'd for no coming winter's want to toil,
Fit for the spring that waits beyond the tomb.

THE DANCING BEAR.

RECOMMENDED TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE SLAVE TRADE.

RARE music! I would rather hear cat-courtship
Under my bed-room window in the night,
Than this scraped cat-gut's screak. Rare dancing too!
Alas, poor bruin! how he foots the pole
And waddles round it with unwieldy steps
Swaying from side to side!—The dancing master
Hath had as profitless a pupil in thee
As when he would have tortured my poor toes
To minuet grace, and made them move like clock-work
In musical obedience. Bruin! bruin!
Thou art but a clumsy biped!—and the mob
With noisy merriment mock his heavy pace,
And laugh to see him led by the nose,—themselves
Led by the nose, embruted, and in the eye
Of reason from their nature's purposes
As miserably perverted.
Bruin-bear,
Now could I sonnetize thy piteous plight,
And prove how much my sympathetic heart
Even for the miseries of a beast can feel,

In fourteen lines of sensibility.
But we are told all things were made for man,
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blasphemy
To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert born,
Bruin! for man, and man makes nothing of thee
In any other way, most logically
It follows, that thou must be born to dance,
That that great snout of thine was form'd on purpose
To hold a ring, and that thy fat was given thee
Only to make pomatum!
To demur
Were heresy. And politicians say,
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight,) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snows for food; that being born
Inferior to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye, when thy clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up
His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should thenceforth be his property:—besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom.—
Bear! bear! it passes in the parliament
For excellent logic this! what if we say
How barbarously man abuses power,
Talk of thy baiting, it will be replied,
Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven years
Hear it, O heaven, and give ear, O earth!
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Has baffled justice and humanity!

HYMN TO THE PENATES.

one song more! one high and solemn strain
Phœbus! on thy temple's ruined wall
ng the silent harp: there may its strings,
ın the rude tempest shakes the aged pile,
e melancholy music. One song more!
ıtes! hear me! for to you I hymn
votive lay. Whether, as sages deem,
lwell in the inmost heaven, the counsellors
ove; or, if, supreme of deities,
:hings are yours, and in your holy train
: proudly ranks, and Juno, white-armed queen,
wisest of immortals, the dread maid,
ɛnian Pallas. Venerable powers!
rken your hymn of praise! Though from your rites
anged, and exiled from your altars long,
ve not ceased to love you, household gods!
ıany a long and melancholy hour
olitude and sorrow, hath my heart
h earnest longings prayed to rest at length
de your hallowed hearth...for peace is there!

I have loved you long. I call on you
rselves to witness with what holy joy,
ıning the polish'd mob of human kind,
ve retired to watch your lonely fires,
. commune with myself. Delightful hours,
t gave mysterious pleasure, made me know
the recesses of my wayward heart,
ght me to cherish with devoutest care
ıtrange unworldly feelings, taught me too
best of lessons—*to respect myself.*
have I ever ceased to reverence you,
ıestic deities! from the first dawn
eason, through the adventurous paths of youth,
n to this better day, when on mine ear
uproar of contending nations sounds
like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse
ımult. When a child—(and still I love
lwell with *fondness* on my childish years),
ın *first a little one*, I left my home,

I can remember the first grief I felt,
And the first painful smile that clothed my front
With feelings not its own: sadly at night
I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth;
And when the lingering hour of rest was come,
First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew
In years and knowledge, and the course of time
Developed the young feelings of my heart,
When most I loved in solitude to rove
Amid the woodland gloom; or where the rocks
Darkened old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave
Recluse, to sit and brood the future song,—
Yet not the less, Penates, loved I then
Your altars, not the less at evening hour
Delighted by the well-trimmed fire to sit,
Absorbed in many a dear deceitful dream
Of visionary joys: deceitful dreams—
And yet not vain—for painting purest joys,
They formed to fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meads
Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects
The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn,
In the noontide hour, and when the night-mist rose,
I have remembered you: and when the noise
Of lewd intemperance on my lonely ear
Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sat,
Pondering on loftiest themes of man redeemed
From servitude, and vice, and wretchedness,
I blest you, household gods! because I loved
Your peaceful altars and serener rites.
Nor did I cease to reverence you, when driven
Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man
To mingle with the world; still, still my heart
Sighed for your sanctuary, and inly pined;
And loathing human converse, I have strayed
Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howled the blast,
And gazed upon the world of waves, and wished
That I were far beyond the Atlantic deep,
In woodland haunts, a sojourner with peace.

Not idly fabled they the bards inspired,
Who peopled earth with deities. They trod
The wood with reverence where the Dryads dwelt;

At day's dim dawn or evening's misty hour
They saw the Oreads on their mountain haunts,
And felt their holy influence; nor impure
Of thought, or ever with polluted hands
Touched they without a prayer the Naiad's spring:
Yet was their influence transient; such brief awe
Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal
Strikes to the feeble spirit. Household gods,
Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts
No momentary impulse ye awake;
Nor fleeting, like their local energies,
The deep devotion that your fanes impart.
O ye, whom youth has wildered on your way,
Or vice with fair-masked foulness, or the lure
Of fame, that calls ye to her crowded paths
With folly's rattle, to your household gods
Return; for not in vice's gay abodes,
Not in the unquiet unsafe halls of fame
Doth happiness abide! O ye who weep
Much for the many miseries of mankind,
More for their vices; ye whose honest eyes
Frown on oppression,—ye whose honest hearts
Beat high when freedom sounds her dread alarm;
O ye who quit the path of peaceful life
Crusading for mankind—a spaniel race
That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all
Alike in phrensy—to your household gods
Return, for by their altars virtue dwells,
And happiness with her; for by their fires
Tranquillity, in no unsocial mood,
Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower;
For, so suspicion sleeps not at the gate
Of wisdom, falsehood shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge eminence,
Reached with long labour, the wayfaring man
Pauses awhile, and gazing o'er the plain,
With many a sore step travelled, turns him then
Serious to contemplate the onward road,
And calls to mind the comforts of his home,
And sighs that he has left them, and resolves
To stray no more: I on my way of life
Muse thus, Penates, and with firmest faith
Devote myself to you. I will not quit,

To mingle with the crowd, your calm abodes,
Where by the evening hearth contentment sits
And hears the cricket chirp; where love delights
To dwell, and on your altars lays his torch
That burns with no extinguishable flame.

Hear me, ye powers benignant! there is one
Must be mine inmate—for I may not chooce
But love him. He is one whom many wrongs
Have sickened of the world. There was a time
When he would weep to hear of wickedness,
And wonder at the tale; when for the opprest
He felt a brother's pity, to the oppressor
A good man's honest anger. His quick eye
Betrayed each rising feeling, every thought
Leapt to his tongue. When first among mankind
He mingled, by himself he judged of them,
And loved and trusted them, to wisdom deaf,
And took them to his bosom. Falsehood met
Her unsuspecting victim, fair of front,
And lovely as Apega's sculptured form,
Like that false image, caught his warm embrace
And gored his open breast. The reptile race
Clung round his bosom, and, with viper folds
Encircling, stung the fool who fostered them.
His mother was simplicity, his sire
Benevolence; in earlier days he bore
His father's name; the world who injured him
Call him misanthropy. I may not choose
But love him, household gods! for we were nurst
In the same school.
Penates! some there are
Who say, that not in the inmost heaven ye dwell
Gazing with eye remote on all the ways
Of man, his guardian gods; wiselier they deem
A dearer interest to the human race
Links you, yourselves the spirits of the dead.
No mortal eye may pierce the invisible world,
No light of human reason penetrate
The depth where truth lies hid. Yet to this faith
My heart with instant sympathy assents;
And I would judge all systems and all faiths
By that best touchstone, from whose test deceit
Shrinks like the arch-fiend at Ithuriel's spear,

And sophistry's gay glittering bubble bursts,
As at the spousals of the Nereid's son,
When that false Florimel, by her prototype
Displayed in rivalry, with all her charms
Dissolved away.
Nor can the halls of heaven
Give to the human soul such kindred joy,
As hovering o'er its earthly haunts it feels,
When with the breeze it wantons round the brow
Of one beloved on earth; or when at night
In dreams it comes, and brings with it the days
And joys that are no more. Or when, perchance
With power permitted to alleviate ill
And fit the sufferer for the coming woe,
Some strange presage the Spirit breathes, and fills
The breast with ominous fear, and disciplines
For sorrow, pours into the afflicted heart
The balm of resignation, and inspires
With heavenly hope. Even as a child delights
To visit day by day the favourite plant
His hand has sown, to mark its gradual growth,
And watch all-anxious for the promised flower;
Thus to the blessed spirit, in innocence
And pure affections, like a little child,
Sweet will it be to hover o'er the friends
Beloved; then sweetest, if, as Duty prompts,
With earthly care we in their breasts have sown
The seeds of truth and virtue, holy flowers,
Whose odour reacheth heaven.
When my sick heart
(Sick with hope long delayed, than which no care
Presses the crushed heart heavier;) from itself
Seeks the best comfort, often have I deemed
That thou didst witness every inmost thought,
Seward! my dear dead friend! for not in vain,
O early summoned on thy heavenly course!
Was thy brief sojourn here: me didst thou leave
With strengthened step to follow the right path
Till we shall meet again. Meantime I soothe
The deep regret of nature, with belief,
O Edmund! that thine eye's celestial ken
Pervades me now, marking with no mean joy
The movements of the heart that loved thee well!

Such feelings nature prompts, and hence your rites,
Domestic gods! arose. When for his son
With ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewailed,
Mourning his age left childless, and his wealth
Heapt for an alien, he with fixed eye
Still on the imaged marble of the dead
Dwelt, pampering sorrow. Thither from his wrath,
A safe asylum, fled the offending slave,
And garlanded the statue, and implored
His young lost lord to save: remembrance then
Softened the father, and he loved to see
The votive wreath renewed, and the rich smoke
Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet.
From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites
Divulging spread; before your idol forms
By every hearth the blinded pagan knelt,
Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there
Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes
With human blood your sanctuary defiled:
Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief,
Arose; he first the impious rites put down;
He fitliest, who for freedom lived and died,
The friend of human kind. Then did your feasts
Frequent recur and blameless; and when came
The solemn festival, whose happiest rites
Emblemed equality, the holiest truth!
Crowned with gay garlands were your statues seen,
To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you
The rich libation flowed: vain sacrifice!
For nor the poppy wreath nor fruits nor wine
Ye ask, Penates! nor the altar cleansed
With many a mystic form; ye ask the heart
Made pure, and by domestic peace and love,
Hallowed to you.
Hearken your hymn of praise,
Penates! to your shrines I come for rest,
There only to be found. Often at eve,
Amid my wanderings I have seen far off
The lonely light that spake of comfort there;
It told my heart of many a joy of home,
And my poor heart was sad. When I have gazed
From some high eminence on goodly vales
And cots and villages embowered below,

The thought would rise that all to me was strange
Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot
Where my tired mind might rest and call it *home.*
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven!—havened now,
I think of those in this world's wilderness
Who wander on and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go! them poverty,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of wealth and power,
Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts,
Cankering with her foul mildews the chilled heart—
Them want with scorpion scourge drives to the den
Of guilt—them slaughter for the price of death
Throws to her raven brood. Oh, not on them,
God of eternal justice! not on them
Let fall thy thunder!
Household deities!
Then only shall be happiness on earth
When man shall feel your sacred power, and love
Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand
A huge void sepulchre, and rising fair
Amid the ruins of the palace pile
The olive grow; there shall the tree of peace
Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the state
Shall bless the race redeemed of man, when wealth
And power, and all their hideous progeny
Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind
Live in the equal brotherhood of love.
Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward
Tend all the tumults of the troubled world,
Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness
Alike: so He hath willed whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all
In patient faith, to you, domestic gods!
I come, studious of other lore than song,
Of my past years the solace and support:
Yet shall my heart remember the past years
With honest pride, trusting that not in vain
Lives the pure song of liberty and truth.

SAPPHO.

A MONODRAMA.

Scene—the Promontory of Leucadia.

THIS is the spot:—'Tis here tradition says
That hopeless love from this high towering rock
Leaps headlong to oblivion or to death.
Oh, 'tis a giddy height! my dizzy head
Swims at the precipice—'tis death to fall!

Lie still, thou coward heart! this is no time
To shake with thy strong throbs the frame convulse
To die,—to be at rest,—oh, pleasant thought!
Perchance to leap and live; the soul all still,
And the wild tempest of the passions husht
In one deep calm; the heart, no more diseased
By the quick ague fits of hope and fear,
Quietly cold;
Presiding powers, look down!
In vain to you I poured my earnest prayers,
In vain I sung your praises: chiefly thou,
Venus, ungrateful goddess, whom my lyre
Hymned with such full devotion! Lesbian groves,
Witness how often, at the languid hour
Of summer twilight, to the melting song
Ye gave your choral echoes. Grecian maids,
Who hear with downcast look and flushing cheek
That lay of love, bear witness! and ye youths,
Who hang enraptured on the empassioned strain,
Gazing with eloquent eye, even till the heart
Sinks in the deep delirium! and ye, too,
Ages unborn, bear witness ye, how hard
Her fate who hymn'd the votive hymn in vain!
Ungrateful goddess! I have hung my lute
In yonder holy pile: my hand no more
Shall wake the melodies that failed to move
The heart of Phaon—yet when rumour tells
How from Leucadia Sappho hurled her down

A self-devoted victim,—he may melt
Too late in pity, obstinate to love.

O haunt his midnight dreams, black Nemesis!
Whom, self-conceiving in the inmost depths
Of chaos, blackest night long-labouring bore,
When the stern destinies, her elder brood,
And shapeless death, from that more monstrous birth
Leapt shuddering? haunt his slumbers, Nemesis!
Scorch with the fires of Phlegethon his heart,
Till helpless, hopeless, heaven-abandoned wretch,
He, too, shall seek beneath the unfathomed deep
To hide him from thy fury.
How the sea
Far distant glitters as the sun-beams smile
And gaily wanton o'er its heaving breast!
Phœbus shines forth, nor wears one cloud to mourn
His votary's sorrows. God of day, shine on;—
By men despised, forsaken by the Gods,
I supplicate no more.
How many a day,
O pleasant Lesbos! in thy secret streams
Delighted have I plunged, from the hot sun
Screened by the o'er-arching grove's delightful shade,
And pillowed on the waters! Now the waves
Shall chill me to repose.
Tremendous height!
Scarce to the brink will these rebellious limbs
Support me. Hark! how the rude deep below
Roars round the rugged base, as if it called
Its long-reluctant victim! I will come.
One leap, and all is over! The deep rest
Of death, or tranquil apathy's dead calm,
Welcome alike to me. Away, vain fears!
Phaon is cold, and why should Sappho live?
Phaon is cold, or with some fairer one—
Thought worse than death!

[*She throws herself from the precipice.*

TRANSLATION OF A GREEK ODE ON ASTRONOMY, BY S. T. COLERIDGE;

Written for the prize at Cambridge, 1793.

HAIL venerable night!
O first-created hail!
Thou who art doom'd in thy dark breast to veil
The dying beam of light.
The eldest and the latest thou,
Hail venerable night!
Around thine ebon brow,
Glittering plays with lightning rays
A wreath of flowers of fire.
The varying clouds with many a hue attire
The many-tinted veil.

Holy are the blue graces of thy zone!
But who is he whose tongue can tell
The dewy lustres which thine eyes adorn?
Lovely to some the blushes of the morn;
To some the glory of the day,
When blazing with meridian ray
The gorgeous sun ascends his highest throne;
But I with solemn and severe delight
Still watch thy constant car, immortal night!

For then to the celestial palaces
Urania leads, Urania, she
The goddess who alone
Stands by the blazing throne,
Effulgent with the light of deity.
Whom wisdom, the creatrix, by her side
Placed on the heights of yonder sky,
And smiling with ambrosial love, unlock'd
The depths of nature to her piercing eye.
Angelic myriads struck their harps around,
And with triumphant song
The host of stars, a beauteous throng,
Around the ever-living mind

In jubilee their mystic dance begun;
When at thy leaping forth, O sun!
The morning started in affright,
Astonished at thy birth, her child of light.

Hail O Urania hail!
Queen of the muses! mistress of the song!
For thou didst deign to leave the heavenly throng,
As earthward thou thy steps wert bending,
A ray went forth and harbingered thy way;
All ether laughed with thy descending.
Thou hadst wreathed thy hair with roses,
The flower that in the immortal bower
Its deathless bloom discloses.
Before thine awful mien, compell'd to shrink;
Fled ignorance abashed and all her brood;
Dragons, and hags of baleful breath,
Fierce dreams that wont to drink
The sepulchre's black blood;
Or on the wings of storms
Riding in fury forms
Shrieked to the mariner the shriek of death.

I boast, O goddess, to thy name
That I have raised the pile of fame!
Therefore to me be given
To roam the starry path of heaven,
To charioteer with wings on high
And to rein in the tempests of the sky.

Chariots of happy gods! fountains of light!
Ye angel-temples bright!
May I unblamed your flamy threshold tread?
I leave earth's lowly scene;
I leave the moon serene,
The lovely queen of night;
I leave the wide domains
Beyond where Mars his fiercer light can fling,
And Jupiter's vast plains,
(The many-belted king;)
Even to the solitude where Saturn reigns,
Like some stern tyrant to just exile driven;

Dim seen the sullen power appears
In that cold solitude of heaven,
And slow he drags along
The mighty circle of long-lingering years.

Nor shalt thou escape my sight,
Who at the threshold of the sun-trod domes
Art trembling,—youngest daughter of the night!
And you, ye fiery-tressed strangers, you
Comets who wander wide,
Will I along your pathless way pursue,
Whence bending I may view
The worlds whom elder suns have vivified.

For hope, with loveliest visions soothes my mind
That even in man, life's winged power,
When comes again the natal hour,
Shall on heaven-wandering feet
In undecaying youth,
Spring to the blessed seat;
Where round the fields of truth
The fiery essences for ever feed;
And o'er the ambrosial mead,
The breezes of serenity
Silent and soothing glide for ever by.

There priest of nature! dost thou shine
Newton! a king among the kings divine.
Whether with harmony's mild force,
He guides along its course
The axle of some beauteous star on high;
Or gazing in the spring
Ebullient with creative energy,
Feels his pure breast with rapturous joy possest,
Inebriate in the holy ecstasy!

I may not call thee mortal, then, my soul!
Immortal longings lift thee to the skies:
Love of thy native home inflames thee now,
With pious madness wise.
Know then thyself! expand thy wings divine!
Soon mingled with thy fathers thou shalt shine
A star amid the starry throng,
A god the gods among.

THE WIFE OF FERGUS.

A MONODRAMA.

Scene, the Palace Court. The Queen speaking from the Battlements.

CEASE—cease your torments! spare the sufferers!
Scotchmen, not theirs the deed;—the crime was mine,
Mine is the glory.
Idle threats! I stand
Secure. All access to these battlements
Is barr'd beyond your sudden strength to force,
And lo! the dagger by which Fergus died!

Shame on you, Scotchmen, that a woman's hand
Was left to do this deed! Shame on you, Thanes,
Who with slave-patience have so long endured
The wrongs, the insolence of tyranny!
Ye coward race!—that not a husband's sword
Smote that adulterous king! that not a wife
Revenged her own pollution; in his blood
Wash'd her soul pure; and for the sin compell'd,
Atoned by virtuous murder! Oh, my God!
Of what beast-matter hast thou moulded them,
To bear with wrongs like these? There was a time
When, if the bard had feign'd you such a tale,
Your eyes had throbb'd with anger, and your hands
In honest instinct would have grasped the sword.
O miserable men who have disgraced
Your fathers, whom your sons must blush to name!

Ay, ye can threaten me! ye can be brave
In anger to a woman! one whose virtue
Upbraids your coward vice; whose name will live
Honour'd and prais'd in song, when not a hand
Shall root from your forgotten monuments
The cankering moss. Fools! fools! to think that death
Is not a thing familiar to my mind!
As if I knew not what must consummate
My glory! as if aught that earth can give

Could tempt me to endure the load of life!
Scotchmen! ye saw when Fergus to the altar
Led me, his maiden queen. Ye blest me then,
I heard you bless me, and I thought that Heaven
Had heard you also, and that I was blest,
For I loved Fergus. Bear me witness, God!
With what a sacred heart-sincerity
My lips pronounced the unrecallable vow
That made me his, him mine; bear witness, Thou!
Before whose throne I this day must appear,
Stain'd with his blood and mine! my heart was his
His in the strength of all its first affections.
In all obedience, in all love, I kept
Holy my marriage vow. Behold me, Thanes!
Time hath not changed the face on which his eye
So often dwelt, when with assiduous care
He sought my love, with seeming truth, for one,
Sincere herself, impossible to doubt.
Time hath not changed that face;—I speak not now,
With pride, of beauties that will feed the worm
To-morrow! but with joyful pride I say
That if the truest and most perfect love
Deserved requital, such was ever mine.
How often reeking from the adulterous bed,
Have I received him! and with no complaint.
Neglect and insult, cruelty and scorn,
Long, long did I endure, and long curb down
The indignant nature.

Tell your countrymen,
Scotchmen, what I have spoken—say to them,
Ye saw the queen of Scotland lift the dagger,
Red from her husband's heart; that in her own
She plunged it.

stabs herself.

Tell them also, that she felt
No guilty fear in death.

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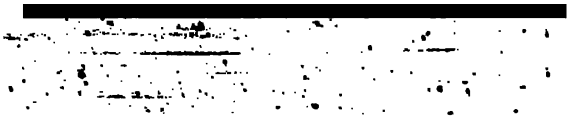
THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.



THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

DACTYLICS.

WEARY way-wanderer languid and sick at heart,
Travelling painfully over the rugged road,
Wild-visaged wanderer! ah, for thy heavy chance!

Sorely thy little one drags by thee bare-footed,
Cold is the baby that hangs at thy bending back,
Meagre and livid, and screaming its wretchedness.

Woe-begone mother, half anger, half agony,
As over thy shoulder thou lookest to hush the babe,
Bleakly the blinding snow beats in thy haggard face.

Thy husband will never return from the war again,
Cold is thy hopeless heart even as charity—
Cold are thy famished babes—God help thee, widowed one.

THE WIDOW.

SAPPHICS.

COLD was the night wind, drifting fast the snow fell,
Wide were the downs and shelterless and naked,
When a poor wanderer struggled on her journey,
Weary and way-sore.

Drear were the downs, more dreary her reflections;
Cold was the night wind, colder was her bosom:
She had no home, the world was all before her,
She had no shelter.

Fast o'er the heath a chariot rattled by her;
"Pity me!" feebly cried the poor night wanderer.
"Pity me, strangers! lest with cold and hunger
Here I should perish.

"Once I had friends,—but they have all forsook me!
Once I had parents,—they are now in heaven!
I had a home once—I had once a husband—
Pity me, strangers!

"I had a home once—I had once a husband—
I am a widow poor and broken-hearted!"
Loud blew the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On drove the chariot.

Then on the snow she laid her down to rest her;
She heard a horseman, "Pity me!" she groaned out;
Loud was the wind, unheard was her complaining,
On went the horseman.

Worn out with anguish, toil, and cold, and hunger,
Down sunk the wanderer, sleep had seized her senses;
There did the traveller find her in the morning,
God had released her.

THE CHAPEL BELL.

Lo I, the man who erst the muse did ask
Her deepest notes to swell the patriot's meeds,
And now enforced, a far unfitter task,
For cap and gown to leave my minstrel weeds;
For yon dull tone that tinkles on the air
Bids me lay by the lyre, and go to morning prayer.

Oh, how I hate the sound! it is the knell
That still a requiem tolls to comfort's hour;
And loth am I, at superstition's bell,
To quit or Morpheus or the muse's bower:
Better to lie and doze than gape amain,
Hearing still mumbled o'er the same eternal strain.

Thou tedious herald of more tedious prayers,
Say, hast thou ever summoned from his rest
One being wakening to religious cares?
Or roused one pious transport in the breast?
Or rather, do not all reluctant creep
To linger out the hour in listlessness or sleep?

I love the bell that calls the poor to pray,
Chiming from village church its cheerful sound,
When the sun smiles on labour's holy-day,
And all the rustic train are gathered round,
Each deftly dizened in his Sunday's best,
And pleased to hail the day of piety and rest.

And when, dim shadowing o'er the face of day,
The mantling mists of eventide rise slow,
As through the forest gloom I wend my way,
The minster curfew's sullen voice I know,
And pause, and love its solemn toll to hear,
As, made by distance soft, it dies upon the ear.

Nor with an idle nor unwilling ear
Do I receive the early passing-bell;
For sick at heart with many a secret care,
When I lie listening to the dead man's knell,
I think that in the grave all sorrows cease,
And would full fain recline my head, and be at peace.

But thou, memorial of monastic gall!
What fancy sad or lightsome thou hast given!
Thy vision-scaring sounds alone recal
The prayer that trembles on a yawn to heaven!
And this dean's gape, and that dean's nasal tone,
And Roman rites retained, though Roman faith be flown.

THE RACE OF BANQUO.

Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!
Leave thy guilty sire to die.
O'er the heath the stripling fled,
The wild storm howling round his head.
Fear mightier through the shades of night
Urged his feet, and winged his flight;
And still he heard his father cry,
Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!

Fly, son of Banquo! Fleance, fly!
Leave thy guilty sire to die.
On every blast was heard the moan,
The anguished shriek, the death-fraught groan,

Loathly night-hags join the yell,
And see—the midnight rites of hell.
Forms of magic! spare my life!
Shield me from the murderer's knife!
Before me dim in lurid light
Float the phantoms of the night—
Behind I hear my father cry,
Fly, son of Banquo—Fleance, fly!

Parent of the sceptred race,
Boldly tread the circled space:
Boldly, Fleance, venture near—
Sire of monarchs—spurn at fear.

Sisters, with prophetic breath,
Pour we now the dirge of death!

THE POET PERPLEXT.

BRAIN! you must work! begin, or we shall lose
The day while yet we only think upon it.
The hours run on, and yet you will not chuse
The subject—come—ode, elegy, or sonnet.
You must contribute, brain! in this hard time;
Taxes are high, food dear, and you must rhyme.

'Twere well if when I rubb'd my itchless head,
The fingers with benignant stimulation
Could through the medullary substance spread
The motions of poetic inspiration;
But scratch, or knock, or shake my head about,
The motions may go in, but nought comes out.

The natural head, consider good my brain,
To the head politic bears some allusion;
The limbs and body must support your reign,
And all when you do wrong is in confusion.
But caput mine, in truth I can't support
A head as lazy as if born at court.

The verse goes on, and we shall have, my friend,
A poem ere the subject we determine.
But everything should have some useful end.
That single line itself is worth a sermon!
The moral point as obvious is as good,—
So gentle brain! I thank you and conclude.

LEWTI, OR THE CIRCASSIAN LOVE-CHANT.

At midnight by the stream I rov'd
To forget the form I lov'd.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.
The moon was high, the moonlight gleam,
And the shadow of a star
Heav'd upon Tamaha's stream;
But the rock shone brighter far,
The rock half shelter'd from my view,
By pendant boughs of tressy yew.—
So shines my Lewti's forehead fair,
Gleaming through her sable hair.
Image of Lewti! from my mind
Depart; for Lewti is not kind.

I saw a cloud of palest hue,
Onward to the moon it pass'd.
Still brighter and more bright it grew,
With floating colours not a few,
Till it reach'd the moon at last;
Then the cloud was wholly bright,
With a rich and amber light;
And so with many a hope I seek,
And with such joy I find my Lewti;
And even so my pale wan cheek
Drinks in as deep a flush of beauty!
Nay, treach'rous image! leave my mind,
If Lewti never will be kind.

The little cloud—it floats away,
Away it goes—away so soon!

Alas! it has no power to stay:
Its hues are dim, its hues are grey—
  Away it passes from the moon.
How mournfully it seems to fly,
  Ever fading more and more,
To joyless regions of the sky—
  And now 'tis whiter than before,
As white as my poor cheek will be,
  When, Lewti! on my couch I lie,
A dying man for love of thee.
Nay, treach'rous image! leave my mind—
And yet thou didst not look unkind!

  I saw a vapour in the sky,
  Thin, and white, and very high.
I ne'er beheld so thin a cloud—
  Perhaps the breezes that can fly
  Now below, and now above,
Have snatch'd aloft the lawny shroud
  Of lady fair—that died for love;
  For maids, as well as youths, have perish'd
  From fruitless love too fondly cherish'd!
  Nay, treach'rous image! leave my mind—
  For Lewti never will be kind.

Hush! my heedless feet from under
  Slip the crumbling banks for ever;
Like echoes to a distant thunder,
  They plunge into the gentle river.
The river swans have heard my tread,
And startle from their reedy bed.
O beauteous birds! methinks ye measure
  Your movements to some heavenly tune!
O beauteous birds! 'tis such a pleasure
  To see you move beneath the moon,
I would it were your true delight
To sleep by day and wake all night.
I know the place where Lewti lies,
When silent night has clos'd her eyes—
It is a breezy jasmin bower,
  The nightingale sings o'er her head;
Had I the enviable power
  To creep, unseen, with noiseless tread,
Then should I view her bosom white

Heaving lovely to the sight,
As these two swans together heave
On the gently-swelling wave.
Oh that she saw me in a dream,
And dreamt that I had died for care!
All pale and wasted I would seem,
Yet fair withal, as spirits are.
I'd die, indeed, if I might see
Her bosom heave, and heave for me!
Soothe, gentle image! soothe my mind!
To-morrow Lewti may be kind.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE.

A PINDARIC ODE.

GOOSEBERRY-PIE is best.
Full of the theme, O muse begin the song!
What though the sunbeams of the west
Mature within the turtle's breast
Blood glutinous and fat of verdant hue?
What though the deer bound sportively along
O'er springy turf, the park's elastic vest?
Give them their honours due—
But gooseberry pie is best.

Behind his oxen slow
The patient ploughman plods;
And as the sower followed by the clods
Earth's genial womb received the swelling seed.
The rains descend, the grains they grow;
Saw ye the vegetable ocean
Roll its green billows to the April gale?
The ripening gold with multitudinous motion
Sway o'er the summer vale?

It flows through alder banks along
Beneath the copse that hides the hill;
The gentle stream you cannot see,
You only hear its melody,
The stream that turns the mill.

Pass on, a little way pass on,
And you shall catch its gleam anon;
And hark! the loud and agonizing groan
That makes its anguish known,
Where tortur'd by the tyrant lord of meal
The brook is broken on the wheel!

Blow fair, blow fair, thou orient gale!
On the white bosom of the sail
Ye winds enamour'd, lingering lie!
Ye waves of ocean spare the bark!
Ye tempests of the sky!
From distant realms she comes to bring
The sugar for my pie.
For this on Gambia's arid side
The vulture's feet are scaled with blood,
And Beelzebub beholds with pride,
His darling planter brood.

First in the spring thy leaves were seen,
Thou beauteous bush, so early green!
Soon ceas'd thy blossom's little life of love.
O safer than the Alcides-conquer'd tree
That grew the pride of that Hesperian grove—
No dragon does there need for thee
With quintessential sting to work alarms,
And guard thy fruit so fine,
Thou vegetable porcupine!
And didst thou scratch thy tender arms,
O Jane! that I should dine!

The flour, the sugar, and the fruit,
Commingled well, how well they suit,
And they were well bestow'd.
O Jane, with truth I praise your pie,
And will not you in just reply
Praise my Pindaric ode?

THE KILLCROP.

NE BETWEEN BENEDICT, A GERMAN PEASANT, AND FATHER KARL, AN OLD NEIGHBOUR.

years since (said Luther) at Dessaw, I did see and touch a changed
hich was twelv years of age: hee had his eies and all his members
ther childe: hee did nothing but feed, and would eat as much
clowns, or threshers, were able to eat. When one touched it,
cried out. When any evil happened in the hous, then it
and was joiful; but when all went well, then it cried, and was
l.
xonia, near unto Halberstad, was a man that also had a killcrop,
ked the mother and five other woman drie: and besides, de-
very much. This man was advised that hee should in his
ge at Halberstad make a promiss of the killcrop to the Virgin
nd should cause him there to bee rocked. This advice the man
, and carried the changeling thither in a basket. But going over
beeing upon the bridg, another divel that was below in the river
nd said, Killcrop, Killcrop! Then the childe in the basket (which
fore spake one word) answered, ho, ho. The divel in the water
rther, whither art thou going? The childe in the basket said,
ing towards Hocklestad to our loving mother to be rocked.
nan beeing much affrighted thereat, threw the childe with the
over the bridg into the water. Whereupon the two divels flew
gether, and cried, ho, ho, ha, tumbling themselves one over
, and so vanished.—*Luther's Divine Discourses.*
tice, however, to Luther, it should be remembered, that this su-
n was common to the age in which he lived.

BENEDICT.

squalling imp, lie still! isn't it enough
at two pounds for a breakfast, but again
re the sun's half-risen, I must hear
cry? as though your stomach was as empty
ld Karl's head, that yonder limps along
thing his crust. I'll haste to Hocklestad!
ort mile only. (*Enter Father Karl.*)

KARL.

Benedict, how now!
iest and out of breath, why in this haste?
t have you in your basket?

BENEDICT.

Stand aside!
noment this for converse. Ask to-morrow
I will answer you, but I am now

About to punish Beelzebub. Take care,
My business is important.

KARL.

What! about
To punish the arch fiend old Beelzebub?
A thing most rare—but can't I lend a hand
On this occasion?

BENEDICT.

Father, stand aside!
I hate this parley! stand aside, I say!

KARL.

Good Benedict, be not o'ercome by rage,
But listen to an old man. What is't there
Within your basket?

BENEDICT.

'Tis the devil's changeling,
A thumping killcrop! (*uncovers the basket.*)
Yes, 'tween you and I, (*whispering*)
Our neighbour Balderic's, changed for his son Will!

KARL.

An idle thought! I say it is a child.
A fine one too!

BENEDICT.

A child! you dreaming grey-beard!
Nothing will you believe like other people.
Did ever mortal man see child like this!
Why 'tis a killcrop, certain, manifest;
Look there! I'd rather see a dead pig snap
At th' butcher's knife, than call this thing a child.
View how he stares! I'm no young cub d'ye see.

KARL.

Why, Benedict! this is most wonderful
To my plain mind. I've often heard of killcrops
And laugh'd at the tale most heartily; but now
I'll mark him well, and see if there's any truth
In these said creatures. (*looks at the basket.*)
A finer child ne'er breathed!
Thou art mistaken, Benedict! thine eyes
See things confused! But let me hear thee say
What are the signs by which thou know'st the difference
Twixt crop and child.

BENEDICT.

The diff'rence! mercy on us!
That I should talk to such a heretic—
D'ye know the difference 'twixt the moon and stars?

KARL.

Most certainly.

BENEDICT.

Then these are things so near,
That I might pardon one who hesitates,
Doubting between them. But the crop and child!
They are so opposite, that I should look
Sooner to hear the frog teach harmony,
Than meet a man with hairs so grey as thine,
Who did not know the difference.

KARL.

Benedict!
The oldest 'ere he die, something might learn;
And I shall hear, gladly, the certain marks
That show the killcrop.

BENEDICT.

Father, listen then—
The killcrop, mark me, for a true man's child
At first might be mistaken—has two eyes
And nose and mouth, but these are semblances
Deceitful, and, as father Luther says,
There's something underneath.

KARL.

Good Benedict!
If killcrops look like children, by what power
Know you they are not?

BENEDICT.

This from you old father!
Why when they are pinch'd they squeak.

KARL.

This is not strange,
All children cry when pinch'd.

BENEDICT.

But then, their maws;
The veriest company of threshing clown
Would think they had no appetite, compared
With this and the rest of 'em—gormandizing beast!
See how he yawns for food!

KARL.

But Benedict!
When hunger stings you, don't you ope your mouth?
What other evidence?

BENEDICT.

Why, devil-like,
When any evil happens, by his grin
'Twill always tell ye, and when tidings good
Come near, the beasts of twins delivered, or
Corn sold at market, or the harvest in,
The raven never croaked more dismally
Before the sick man's window, than this crop,
With disappointment howls. And then, a mark
Infallible, that shows the killcrop true,
Is this, old man, he sucks his mother dry!
'Twas but the other day, in our village,
A killcrop suck'd his mother and five more
Dry as a whet-stone. Do you now believe?

KARL.

Good Benedict, all children laugh and cry!
I have my doubts.

BENEDICT.

Doubts have you? well-a-day!
In t'other world you'll sink ten fathoms deeper
I promise you for this foul heresy.
But nothing will move you, you wont be moved.
I'll tell 'ye as true a story as ever man
Told to another. I had a changeling once
Laid in my cradle, but I spied him out;
Thou'st never seen a creature so foul-mouth'd
And body'd too. But, knowing Satan's drift,
I balk'd him: to the lofty church that stands
Over yon river, I the killcrop took
To ask advice, how to dispose of him
Of th' holy pastor. When by the moon on high,
('Tis true I fear'd him) as I past the bridge,
Bearing him in my arms, he gave a leap
And over the rails jump'd headlong, laughing loud
With a fellow-fiend, that from the waves beneath
Bawl'd Killcrop Killcrop!

KARL.

Are you sure he laugh'd?
Might it not be a cry?

BENEDICT.

Why! that it might,
I wont be certain, but that he jump'd over
And splash'd and dash'd into the water beneath
Making fierce gestures and loud bellowings;
I could as soon, a witch's innocence,
Believe, as doubt it.

KARL.

Benedict! now say!
Didst thou not throw him over?

BENEDICT.

Throw him over!
Why, man, I could as easily have held
A struggling whale. It needed iron arms
To hold the monster. Doubt whate'er you will,
He surely laugh'd. And when he reach'd the water
Grasping the fiend, I never shall forget
The cries, the yells, the shouts; it seem'd to me
That thunder was dove's cooing to the noise
These killcrops made, as splashing, roaring, laughing
With their ha, ha, ha, so ominous! they rush'd
Down the broad stream. That very night our cow
Sicken'd and died. Saints aid us! whilst these crops
Poison the air, they'll have enough to do
To stay the pestilence.

KARL.

But Benedict,
Be not outrageous! I am old d'ye see.
Trust me, thou art mistaken, 'tis no killcrop,
See how he smiles! poor infant, give him me.

BENEDICT.

Stand off! the devil lent him, and again
I will return him honestly, and rid
Earth of one bane.

KARL.

Thou dost not mean to kill!
Poor infant, spare him! I have young and old,
The poor, a houseful, yet I'll not refuse
To take one more, if thou wilt give him me.
Let me persuade!

BENEDICT.

Away! I say, away!
Even if an angel came to beg him of me,

I should suspect imposture, for I know
He could not ask a killcrop. 'Tis a thing
Heaven hath no need of. Ere an hour be past,
From yon tall rock I'll hurl him to perdition.

KARL.

Repeat it not! oh spare the infant! spare
His innocent laughter! my cold creeping blood
Doth boil with indignation, at the thought
Most horrible. Thou must not do the deed!

BENEDICT.

Not punish Satan! I have learnt too well
From father Luther. Once again, stand off!
I'll rocket him. (*exit.*)

THE HURON'S ADDRESS TO THE DEAD.

Brother, thou wert strong in youth!
Brother, thou wert brave in war!
Unhappy man was he
For whom thou hadst sharpened the tomahawk's edge;
Unhappy man was he
On whom thine angry eye was fix'd in fight;
And he who from thy hand
Received the calumet,
Blest heaven, and slept in peace.

When the evil spirits seized thee,
Brother, we were sad at heart:
We bade the Jongler come,
And bring his magic aid;
We circled thee in mystic dance,
With songs and shouts and cries,
To free thee from their power.
Brother, but in vain we strove,
The number of thy days was full.

Thou sittest amongst us on thy mat,
The bear-skin from thy shoulder hangs,
Thy feet are sandal'd, ready for the way.
Those are the unfatiguable feet
That traversed the forest track,
Those are the lips that late

Thundered the yell of war;
And that is the strong right arm
That never was lifted in vain.
Those lips are silent now,
The limbs that were active are stiff,
Loose hangs the strong right arm!

And where is that which in thy voice
The language of friendship spake?
That gave the strength of thine arm?
That fill'd thy limbs with life?
It was not thou, for thou art here,
Thou art amongst us still,
But the life and the feeling are gone.
The Iroquois will learn
That thou hast ceas'd from war,
'Twill be a joy like victory,
For thou wert the scourge of their race.

Brother, we sing thee the song of death,
In thy coffin of bark we lay thee to rest,
The bow shall be placed by thy side,
And the shafts that are pointed and feather'd for flight.
To the country of the dead
Long and painful is thy way!
Over rivers wide and deep
Lies the road that must be past,
By bridges narrow-wall'd,
Where scarce the soul can force its way,
While the loose fabric totters under it.

Safely may our brother pass!
Safely may he reach the fields,
Where the sound of the drum and the shell
Shall be heard from the country of souls!
The spirits of thy sires
Shall come to welcome thee;
The God of the dead in his bower
Shall receive thee and bid thee join
The dance of eternal joy.

Brother, we pay thee the rites of death,
Rest in the bower of delight!

THE OLD CHICKASAH TO HIS GRANDSON.

Now go to the battle, my boy!
Dear child of my son,
There is strength in thine arm, there is hope in thy heart,
Thou art ripe for the labours of war.
Thy sire was a stripling like thee
When he went to the first of his fields.
He return'd, in the glory of conquest return'd,
Before him his trophies were borne;
These scalps that have hung till the sun and the rain
Have rusted their raven locks.
Here he stood when the morn of rejoicing arrived,
The day of the warrior's reward,
When the banners sun-beaming were spread,
And all hearts were dancing in joy
To the sound of the victory drum.
The heroes were met to receive their reward,
But distinguish'd among the young heroes that day,
The pride of his nation thy father was seen:
The swan-feathers hung from his neck,
His face like the rainbow was tinged,
And his eye—how it sparkled in pride!
The elders approach'd, and they placed on his brow
The crown that his valour had won,
And they gave him the old honour'd name.
They reported the deeds he had done in the war,
And the youth of the nation were told
To respect him, and tread in his path.

My boy! I have seen, and with hope,
The courage that rose in thine eye
When I told thee the tale of his death.
His war-pole now is grey with moss,
His tomahawk red with rust,
His bow-string whose twang was death
Now sings as it cuts the wind,
But his memory is fresh in the land,
And his name with the names that we love.
Go now and revenge him, my boy!
That his spirit no longer may hover by day
O'er the hut where his bones are at rest,
Nor trouble our dreams in the night.
My boy, I shall watch for the warrior's return,
And my soul will be sad
Till the steps of thy coming I see.

THE PERUVIAN'S DIRGE OVER THE BODY OF HIS FATHER.

REST in peace, my father, rest!
With danger and toil have I borne thy corpse
From the stranger's field of death.
I bless thee, O wife of the sun,
For veiling thy beams with a cloud,
While at the pious task
Thy votary toil'd in fear.
Thou badest the clouds of night
Enwrap thee, and hide thee from man;
But didst thou not see my toil,
And put on the darkness to aid,
O wife of the visible god?

Wretched, my father, thy life!
Wretched the life of the slave!
All day for another he toils;
Overwearied at night he lies down
And dreams of the freedom that once he enjoy'd.
Thou wert blest in the days of thy youth,
My father! for then thou wert free.
In the fields of the nation thy hand
Bore its part of the general task;
And when, with the song and the dance,
Ye brought the harvest home,
As all in the labour had shared,
So justly they shared in the fruits.

Thou visible lord of the earth,
Thou god of my fathers, thou god of my heart,
O giver of light and of life!
When the strangers came to our shores,
Why didst thou not put forth thy power?
Thy thunders should then have been hurl'd,
The fires should in lightnings have flash'd!—
Visible god of the earth,
The strangers mock at thy might!
To idols and beams of wood
They force us to bow the knee!

They plunge us in caverns and dens,
Where never thy blessed light
Shines on our poisonous toil!
But not in the caverns and dens,
O sun, are we mindless of thee!
We pine for the want of thy beams,
We adore thee with anguish and groans.

My father, rest in peace!
Rest with the dust of thy sires!
They placed their cross in thy dying grasp;-
They bore thee to their burial place,
And over thy breathless frame
Their bloody and merciless priest
Mumbled his mystery words.
Oh! could thy bones be at peace
In the fields where the strangers are laid?—
Alone, in danger and in pain,
My father, I bring thee here:
So may our god, in reward,
Allow me one faithful friend
To lay me beside thee when I am released!
So may he release me soon,
That my spirit may join thee there,
Where the strangers never shall come!

SONG OF THE CHICKASAH WID

'Twas the voice of my husband that came on t
The unappeased spirit in anger complains!
Rest, rest, Ollanahta, be still!
The day of revenge is at hand.

The stake is made ready, the captives shall die
To-morrow the song of their death shalt thou
To-morrow thy widow shall wield
The knife and the fire;—be at rest!

The vengeance of anguish shall soon have its c
The fountains of grief and of fury shall flow,—
I will think, Ollanahta! of thee,
Will remember the days of our love.

llanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sat,
Vhere idly thy hatchet of battle is hung;
I gazed on the bow of thy strength
As it waved on the stream of the wind.

he scalps that we number'd in triumph were there,
nd the musket that never was levell'd in vain,—
What a leap has it given to my heart
To see thee suspend it in peace.

Vhen the black and blood-banner was spread to the gale,
Vhen thrice the deep voice of the war-drum was heard,
I remember thy terrible eyes
How they flash'd the dark glance of thy joy.

remember the hope that shone over thy cheek
s thy hand from the pole reach'd its doers of death;
Like the ominous gleam of the cloud
Ere the thunder and lightning are born.

[e went, and ye came not to warn him in dreams,
indred spirits of him who is holy and great!
And where was thy warning, O bird,
The timely announcer of ill?

las! when thy brethren in conquest return'd;
Vhen I saw the white plumes bending over their heads,
And the pine-boughs of triumph before,
Where the scalps of their victory swung.—

he war-hymn they pour'd, and thy voice was not there!
call'd thee,—alas, the white deer-skin was brought;
And thy grave was prepared in the tent
Which I had made ready for joy!

llanahta, all day by thy war-pole I sit,—
llanahta, all night I weep over thy grave!
To-morrow the victims shall die,
And I shall have joy in revenge.

SONG OF THE ARAUCANS DURING A THUNDER STORM.

"Respecting storms, the people of Chili are of opinion that the departed souls are returning from their abode beyond the sea to assist their relations and friends. Accordingly, when it thunders over the mountains, they think that the souls of their forefathers are taken in an engagement with those of the Spaniards. The roaring of the winds they take to be the noise of horsemen attacking one another, the howling of the tempest for the beating of drums, and the claps of thunder for the discharge of muskets and cannons. When the wind drives the clouds towards the possessions of the Spaniards, they rejoice that the souls of their forefathers have repulsed those of their enemies, and call out aloud to them to give them no quarter. When the contrary happens, they are troubled and dejected, and encourage the yielding souls to rally their forces, and summon up the last remains of their strength."—*Meiner.*

THE storm cloud grows deeper above,
Araucans! the tempest is ripe in the sky,
Our forefathers come from their islands of bliss,
They come to the war of the winds.

The souls of the strangers are there,
In their garments of darkness they ride through the heaven,
The cloud that so lurid rolls over the hill,
Is red with their weapons of fire.

Hark! hark! in the howl of the wind
The shout of the battle—the clang of their drums—
The horsemen are met, and the shock of the fight
Is the blast, that disbranches the wood.

Behold from the clouds of their power
The lightning—the lightning is lanced at our sires,
And the thunder that shakes the broad pavement of heaven,
And the darkness that shadows the day!

Ye souls of our fathers be brave!
Ye shrunk not before the invaders on earth,
Ye trembled not then at their weapons of fire,
Brave spirits ye tremble not now!

We gaze on your warfare in hope,
We send up our shouts to encourage your arms!
Lift the lance of your vengeance, O fathers! with force,
For the wrongs of your country strike home!

Remember the land was your own
When the sons of destruction came over the seas,
That the old fell asleep in the fulness of days,
And their children wept over their graves.

Till the strangers came into the land
With tongues of deceit and with weapons of fire,
Then the strength of the people in youth was cut off
And the father wept over his son.

It thickens—the tumult of fight,
Loud and louder the blast of the battle is heard—
Remember the wrongs that your country endures
Remember the fields of your fame.

Joy! joy! for the strangers recoil—
They give way—they retreat to the land of their life!
Pursue them! pursue them! remember your wrongs!
Let your lances be drunk with their wounds.

The souls of your wives shall rejoice
As they welcome you back to your islands of bliss,
And the breeze that refreshes the toil-throbbing brow
Waft thither the song of your praise.

CHIMALPOCA.

A MONODRAMA—FOUNDED ON AN EVENT IN THE MEXICAN HISTORY.

Scene, the Temple of Mexitli.

SUBJECTS! friends! children! I may call you children
For I have ever borne a father's love
Towards you; it is thirteen years since first
You saw me in the robes of royalty,
Since here the multitudes of Mexico
Hail'd me their king. I thank you friends that now
In equal numbers and with equal love
You come *to grace* my death.

For thirteen years
What I have been, ye know: that with all care,
That with all justice and all gentleness
Seeking your weal I govern'd. Is there one
Whom I have injured? one whose just redress
I have denied, or baffled by delay?
Let him come forth, that so no evil tongue
Speak shame of me hereafter. O my people,
Not by my deeds have I drawn down upon me
The wrath of heaven.

The wrath is heavy on me!
Heavy! a burthen more than I can bear!
I have endured contempt, insult and wrongs
From that Acolhuan tyrant! should I seek
Revenge? alas, my people, we are few,
Feeble our growing state! it hath not yet
Rooted itself to bear the hurricane;
It is the lion-cub that tempts not yet
The tiger's full-aged fury. Mexicans,
He sent to bid me wear a woman's robe;—
When was the day that ever I look'd back
In battle? Mexicans, the wife I loved,
To faith and friendship trusted, in despite
Of me, of heaven, he seized, and spurned her back
Polluted!—coward villain! and he lurks
Behind his armies and his multitudes,
And mocks my idle wrath!—it is not fit
It is not possible that I should live!
Live! and deserve to be the finger-mark
Of slave-contempt! his blood I cannot reach,
But in my own all stains shall be effaced,
It shall blot out the marks of infamy,
And when the warriors of the days to come
Shall speak of Chimalpoca, they shall say
He died the brave man's death!

Not of the god
Unworthy, do I seek his altar thus,
A voluntary victim. And perchance
The sacrifice of life may profit you,
My people, though all living efforts fail'd
By fortune, not by fault.

Cease your lament!
And if your ill-doomed king deserved your love,

ıy of him to your children, "he was one
'ho bravely bore misfortune; who when life
ecame dishonour, shook his body off,
nd join'd the spirits of the heroes dead."
es! not in Miclanteuctli's* dark abode
'ith cowards shall your king receive his doom;
ot in the icy caverns of the north
ıffer through endless ages! he shall join
he spirits of the brave, with them at morn
ıall issue from the eastern gate of heaven,
nd follow through his fields of light the sun,
'ith them shall raise the song and weave the dance,
port in the stream of splendour, company
'own to the western palace of his rest
he prince of glory, and with equal eye
ndure his centered radiance. Not of you
orgetful, O my people, even then,
ut often in the amber cloud of noon
iffused, will I o'erspread your summer fields,
nd on the freshened maize and brightening meads
hower plenty.
Spirits of my valiant sires,
come! Mexitli, never at thy shrine
low'd braver blood! never a nobler heart
beam'd up its life to thee! priests of the god,
erform your office!

LINES WRITTEN IN THE 16TH CENTURY.

For aye be hynce ye vayne delyghts
So short as seeme the guiltie nyghtes
Yatte men forweare inne folie!
This lowlie world hath nothyng swote
Hadde mortals onlie wytte to know yt
But halie melancholie.

Then welcome armes yatte folded lye
From heavie breste the long-drawn sye,

* The Mexican god of hell.

The purses of the browe,
The loke yrooted to the growne,
The tong ychaynde withouten sowne,
Unguided steps and slowe.

The moonlight walk in pathless grove
Where aye pale passion yearnes to rove,
The well hede-kele and still.
The midnyghte howre when all the fowles
Are housde and hushte save battes and owles
Yatte screche theyre bodynges shrille.

The fadyng clink of dystaunt bell
Whose knell the tale of dethe doth tell,
The grone of partyng ghoste,
These sownes aleyne the sowle doth feede
Yatte of a higher world hath hede,
Forlettying erthlie loste.

PARODIED IN THE 18th CENTURY.

Hither frolics and delights!
Day is dying, and by nights
I my years would number;
What have earth and time to give
But the when that pleasures live
Toil and trouble slumber?

Welcome arms asunder thrown,
Lifted chin, and locks adown
The forehead sleek and free,
Crimson cheek and glancing eye,
Lips where smiles aye lurking lie,
The tiptoe tread of glee.

The taper'd hall that music haunts,
Where sparkles wine, where beauty paints,
And feast and dance abound;
The midnight hour when sages sour
Are hush'd abed or hous'd in bower,
But wit runs giggling round.

The clink of an unheeded clock,
That vainly gives a threefold knock,
  The toast that glows the breast,
The jolly-chorused roundelay,
The curtain that keeps out the day,
  Let angels have the rest.

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE APARTMENT IN CHEPSTOW CASTLE WHERE HENRY MARTEN THE REGICIDE WAS IMPRISONED THIRTY YEARS.

For thirty years secluded from mankind,
Here Marten linger'd. Often have these walls
Echoed his footsteps, as with even tread
He paced around his prison: not to him
Did nature's fair varieties exist:
He never saw the sun's delightful beams,
Save when through yon high bars it pour'd a sad
And broken splendour. Dost thou ask his crime?
He had rebell'd against the king, and sat
In judgment on him; for his ardent mind
Shaped goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace and liberty. Wild dreams! but such
As Plato loved; such as, with holy zeal
Our Milton worshipp'd. Blessed hopes! awhile
From man withheld, even to the latter days,
When Christ shall come and all things be fulfilled.

SONNETS.

SONNET I.

Go, Valentine, and tell that lovely maid
Whom fancy still will portray to my sight,
How here I linger in this sullen shade,
This dreary gloom of dull monastic night.
Say, that from every joy of life remote
At evening's closing hour I quit the throng,
Listening in solitude the ring-dove's note,
Who pours like me her solitary song.
Say, that her absence calls the sorrowing sigh;
Say, that of all her charms I love to speak,
In fancy feel the magic of her eye,
In fancy view the smile illume her cheek,
Court the lone hour when silence stills the grove,
And heave the sigh of memory and of love.

II.

THINK, Valentine, as speeding on thy way
Homeward, thou hastest light of heart along,
If heavily creep on one little day
The medley crew of travellers among,
Think on thine absent friend: reflect that here
On life's sad journey comfortless he roves,
Remote from every scene his heart holds dear
From him he values, and from her he loves.
And when, disgusted with the vain and dull
Whom chance companions of thy way may doom,
Thy mind, of each domestic comfort full,
Turns to itself and meditates on home,
Ah, think what cares must ache within his breast
Who loathes the lingering road, yet has no home of rest!

III.

NOT to thee, Bedford! mournful is the tale
Of days departed. Time in his career
Arraigns not thee that the neglected year
Hath past unheeded onward. To the vale
Of years thou journeyest; may the future road
Be pleasant as the past! and on my friend
Friendship and love, best blessings! still attend,
Till full of days he reach the calm abode
Where nature slumbers. Lovely is the age
Of virtue: with such reverence we behold
The silver hairs, as some gray oak grown old
That whilom mocked the rushing tempest's rage,
Now like the monument of strength decayed,
With rarely-sprinkled leaves, casting a trembling shade.

IV.

WHAT though no sculptured monument proclaim
Thy fate—yet, Albert, in my breast I bear
Inshrined the sad remembrance: yet thy name
Will fill my throbbing bosom. When despair,
The child of murdered hope, fed on thy heart,
Loved, honoured friend, I saw thee sink forlorn,
Pierced to the soul by cold neglect's keen dart,
And penury's hard ills, and pitying scorn,
And the dark spectre of departed joy,
Inhuman memory. Often on thy grave
Love I the solitary hour to employ
Thinking on other days; and heave the sigh
Responsive, when I mark the high grass wave
Sad sounding as the cold breeze rustles by.

V.

HARD by the road, where on that little mound
The high grass rustles to the passing breeze,
The child of misery rests her head in peace.
Pause there in sadness: that unhallowed ground
Inshrines what once was Isabel. Sleep on,
Sleep on, poor outcast! lovely was thy cheek,
And thy mild eye was eloquent to speak
The soul of pity. Pale and woe-begone,

Soon did thy fair cheek fade, and thine eye weep
The tear of anguish for the babe unborn,
The helpless heir of poverty and scorn.
She drank the draught that chilled her soul to sleep,
I pause, and wipe the big drop from mine eye,
Whilst the proud Levite scowls and passes by.

VI.

TO A BROOK NEAR THE VILLAGE OF CORSTON.

As thus I bend me o'er thy babbling stream
And watch thy current, memory's hand portrays
The faint-formed scenes of the departed days,
Like the far forest by the moon's pale beam
Dimly descried, yet lovely. I have worn,
Upon thy banks, the livelong hour away,
When sportive childhood wantoned through the day,
Joyed at the opening splendour of the morn,
Or, as the twilight darkened, heaved the sigh,
Thinking of distant home; as down my cheek,
At the fond thought, slow stealing on, would speak
The silent eloquence of the full eye.
Dim are the long past days, yet still they please [breeze.
As thy soft sounds half heard, borne on the inconstant

VII.

TO THE EVENING RAINBOW.

Mild arch of promise! on the evening sky
Thou shinest fair, with many a lovely ray,
Each in the other melting. Much mine eye
Delights to linger on thee; for the day,
Changeful and many-weathered, seemed to smile,
Flashing brief splendour through its clouds awhile,
Which deepened dark anon, and fell in rain:
But pleasant it is now to pause, and view
Thy various tints of frail and watery hue,
And think the storm shall not return again.
Such is the smile that piety bestows
On the good man's pale cheek, when he, in peace,
Departing gently from a world of woes,
Anticipates the realm where sorrows cease.

VIII.

With many a weary step, at length I gain
  Thy summit, Lansdown; and the cool breeze plays,
  Gratefully round my brow, as hence the gaze
Returns to dwell upon the journeyed plain.
  'Twas a long way and tedious! To the eye
Though fair the extended vale, and fair to view
The falling leaves of many a faded hue,
  That eddy in the wild gust moaning by.
Even so it fared with life! in discontent,
Restless through fortune's mingled scenes I went....
  Yet wept to think they would return no more!
But cease, fond heart, in such sad thoughts to roam;
For surely thou ere long shalt reach thy home,
  And pleasant is the way that lies before.

IX.

Fair is the rising morn, when o'er the sky
  The orient sun expands his roseate ray,
And lovely to the bard's enthusiast eye
  Fades the meek radiance of departing day;
But fairer is the smile of one we love,
  Than all the scenes in nature's ample sway,
And sweeter than the music of the grove,
  The voice that bids us welcome. Such delight,
  Edith! is mine; escaping to thy sight
From the hard durance of the empty throng.
  Too swiftly then towards the silent night,
Ye hours of happiness! ye speed along;
  Whilst I, from all the world's cold cares apart,
  Pour out the feelings of my burthened heart.

X.

How darkly o'er yon far-off mountain frowns
  The gathered tempest! from that lurid cloud
  The deep-voiced thunders roll, awful and loud,
Though distant; while upon the misty downs
Fast falls in shadowy streaks the pelting rain.
  I never saw so terrible a storm!
Perhaps some way-worn traveller in vain
  Wraps his torn raiment round his shivering form,

Cold even as hope within him! I the while
Pause me in sadness, though the sun-beams smile
  Cheerily round me. Ah, that thus my lot
Might be with peace and solitude assigned,
  Where I might, from some little quiet cot,
Sigh for the crimes and miseries of mankind!

XI.

STATELY yon vessel sails adown the tide
  To some far-distant land adventurous bound,
The sailors' busy cries, from side to side,
  Pealing among the echoing rocks resound;
A patient, thoughtless, much-enduring band,
  Joyful they enter on their ocean way,
With shouts exulting leave their native land,
  And know no care beyond the present day.
But is there no poor mourner left behind,
  Who sorrows for a child or husband there?
Who at the howling of the midnight wind
  Will wake and tremble in her boding prayer?
So may her voice be heard, and heaven be kind—
  Go gallant ship, and be thy fortune fair!

XII.

BEWARE a speedy friend, the Arabian said,
  And wisely was it he advised distrust.
  The flower that blossoms earliest fades the first.
Look at yon oak that lifts its stately head
And dallies with the autumnal storm, whose rage
  Tempests the ocean waves; slowly it rose,
Slowly its strength increased, through many an age,
  And timidly did its light leaves unclose,
As doubtful of the spring, their palest green.
  They to the summer cautiously expand,
  And by the warmer sun and season bland
Matured, their foliage in the grove is seen,
When the bare forest by the wintry blast
Is swept, still lingering on the boughs the last.

XIII.

A WRINKLED crabbed man they picture thee,
  Old winter, with a ragged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple tree;
  Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Blue lipt, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue nose,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heapt hearth,
  Old winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas mirth,
  Or circled by them as their lips declare
Some merry jest or tale of murder dire,
  Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to move the languid fire,
  Or taste the old October brown and bright.

XIV.

DURING A TEMPEST.

O GOD! have mercy in this dreadful hour
  On the poor mariner!—In comfort here,
  Safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
  What were it now to toss upon the waves,—
The maddened waves,—and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
  And the wild sea that to the tempest raves,
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
  And in the dread of death to think of her
Who as she listens sleepless to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale!
  O God! have mercy on the mariner.

INSCRIPTIONS.

The three utilities of poetry—the praise of virtue and goodness, the memory of things remarkable, and to invigorate the affections.—*Welsh Triad.*

INSCRIPTION I.

FOR A COLUMN AT NEWBURY.

ART thou a patriot, traveller? on this field
Did Falkland fall, the blameless and the brave,
Beneath a tyrant's banners: dost thou boast
Of loyal ardour? Hampden perished here,
The rebel Hampden, at whose glorious name
The heart of every honest Englishman
Beats high with conscious pride. Both uncorrupt,
Friends to their common country both, they fought,
They died in adverse armies. Traveller!
If with thy neighbour thou shouldst not accord,
In charity remember these good men,
And quell each angry and injurious thought.

II.

FOR A CAVERN THAT OVERLOOKS THE RIVER AVON.

ENTER this cavern, stranger! the ascent
Is long and steep and toilsome; here awhile
Thou mayst repose thee from the noontide heat,
O'ercanopied by this arched rock that strikes
A grateful coolness: clasping its rough arms
Round the rude portal, the old ivy hangs
Its dark green branches down. No common spot
Receives thee, for the power who prompts the song,

Loves this secluded haunt. The tide below
Scarce sends the sound of waters to thine ear;
And yon high-hanging forest to the wind
Varies its many hues. Gaze, stranger, here!
And let thy softened heart intensely feel
How good, how lovely, nature! When from hence
Departing to the city's crowded streets,
Thy sickening eye at every step revolts
From scenes of vice and wretchedness; reflect
That man creates the evil he endures.

III.

FOR A TABLET AT SILBURY-HILL.

THIS mound in some remote and dateless day
Reared o'er a chieftain of the age* of hills,
May here detain thee, traveller! from thy road
Not idly lingering. In his narrow house
Some warrior sleeps below; his gallant deeds
Haply at many a solemn festival
The bard has harped, but perished is the song
Of praise, as o'er these bleak and barren downs
The wind that passes and is heard no more.
Go, traveller, and remember when the pomp
Of earthly glory fades, that one good deed
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of heaven.

IV.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE NEW FOREST.

THIS is the place where William's kingly power
Did from their poor and peaceful homes expel,
Unfriended, desolate, and shelterless,
The habitants of all the fertile tract
Far as these wilds extend. He levelled down
Their little cottages, he bade their fields

* The northern nations distinguished the two periods when the bodies of the dead were consumed by fire, and when they were buried beneath the 'umuli so common in this country, by the age of fire and the age of hills.

Lie barren, so that o'er the forest waste
He might more royally pursue his sports!
If that thine heart be human, passenger!
Sure it will swell within thee, and thy lips
Will mutter curses on him. Think thou, then,
What cities flame, what hosts unsepulchred
Pollute the passing wind, when raging power
Drives on his blood-hounds to the chase of man;
And as thy thoughts anticipate that day
When God shall judge aright, in charity
Pray for the wicked rulers of mankind.

V.

FOR THE BANKS OF THE HAMPSHIRE AVON.

A LITTLE while, O traveller! linger here,
And let thy leisure eye behold and feel
The beauties of the place; yon heathy hill
That rises sudden from the vale so green,
The vale far stretching as the view can reach
Under its long dark ridge, the river here
That, like a serpent, through the grassy mead
Winds on, now hidden, glittering now in light.
Nor fraught with merchant wealth, nor famed in song,
This river rolls; an unobtrusive tide,
Its gentle charms may soothe and satisfy
Thy feelings. Look! how bright its pebbled bed
Gleams through the ruffled current; and that bank
With flag-leaves bordered, as with two-edged swords!
See where the water wrinkles round the stem
Of yonder water lily, whose broad leaf
Lies on the wave,—and art thou not refresh'd
By the fresh odour of the running stream?
Soon, traveller! does the river reach the end
Of all its windings; from the near ascent
Thou wilt behold the ocean, where it pours
Its waters and is lost. Remember thou,
Traveller! that even so thy restless years
Flow to the ocean of eternity.

VI.

FOR A TABLET ON THE BANKS OF A STREAM.

STRANGER! awhile upon this mossy bank
Recline thee. If the sun rides high, the breeze,
That loves to ripple o'er the rivulet,
Will play around thy brow, and the cool sound
Of running waters soothe thee. Mark how clear
It sparkles o'er the shallows; and behold
Where o'er its surface wheels with restless speed
Yon glossy insect; on the sand below
How the swift shadow flits. The stream is pure
In solitude, and many a healthful herb
Bends o'er its course and drinks the vital wave:
But passing on amid the haunts of man,
It finds pollution there, and rolls from thence
A tainted tide. Seek'st thou for happiness?
Go, stranger, sojourn in the woodland cot
Of innocence, and thou shalt find her there.

VII.

FOR THE CENOTAPH AT ERMENONVILLE.

STRANGER! the man of nature lies not here:
Inshrined far distant by his* rival's side
His relics rest, there by the giddy throng
With blind idolatry alike revered!
Wiselier directed have thy pilgrim feet
Explored the scenes of Ermonville. Rousseau
Loved these calm haunts of solitude and peace;
Here he has heard the murmurs of the lake,
And the soft rustling of the poplar grove,
When o'er their bending boughs the passing wind
Swept a grey shade. Here, if thy breast be full,
If in thine eye the tear devout should gush,
His spirit shall behold thee, to thine home
From hence returning purified of heart.

* Voltaire.

VIII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OXFORD OPPOSITE BALLIOL GATEWAY

HERE Latimer and Ridley in the flames
Bore witness to the truth. If thou hast walk'd
Uprightly through the world, proud thoughts of joy
Will fill thy breast in contemplating here
Congenial virtue. But if thou hast swerved
From the right path, if thou hast sold thy soul
And served, a hireling, with apostate zeal,
The cause thy heart disowns, oh! cherish well
The honourable shame that sure this place
Will wake within thee, timely penitent,
And let the future expiate the past.

IX.

FOR A MONUMENT IN THE VALE OF EWIAS

HERE was it, stranger, that the patron saint
Of Cambria past his age of penitence,
A solitary man; and here he made
His hermitage, the roots his food, his drink
Of Hodney's mountain stream. Perchance thy youth
Has read with eager wonder how the knight
Of Wales in Ormandine's enchanted bower
Slept the long sleep; and if that in thy veins
Flows the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Has flow'd with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when through the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his green crest
To conquer. Stranger! Hatterill's mountain heights
And this fair vale of Ewias, and the stream
Of Hodney, to thine after-thoughts will rise
More grateful, thus associate with the name
Of David and the deeds of other days.

X.

EPITAPH ON KING JOHN.

JOHN rests below. A man more infamous
Has never held the sceptre of these realms,
And bruised beneath the iron rod of power,
The oppressed men of England. Englishman!
Curse not his memory. Murderer as he was,

Coward and slave, yet he it was who signed
That charter which should make thee, morn and night,
Be thankful for thy birth-place: Englishman!
That holy charter, which, shouldst thou permit
Force to destroy, or fraud to undermine,
Thy children's groans will persecute thy soul,
For they must bear the burthen of thy crime.

XI.

IN A FOREST

STRANGER! whose steps have reach'd this solitude,
Know that this lonely spot was dear to one
Devoted with no unrequited zeal
To nature. Here, delighted he has heard
The rustling of these woods, that now perchance
Melodious to the gale of summer move,
And underneath their shade on yon smooth rock
With grey and yellow lichens overgrown,
Often reclined, watching the silent flow
Of this perspicuous rivulet, that steals
Along its verdant course, till all around
Had fill'd his senses with tranquillity,
And ever sooth'd in spirit he return'd
A happier, better man. Stranger, perchance
Therefore the stream more lovely to thine eye
Will glide along, and to the summer gale
The woods wave more melodious. Cleanse thou then
The weeds and mosses from this letter'd stone.

XII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.

THEY perish'd here whom Jefferies doom'd to death
In mockery of all justice, when he came
The bloody judge, the minion of his king,
Commission'd to destroy. They perish'd here,
The victims of that judge and of that king,
In mockery of all justice perish'd here,
Unheard! but not unpitied, nor of God
Unseen, the innocent suffered! not in vain
The widow and the orphan, not in vain
The innocent blood cried vengeance! for they rose,

At length they rose, the people in their power,
Resistless. Then in vain that bloody judge
Disguised, sought flight: not always is the Lord
Slow to revenge! a miserable man
He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
The children curse his memory. From his throne
The sullen bigot who commission'd him,
The tyrant James was driven. He lived to drag
Long years of frustrate hope, he lived to load
More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame,
And that immortal day when on thy shores,
La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead!

XIII.

FOR A TABLET AT PENSHURST.

Are days of old familiar to thy mind,
O reader? hast thou let the midnight hour
Pass unperceived, whilst thy young fancy lived
With high-born beauties and enamour'd chiefs,
Shared all their hopes, and with a breathless joy
Whose eager expectation almost pain'd,
Follow'd their dangerous fortunes? if such lore
Has ever thrill'd thy bosom, thou wilt tread
As with a pilgrim's reverential thoughts
The groves of Penshurst. Sidney here was born,
Sidney, than whom no gentler, braver man
His own delightful genius ever feign'd
Illustrating the vales of Arcady
With courteous courage and with loyal loves.
Upon his natal day the acorn here
Was planted. It grew up a stately oak,
And in the beauty of its strength it stood
And flourish'd, when his perishable part
Had moulder'd dust to dust. That stately oak
Itself hath moulder'd now, but Sidney's fame
Lives and shall live, immortalized in song.

XIV.

FOR A TABLET AT GODSTOW NUNNERY.

HERE, stranger, rest thee! from the neighbouring towers
Of Oxford, haply thou hast forced thy bark
Up this strong stream, whose broken waters here
Send pleasant murmurs to the listening sense:
Rest thee beneath this hazel; its green boughs
Afford a grateful shade, and to the eye
Fair is its fruit: stranger! the seemly fruit
Is worthless, all is hollowness within,
For on the grave of Rosamund it grows!
Young, lovely, and beloved, she fell seduced,
And here retired to wear her wretched age
In earnest prayer and bitter penitence,
Despised and self-despising: think of her,
Young man, and learn to reverence womankind!

XV.

UNDER AN OAK.

HERE, traveller! pause awhile. This ancient oak
Will parasol thee if the sun ride high,
Or should the sudden shower be falling fast,
Here mayst thou rest umbrella'd. All around
Is good and lovely: hard by yonder wall
The kennel stands; the horse-flesh hanging near
Perchance with scent unsavoury may offend
Thy delicate nostrils, but remember thou
How sweet a perfume to the hound it yields,
And sure its useful odours will regale
More gratefully thy philosophic nose,
Than what the unprofitable violet
Wastes on the wandering wind. Nor wilt thou want
Such music as benevolence will love,
For from these fruitful boughs the acorns fall
Abundant, and the swine that grub around,
Shaking with restless pleasure their brief tails
That like the tendrils of the vine curl up,
Will grunt their greedy joy. Dost thou not love
The sounds that speak enjoyment? oh if not,
If *thou* wouldst rather with inhuman ear

Hark to the warblings of some wretched bird
Bereft of freedom, sure thine heart is dead
To each good feeling, and thy spirit void
Of all that softens or ennobles man.

XVI.

FOR A MONUMENT AT OLD SARUM.

Reader, if thou canst boast the noble name
Of Englishman, it is enough to know
Thou standest in Old Sarum. But if chance
'Twas thy misfortune in some other land,
Inheritor of slavery, to be born,
Read and be envious! dost thou see yon hut,
Its old mud mossy walls with many a patch
Spotted? know, foreigner! so wisely well
In England it is ordered, that the laws
Which bind the people, from themselves should spri
Know that the dweller in that little hut,
That wretched hovel, to the senate sends
Two delegates. Think, foreigner, where such
An individual's rights, how happy all!

XVII.

FOR A MONUMENT AT TORDESILLAS.

Spaniard! if thou art one who bows the knee
Before a despot's footstool, hie thee hence!
This ground is holy: here Padilla died,
Martyr of freedom. But if thou dost love
Her cause, stand then as at an altar here,
And thank the Almighty that thine honest heart,
Full of a brother's feelings for mankind,
Rebels against oppression. Not unheard
Nor unavailing shall the grateful prayer
Ascend; for loftiest impulses will rise
To elevate and strengthen thee, and prompt
To virtuous action. Relics silver-shrined,
And chanted mass, would wake within the soul
Thoughts valueless and cold compared with these.

THE SONNETS AND ELEGIES

OF

ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

SONNET I.

DELIA AT PLAY.

She held a cup and ball of ivory white,
  Less white the ivory than her snowy hand!
  Enrapt I watch'd her from my secret stand,
As now, intent, in innocent delight,
  Her taper fingers twirl'd the giddy ball,
Now tost it, following still with eagle sight,
  Now on the pointed end infix'd its fall.
Marking her sport I mused, and musing sigh'd,
  Methought the ball she play'd with was my heart!
(Alas! that sport like that should be her pride!)
And the keen point which steadfast still she eyed
  Wherewith to pierce it, that was Cupid's dart;
Shall I not then the cruel fair condemn
Who on that dart impales my bosom's gem?

II.

TO A PAINTER ATTEMPTING DELIA'S PORTRAIT.

Rash painter! canst thou give the orb of day
In all his noontide glory? or portray
  The diamond, that athwart the taper'd hall
Flings the rich flashes of its dazzling light?
Even if thine art could boast such magic might,
  Yet if it strove to paint my angel's eye,
  Here it perforce must fail. Cease! lest I call

Heaven's vengeance on thy sin: must thou be told
The crime it is to paint divinity?
Rash painter! should the world her charms behold,
Dim and defiled, as there they needs must be,
They to their old idolatry would fall,
And bend before her form the pagan knee.
Fairer than Venus, daughter of the sea.

III.

HE PROVES THE EXISTENCE OF A SOUL FROM HIS LOVE FOR DELIA.

SOME have denied a soul! they never loved.
Far from my Delia now by fate removed,
At home, abroad, I view her everywhere;
Her only in the flood of noon I see.
My goddess-maid, my omnipresent fair,
For love annihilates the world to me!
And when the weary Sol around his bed
Closes the sable curtains of the night,
Sun of my slumbers, on my dazzled sight
She shines confest. When every sound is dead,
The spirit of her voice comes then to roll
The surge of music o'er my wavy brain.
Far, far from her my body drags its chain,
But sure with Delia I exist a soul!

IV.

THE POET EXPRESSES HIS FEELINGS RESPECTING A PORTRAIT IN DELIA'S PARLOUR.

I WOULD I were that reverend gentleman,
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane,
Who hangs in Delia's parlour! For whene'er
From book or needlework her looks arise,
On him converge the sunbeams of her eyes,
And he unblamed may gaze upon my fair,
And oft my fair his favour'd form surveys.
O happy picture! still on her to gaze!
I envy him! and jealous fear alarms,
Lest the strong glance of those divinest charms
Warm him to life, as in the ancient days,
When marble melted in Pygmalion's arms.
I would I were that reverend gentleman
With gold-laced hat and golden-headed cane!

LOVE ELEGIES OF ABEL SHUFFLEBOTTOM.

ELEGY I.

THE POET RELATES HOW HE OBTAINED DELIA'S POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

'Tis mine! what accents can my joy declare?
  Blest be the pressure of the thronging rout!
Blest be the hand so hasty of my fair,
  That left the tempting corner hanging out!

I envy not the joy the pilgrim feels,
  After long travel to some distant shrine,
When to the relic of his saint he kneels,
  For Delia's pocket-handkerchief is mine.

When first with filching fingers I drew near,
  Keen hope shot tremulous through every vein,
And when the finish'd deed removed my fear,
  Scarce could my bounding heart its joy contain.

What though the eighth commandment rose to mind,
  It only served a moment's qualm to move,
For thefts like this it could not be design'd,
  The eighth commandment was not made for love!

Here when she took the macaroons from me,
  She wiped her mouth to clean the crumbs so sweet;
Dear napkin! yes, she wiped her lips in thee!
  Lips sweeter than the macaroons she eat.

And when she took that pinch of Mochabaugh
  That made my love so delicately sneeze,
Thee to her Roman nose applied I saw,
  And thou art doubly dear for things like these.

No washerwoman's filthy hand shall e'er,
  Sweet pocket-handkerchief! thy worth profane;
For thou hast touched the rubies of my fair,
  And I will kiss thee o'er and o'er again.

II.

THE POET INVOKES THE SPIRITS OF THE ELEMENTS TO APPROACH DELIA. HE DESCRIBES HER SINGING.

Ye sylphs who banquet on my Delia's blush,
Who on her locks of floating gold repose,
Dip in her cheek your gossamery brush,
And with its bloom of beauty tinge the rose.

Hover around her lips on rainbow wing,
Load from her honeyed breath your viewless feet,
Bear thence a richer fragrance for the spring,
And make the lily and the violet sweet.

Ye gnomes, whose toil through many a dateless year
Its nurture to the infant gem supplies,
From central caverns bring your diamonds here,
To ripen in the sun of Delia's eyes.

And ye who bathe in Etna's lava springs,
Spirits of fire! to see my love advance,
Fly, salamanders, on asbestos wings,
To wanton in my Delia's fiery glance.

She weeps, she weeps! her eye with anguish swells,
Some tale of sorrow melts my feeling girl!
Nymphs! catch the tears, and in your lucid shells
Enclose them, embryos of the orient pearl.

She sings! the nightingale with envy hears,
The cherubim bends from his starry throne,
And motionless are stopt the attentive spheres,
To hear more heavenly music than their own.

Cease, Delia, cease! for all the angel throng,
Listening to thee, let sleep their golden wires!
Cease, Delia! cease that too surpassing song,
Lest, stung to envy, they should break their lyres.

Cease, ere my senses are to madness driven
By the strong joy! cease, Delia, lest my soul
Enwrapt, already think itself in heaven,
And burst my feeble body's frail control.

III.

HE POET EXPATIATES ON THE BEAUTY OF DELIA'S HAIR.

THE comb between whose ivory teeth she strains
The straightening curls of gold so beamy bright,
Not spotless merely from the touch remains,
But issues forth more pure, more milky white.

The rose-pomatum that the friseur spreads
Sometimes with honour'd fingers for my fair,
No added perfume on her tresses sheds,
But borrows sweetness from her sweeter hair.

Happy the friseur who in Delia's hair
With licensed fingers uncontroll'd may rove,
And happy in his death the dancing bear
Who died to make pomatum for my love.

Oh could I hope that e'er my favour'd lays
Might curl those lovely locks with conscious pride,
Nor Hammond, nor the Mantuan shepherd's praise
I'd envy then, nor wish reward beside.

Cupid has strung from you, O tresses fine,
The bow that in my breast impell'd his dart;
From you, sweet locks! he wove the subtile line
Wherewith the urchin angled for my heart.

Fine are my Delia's tresses as the threads
That from the silk-worm, self-interr'd, proceed,
Fine as the gleamy gossamer, that spreads
Its filmy web-work o'er the tangled mead.

Yet with these tresses Cupid's power elate
My captive heart has handcuffed in a chain,
Strong as the cables of some huge first-rate,
That bears Britannia's thunders o'er the main.

The sylphs that round her radiant locks repair,
In flowing lustre bathe their brightening wings
And elfin minstrels with assiduous care
The ringlets rob for faery fiddle-strings.

IV.

THE POET RELATES HOW HE STOLE A LOCK OF DELIA'S HAIR, AND HER ANGER.

Oh! be the day accurst that gave me birth!
Ye seas, to swallow me in kindness rise!
Fall on me, mountains! and thou, merciful earth,
Open and hide me from my Delia's eyes!

Let universal chaos now return,
Now let the central fires their prison burst,
And earth and heaven, and air and ocean, burn—
For Delia frowns—she frowns, and I am curst!

Oh! I could dare the fury of the fight,
Where hostile millions sought my single life;
Would storm volcano batteries with delight,
And grapple with grim death in glorious strife.

Oh! I could brave the bolts of angry Jove,
When ceaseless lightnings fire the midnight skies;
What is his wrath to that of her I love?
What is his lightning to my Delia's eyes?

Go, fatal lock! I cast thee to the wind;
Ye serpent curls, ye poison-tendrils go—
Would I could tear thy memory from my mind,
Accursed lock—thou cause of all my woe!

Seize the curst curls, ye furies, as they fly!
Dæmons of darkness, guard the infernal roll,
That thence your cruel vengeance when I die,
May knit the knots of torture for my soul.

Last night—Oh hear me Heaven, and grant my
The book of fate before thy suppliant lay,
And let me from its ample records tear
Only the single page of yesterday!

Or let me meet old Time upon his flight,
And I will stop him on his restless way;
Omnipotent in love's resistless might,
I'll force him back the road of yesterday.

Last night, as o'er the page of love's despair,
My Delia bent deliciously to grieve;
I stood a treacherous loiterer by her chair,
And drew the fatal scissars from my sleeve.

And would that at that instant o'er my thread
The shears of Atropos had open'd then;
And when I reft the lock from Delia's head,
Had cut me sudden from the sons of men!

She heard the scissars that fair lock divide,
And whilst my heart with transport panted big,
She cast a fury frown on me, and cried,
"You stupid puppy—you have spoil'd my wig!"

Funeral Song.

FOR THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES.

In its summer pride arrayed
Low our Tree of Hope is laid,
Low it lies; in evil hour,
Visiting the bridal bower,
Death hath levell'd root and flower.
Windsor, in thy sacred shade,
(Thus the end of pomp and power!)
Have the rites of death been paid:
Windsor, in thy sacred shade
Is the Flower of Brunswick laid!

Ye whose relics rest around,
Tenants of the funeral ground!
Know ye, Spirits, who is come,
By immitigable doom
Summoned to the untimely tomb?
Late with youth and splendour crown'd,
Late in beauty's vernal bloom,
Late with love and joyaunce blest;
Never more lamented guest
Was in Windsor laid to rest.

Henry, thou of saintly worth,
Thou, to whom thy Windsor gave

Nativity, and name, and grave;
Thou art in this hallowed earth
Cradled for the immortal birth.
Heavily upon his head
Ancestral crimes were visited.
He, in spirit like a child,
Meek of heart and undefiled,
Patiently his crown resign'd,
And fix'd on heaven his heavenly mind,
Blessing, while he kiss'd the rod,
His Redeemer and his God.
Now may he in realms of bliss
Greet a soul as pure as his.

Passive as that humble spirit,
Lies his bold dethroner too;
A dreadful debt did he inherit
To his injured lineage due:
Ill starred Prince, whose martial merit
His own England long might rue!
Mournful was that Edward's fame,
Won in fields contested well,
While he sought his rightful claim:
Witness Aire's unhappy water,
Where the ruthless Clifford fell;
And when Wharfe ran red with slaughter,
On the day of Towcester's field;
Gathering, in its guilty flood,
The carnage and the ill-spilt blood,
That forty thousand lives could yield.
Cressy was to this but sport,
Poictiers but a pageant vain,
And the victory of Spain
Seem'd a strife for pastime meant,
And the work of Agincourt
Only like a tournament:
Half the blood which there was spent,
Had sufficed again to gain
Anjou and ill-yielded Maine:
Normandy and Aquitaine,
And our Lady's ancient towers,
Maugre all the Valois' powers,
Had a second time been ours.
The gentle daughter of thy line,
Edward, lays her dust with thine.

Thou, Elizabeth, art here:
Thou to whom all griefs were known:
Who wert placed upon the bier
In happier hour than on the throne.
Fatal Daughter, fatal Mother,
Raised to that ill-omen'd station,
Father, uncle, sons, and brother,
Mourn'd in blood her elevation;
Woodville, in the realms of bliss,
To thine offspring thou mayst say,
Early death is happiness;
And favour'd in their lot are they
Who are not left to learn below,
That length of life is length of woe.
Lightly let this ground be prest;
A broken heart is here at rest.

But thou, Seymour, with a greeting,
Such as sisters use at meeting;
Joy, and Sympathy, and Love,
Wilt hail her in the seats above.
Like in loveliness were ye,
By a like lamented doom,
Hurried to an early tomb;
While together spirits blest,
Here your earthly relics rest.
Fellow angels shall ye be
In the angelic company.

Henry, too, hath here his part;
At the gentle Seymour's side,
With his best beloved bride,
Cold and quiet, here are laid
The ashes of that fiery heart.
Not with his tyrannic spirit,
Shall our Charlotte's soul inherit;
No, by Fisher's hoary head,
By More, the learned and the good,
By Katharine's wrongs and Boleyn's blood,
By the life so basely shed
Of the pride of Norfolk's line,
By the axe so often red,
By the fire with martyrs fed,
Hateful Henry, not with thee,
May her happy spirit be\

And here lies one whose tragic name
A reverential thought may claim;
The murdered monarch, whom the grave,
Revealing its long secret, gave
Again to sight, that we may spy
This comely face, and waking eye;
There, thrice fifty years it lay,
Exempt from natural decay,
Unclosed and bright, as if to say,
A plague, of bloodier, baser birth
Than that beneath whose rage he bled,
Was loose upon our guilty earth;
Such awful warning from the dead
Was given by that portentous eye;
Then it closed eternally.

Ye, whose relics rest around,
Tenants of this funeral ground;
Even in your immortal spheres,
What fresh yearning will ye feel,
When this earthly guest appears!
Us she leaves in grief and tears;
But to you will she reveal
Tidings of old England's weal;
Of a righteous war pursued,
Long, through evil and through good,
With unshaken fortitude;
Of peace, in battle here achieved;
Of her fiercest foe subdued,
And Europe from the yoke relieved,
Upon that Brabantine plain:
Such the proud, the virtuous story,
Such the great, the endless glory
Of her father's splendid reign.
He, who wore the sable mail,
Might, at this heroic tale,
Wish himself on earth again.

One who reverently, for thee,
Raised the strain of bridal verse,
Flower of Brunswick! mournfully
Lays a garland on thy herse.

NOTES TO JOAN OF ARC.

NOTE 1, PAGE 1.

"Lewes Duke of Orleance murthered in Paris, by Jhon Duke of Burgoyne, was owner of the Castle Concy, on the frontiers of Fraunce toward Arthoys, whereof he made Constable the Lord of Cawny, a man not so wise as his wife was faire, and yet she was not so faire, but she was as well beloved of the Duke of Orleance, as of her husband. Betwene the duke and her husband (I cannot tell who was father) she conceived a child, and brought furthe a prety boye called Jhon, whiche child beyng of the age of one yere the duke deseased, and not long after the mother and the Lord of Cawny ended their lives. The next of kynne to the Lord Cawny chalenged the inheritaunce, which was worth foure thousande crounes a yere, alledgyng that the boye was a bastard: and the kynred of the mother's side, for to save her honesty, it plainly denied. In conclusion, this matter was in contencion before the presidentes of the Parliament of Paris, and there hang in controversie till the child came to the age of eight years old. At whiche tyme it was demanded of hym openly whose sonne he was; his frendes of his mother's side advertised hym to require a day, to be advised of so great an answer, whiche he asked, and to hym it was granted. In the mean season, his said frendes persuaded him to claime his inheritance as sonne to the Lorde of Cawny, whiche was an honorable livyng, and an auncient patrimony, affirming that if he said contrary, he not only slaundered his mother, shamed hymself, and stained his bloud, but also should have no livyng, nor anything to take to. The scholemaster thinkyng that his disciple had wel learned his lesson, and would reherse it according to his instruccion, brought hym before the judges at the daie assigned, and when the question was repeted to hym again, he boldly answered 'my harte geveth me, and my tonge telleth me that I am the sonne of the noble Duke of Orleaunce, more glad to be his bastarde with a meane livyng, than the lawful sonne of that coward cuckolde Cawny, with his four thousand crownes.' The judges much merveiled at his bolde answere, and his mother's cosyns detested hym for shamyng of his mother, and his father's supposed kinne rejoysed in gaining the patrimony and possessions. Charles Duke of Orleaunce heryng of his judgment, took

hym into his family, and gave hym greate offices and fees, whiche he well deserved, for (during his captivitie) he defended his landes, expulsed the Englishmen, and in conclusion procured his deliverance."—*Hall, Chron.*

Perhaps Shakspeare recollected this anecdote of Dunois when he drew the character of the Bastard Falconbridge.

NOTE 2, PAGE 2.

This agrees with the account of her age given by Holinshed, who calls her "a young wench of an eighteene years old, of favour was she counted likesome, of person stronglie made and manlie, of courage great, hardie, and stout withall; an understander of counsels though she were not at them, greet semblance of chastitie both in body and behaviour, the name of Jesus in hir mouth about all her business, humble, obedient, and fasting divers daies in the weeke."—*Holinshed*, 600.

De Serres speaks thus of her, "A young maiden named Joan of Arc, borne in a village upon the Marches of Barre, called Domremy, neere to Vaucouleurs, of the age of eighteene or twenty years, issued from bare parents, her father was named James of Arc, and her mother Isabel, poore countrie folkes, who had brought her up to keep their cattel. She said with great boldnesse that she had a revelation how to succour the king, how he might be able to chase the English from Orleaunce, and after that to cause the king to be crowned at Rheims, and to put him fully and wholly in possession of his realme.

"After she had delivered this to her father and mother, and their neighbours, she presumed to go to the Lord of Baudricourt, Provost of Vaucouleurs; she boldly delivered unto him, after an extraordinary manner, all these great mysteries, as much wished for of all men as not hoped for: especially comming from the mouth of a poore country maide, whom they might with more reason beleeve to be possessed of some melancholy humour than divinely inspired; being the instrument of so many excellent remedies, in so desperat a season, after the vaine striving of so great and famous personages. At the first he mocked her and reproved her, but having heard her with more patience, and judging by her temperate discourse and modest countenance that she spoke not idely, in the end he resolves to present her to the king for his discharge. So she arrives at Chinon the sixt day of May, attired like a man.

"She had a modest countenance, sweet, civill, and resolute; her discourse was temperate, reasonable, and retired, her actions cold, shewing great chastity. Having spoken to the king or noblemen with whom she was to negociate, she presently retired to her lodging with an old woman that guided her, without vanity, affectation, babling, or courtly lightnesse. These are the manners which the original attributes to her."

NOTE 3, PAGE 11.

I translate the following anecdote of the Black Prince from Froissart:—The Prince of Wales was about a month, and not longer, before the city of Limoges, and he did not assault it, but always continued mining. When the miners of the Prince had finished their work they said to him, "Sir, we will throw down a great part of the wall into the moat whenever it shall please you, so that you may enter into the city at your ease, without danger." These words greatly pleased the prince who said to

them, "I chuse that your work should be manifested to-morrow at the hour of daybreak." Then the miners set fire to their mines the next morning as the prince had commanded, and overthrew a great pane of the wall, which filled the moat where it had fallen. The English saw all this very willingly, and they were there all armed and ready to enter into the town; those who were on foot could enter at their ease, and they entered and ran to the gate and beat it to the earth and all the barriers also; for there was no defence, and all this was done so suddenly that the people of the town were not upon their guard. And then you might have seen the Prince, the Duke of Lancaster, the Count of Canterbury, the Count of Pembroke, Messire Guischart Dangle and all the other chiefs and their people who entered in, and ruffians on foot who were prepared to do mischief, and to run through the town, and to kill men and women and children, and so they had been commanded to do. There was a very pitiful sight, for men and women and children cast themselves on their knees before the prince and cried "mercy!" but he was so enflamed with so great rage that he heard them not, neither man nor woman was heard, but they were all put to the sword wherever they were found, and these people had not been guilty. I know not how they could have no pity upon poor people, who had never been powerful enough to do any treason. There was no heart so hard in the city of Lymoges which had the remembrance of God, that did not lament the great mischief that was there; for more than three thousand men and women and children had their throats cut that day, God has their souls, for indeed they were martyred. In entering the town a party of the English went to the palace of the bishop and found him there and took him and led him before the prince, who looked at him with a murderous look (*felonneusement*), and the best word what he could say to him was that his head should be cut off, and then he made him be taken from his presence.—*I.* 235.

The crime which the people of Limoges had committed was that of surrendering when they had been besieged by the Duke of Berry and in consequence *turning French*. And this crime was thus punished at a period when no versatility of conduct was thought dishonourable. The phrases tourner Anglois—tourner Francois—retourner Anglois, occur repeatedly in Froissart. I should add that of all the heroes of this period the Black Prince was the most generous and the most humane.

NOTE 4, PAGE 11.

Holinshed says, speaking of the siege of Roanne, "If I should rehearse how deerelie dogs, rats, mise, and cats were sold within the towne, and how greedilie they were by the poore people eaten and devoured, and how the people dailie died for fault of food, *and young infants laie sucking in the streets on their mothers' breasts, being dead starved for hunger*, the reader might lament their extreme miseries.—p. 566.

NOTE 5, PAGE 13.

In the Journal of Paris in the reigns of Charles VI. and VII., it is asserted that the Maid of Orleans, in answer to an interrogatory of the Doctors, whether she had ever assisted at the assemblies held at the Fountain of the Fairies near Domprein, round which the evil spirits

dance, confessed that she had often repaired to a beautiful fountain in the country of Lorraine, which she named the good Fountain of the Fairies of our Lord.

NOTE 6, PAGE 13.

Being asked whether she had ever seen any fairies, she answered no; but that one of her godmothers pretended to have seen some at the Fairy tree, near the village of Dompre.—*Rapin.*

NOTE 7, PAGE 17.

According to Holinshed the English army consisted of only 15,000 men, harassed with a tedious march of a month, in very bad weather, through an enemy's country, and for the most part sick of a flux. He states the number of the French at 60,000, of whom 10,000 were slain and 1500 of the higher order taken prisoners. Some historians make the disproportion in numbers still greater. Goodwin says, that among the slain there were one archbishop, three dukes, six earls, ninety barons, fifteen hundred knights, and seven thousand esquires or gentlemen.

NOTE 8, PAGE 17.

This was the usual method of marshalling the bowmen. At Crecy, "the archers stood in manner of an herse, about two hundred in front and but forty in depth, which is undoubtedly the best way of embattelling archers, especially when the enemy is very numerous, as at this time: for by the breadth of the front the extension of the enemy's front is matched; and by reason of the thinness in flank, the arrows do more certain execution, being more likely to reach home."—*Barnes.*

The victory at Poictiers is chiefly attributed to the herse of archers. After mentioning the conduct and courage of the English leaders in that battle, Barnes says "but all this courage had been thrown away to no purpose, had it not been seconded by the extraordinary gallantry of the English archers, who behaved themselves that day with wonderful constancy, alacrity, and resolution. So that by their means in a manner all the French battails received their first foil, being by the barbed arrows so galled and terrified, that they were easily opened to the men of arms."

"Without all question, the guns which are used now-a-days, are neither so terrible in battle, nor do such execution, nor work such confusion as arrows can do: for bullets being not seen only hurt where they hit, but arrows enrage the horse, and break the array, and terrify all that behold them in the bodies of their neighbours. Not to say that every archer can shoot thrice to a gunner's once, and that whole squadrons of bows may let fly at one time, when only one or two files of musqueteers can discharge at once. Also, that whereas guns are useless when your pikes join, because they only do execution point blank, the arrows which will kill at random, may do good service even behind your men of arms. And it is notorious, that at the famous battle of Lepanto, the Turkish bows did more mischief than the Christian artillery. Besides it is not the least observable, that whereas the weakest may use guns as well as the strongest, in those days your lusty and tall yeomen were chosen for the bow, whose hose being fastened with one point, and their jackets long and easy to shoot in, they had their limbs at full liberty, so that they might easily draw bows of great strength and shoot arrows of a yard long beside the head."—Joshua Barnes.

NOTE 9, PAGE 17.

A company of fugitives, headed by Robert de Bournonville, who had retired by times out of the battle, knowing the English camp was but weakly guarded, pillaged it during the engagement; in consequence of this alarm, Henry ordered the prisoners to be slain except the most eminent.

NOTE 10, PAGE 17.

Henry of Monmouth deserves every commendation for his calm and active courage in the fight of Azincour; but after the engagement we no longer discover the rival of the Edwards. The Black Prince may be suspected of ostentation when he waited upon his captive John; but the uncharitable suspicion will cease when we reflect that he must have treated him either as a prisoner or as a guest, and that he conformed to the custom of the age in waiting upon a superior. But of the conduct of Henry to those prisoners who had escaped the massacre at Azincour, only one opinion can be formed. The night after the battle "when the king sate at his refection in the aforesaid village, he was served at his boord of those great lords and princes that were taken in the field." —*Edmond Howes.*

NOTE 11, PAGE 18.

Perhaps one consequence of the victory at Azincour is not generally known. Immediately on his return Henry sent his legates to the council of Constance: "at this councell, by the assent of all nations there present, it was authorised and ordained, that England should obtaine the name of a nation, and should be said one of the five nations that owe their devotion to the Church of Rome, which thing untill that time men of other nations, for envy, had delayed and letted."—*Edmond Howes. Elmham.*

NOTE 12, PAGE 18.

Henry judged, that by fomenting the troubles of France, he should procure more certain and lasting advantages, than by means of his arms. The truth is, by pushing the French vigorously, he ran the risk of uniting them all against him; in which case, his advantages, probably, would have been inconsiderable, but by granting them some respite, he gave them opportunity to destroy one another; therefore, contrary to every one's expectation, he laid aside his military affairs for near eighteen months, and betook himself entirely to negotiation, which afforded him the prospect of less doubtful advantages.—*Rapin.*

NOTE 13, PAGE 19.

"Yet although the armie was strong without, there lacked not within both hardie capteins and manfull soldiers, and as for people, they had more than inough: for as it is written by some that had good cause to know the truth, and no occasion to erre from the same, there were in the citie at the time of the siege 210,000 persons. Dailie were issues made out of the citie at diverse gates, sometime to the losse of the one partie and sometimes of the other, as chances of warre in such adventures happen."—*Holinshed*, 566.

NOTE 14, PAGE 18.

"The Frenchmen indeed preferring fame before worldlie riches, and despising pleasure (the enemy to warlike prowesse) sware ech to other never to render or deliver the citie, while they might either hold sword in hand or speare in rest."—*Holinshed*, 566.

NOTE 15, PAGE 19.

"The king of England, advertised of their hautie courages, determined to conquer them by famine which would not be tamed by weapon. Wherefore he stopped all the passages, both by water and land, that no vittels could be conveied to the citie. He cast trenches round about the walls, and set them full of stakes, and defended them with archers, so that there was left neither waie for them within to issue out, nor for anie that were abroad to enter without his license. The king's cousine germane and alie (the king of Portugale) sent a great navie of well-appointed ships unto the mouth of the river of Seine, to stop that no French vessel should enter the river and passe up the same, to the aid of them within Rouen.

"Thus was the faire citie of Rouen compassed about with enemies, both by water and land, having neither comfort nor aid of king, dolphin, or duke."—*Holinshed.*

NOTE 16, PAGE 20.

"With the English sixteen hundred Irish Kernes were enrolled from the Prior of Kilmainham; able men, but almost naked; their arms were targets, darts, and swords, their horses little and bare no saddle, yet nevertheless nimble, on which upon every advantage they plaied with the French, in spoiling the country, rifeling the houses, and carrying away children with their baggage upon their cowes backs."

NOTE 17, PAGE 20.

"Some writing of this yeelding up of Harflue, doo in like sort make mention of the distresse whereto the people, then expelled out of their habitations were driven: insomuch as parents with their children, yong maids and old folke went out of the towne gates with heavie harts (God wot), as put to their present shifts to seek them a new abode."—*Holinshed*, 550.

This act of despotic barbarity was perpetrated by Henry that he might people the town with English inhabitants. There is a way of telling truth so as to convey falsehood. After the capture of Harfleur Edmond Howes says, "all the soldiers and inhabitants, both of the towne and towers, *were suffered to goe freely, unharmed whither they would*," 348. Henry's conduct was the same at Caen: he "commanded all women and children to bee avoyded out of the towne, and so the towne was inhabited of new possessors."—*Howes.*

NOTE 18, PAGE 20.

Before Henry took possession of Harfleur he went barefooted to the church to give God thanks.—*De Serres.*

NOTE 19, PAGE 20.

Henry, not satisfied with the reduction of Caen, put several of the inhabitants to death, who had signalized their valour in the defence of their liberty.—*H. Clarendon.*

NOTE 20, PAGE 21.

"A great number of poore sillie creatures were put out of the gates, which were by the Englishmen that kept the trenches, beaten and driven back againe to the same gates, which they found closed and shut against them, and so they laie betweene the wals of the citie and the trenches of the enemies, still crieing for help and releefe, for lack whereof great numbers of them dailie died."

NOTE 21, PAGE 22.

Roanne was betrayed by its Burgundian Governor Bouthellier. During this siege fifty thousand men perished through fatigue, want, and the use of unwholesome provisions.

NOTE 22, PAGE 25.

A dreadful slaughter of the Armagnacs had taken place when Lisle Adam entered Paris at midnight, May 18, 1418. This, however, was only a prelude to a much greater commotion in the same city some days after. Upon news of what had passed, the exiles being returned to Paris from all quarters, the massacre was renewed June the 12th. The constable Armagnac was taken out of prison, murdered, and shamefully dragged through the streets. The chancellor, several bishops, and other persons, to the number of two thousand, underwent the same barbarous treatment. Women and children died smothered in dungeons. Many of the nobles were forced to leap from high towers upon the points of spears. The massacre being ended, the queen and the Duke of Burgundy entered Paris in triumph.—*Mezeray.—Rapin.*

NOTE 23, PAGE 26.

"Here in this first race you shall see our kings but once a year, the first day of May, in their chariots deckt with flowres and greene, and drawn by four oxen. Whoso hath occasion to treat with them let him seeke them in their chambers, amidst their delights. Let him talke of any matters of state, he shall be sent to the Maire."—*De Serres.*

Fuller calls this race "a chain of idle kings well linked together, who gave themselves over to pleasure privately, never coming abroad, but onely on May-day they shewed themselves to the people, riding in a chariot, adorned with flowers, and drawn with oxen, *slow cattel, but good enough for so lazy luggage.*"—*Holy Warre.*

NOTE 24, PAGE 28.

Long hair was peculiar to the kings in the first ages of the French monarchy. When Fredegonda had murthered Clovis and thrown him into the river, the fishermen who found his body, knew it by the long hair.—*Mezeray.*

NOTE 25, PAGE 46.

"In sooth the estate of France was then most miserable. There appeared nothing but a horrible face, confusion, poverty, desolation, solitarinesse, and feare. The lean and bare labourers in the country did terrifie even theeves themselves, who had nothing left them to spoile but the carkasses of these poore miserable creatures, wandering up and down like ghostes drawne out of their graves. The least farmes and hamlets

were fortified by these robbers, English, Bourguegnons, and French, every one striving to do his worst: All men of war were well agreed *to* spoile the countryman and merchant. *Even the cattell, accustomed to the larume bell, the signe of the enemy's approach, would run home of themselves without any guide by this accustomed misery.* This is the perfect description of those times, taken out of the lamentations of our ancestors, set down in the original, says De Serres. But amidst this horrible calamity, God did comfort both the king and realme, *for* about the end of the yeere, *he gave Charles a goodly sonne by Queen Mary his wife.*"

NOTE 26, PAGE 51.

The forest of Orleans contains even now fourteen thousand acres of various kinds of wood,

NOTE 27, PAGE 53.

"To succeed in the siege of Orleans, the English first secured the neighbouring places, which might otherwise have annoyed the besiegers. The months of August and September were spent in this work. During that space they took Melun, Baugenci, Gergeau, Clery, Sully, Jenville, and some other small towns, and at last appeared before Orleans on the 12th of October."—*Rapin.*

NOTE 28, PAGE 55.

"At the creation of a knight of Rhodes a sword with a cross for the hilt was delivered to him in token that his valour must defend religion. No bastard could be a knight hospitaller, from whose order that of Rhodes was formed, except a bastard to a prince, there being honour in that dishonour, as there is light in the very spots of the moon."—*Fuller's History of the Holy Warre.*

NOTE 29, PAGE 55.

"In the late warres in France between King Henry the Fifth of England and Charles the Seventh of France, the French armie being in distresse, one Captain La Hire, a Frenchman, was sent to declare unto the said French king, the estate and affaires of the warre, and how for want of victuals, money, and other necessaries, the French had lost divers townes and battailes to the English. The French king being disposed to use his captaine familiarly, showed him such thinges as himself was delighted in, as his buildings, his banquets, faire ladies, &c., and then asked the captaine how hee liked them: 'Trust me, sir,' quoth the captaine, speaking his mind freely, 'I did never know any prince more delighted himself with his losses, than you doe with yours.'" —*Howes.*

NOTE 30, PAGE 55.

"They pulled down all the most considerable buildings in the suburbs, and among the rest twelve churches and several monasteries; that the English might not make use of them in carrying on the siege."—*Rapin. Monstrellet.*

NOTE 31, PAGE 60.

"The bulwark of the Tournelles being much shaken by the besiegers' cannon, and the besieged thinking it proper to set it on fire, the English

extinguished the flames, and lodged themselves in that post. At the same time they became masters of the tower on the bridge, from whence the whole city could be viewed."—*Rapin.*

NOTE 32, PAGE 64.

Fuller calls this "resolving rather to lose their lives by wholesale on the point of the sword, than to retail them out by famine."

NOTE 33, PAGE 65.

"It was the belief of the Mexicans, that at the conclusion of one of their centuries the sun and earth would be destroyed. On the last night of every century they extinguished all their fires covered the faces of the women and children, and expected the end of the world. The kindling of the sacred fire on the mountain of Huixachtla was believed an omen of their safety."

NOTE 34, PAGE 74.

The circumstance of the maid's entering Orleans at midnight in a storm of thunder and lightning is historically true.

"The Englishmen perceiving that thei within could not long continue for faute of vitaile and pouder, kepte not their watche so diligently as thei were accustomed, nor scoured not the countrey environed as thei before had ordained. Whiche negligence the citezens shut in perceiving, sent worde thereof to the French capitaines, which with Pucelle in the dedde tyme of the nighte, and in a greate rayne and thundre, with all their vitaile and artilery entered into the citie."—*Hall.*

NOTE 35, PAGE 96.

The tortoise was a machine composed of very strong and solid timber work. The height of it to its highest beam, which sustained the roof, was twelve feet. The base was square, and each of its fronts twenty-five feet. It was covered with a kind of quilted mattress made of raw hides, and prepared with different drugs to prevent its being set on fire by combustibles. This heavy machine was supported upon four wheels, or perhaps upon eight. It was called tortoise from its serving as a very strong covering and defence against the enormous weights thrown down on it; those under it being safe in the same manner as a tortoise under his shell. It was used both to fill up the fosse, and for sapping. It may not be improper to add, that it is believed, so enormous a weight could not be moved from place to place on wheels, and that it was pushed forward on rollers. Under these wheels or rollers, the way was laid with strong planks to facilitate its motion, and prevent its sinking into the ground, from whence it would have been very difficult to have removed it. The ancients have observed that the roof had a thicker covering, of hides, hurdles, sea-weed, &c., than the sides, as it was exposed to much greater shocks from the weights thrown upon it by the besieged. It had a door in front, which was drawn up by a chain as far as was necessary, and covered the soldiers at work in filling up the fosse with fascines.—*Rollin.*

This is the tortoise of the ancients, but that of the middle ages differed from it in nothing material.

H H

NOTE 36, PAGE 96.

"The besiegers having carried the bayle, brought up their machines and established themselves in the counterscarp, began under cover of their cats, sows, or tortoises, to drain the ditch, if a wet one, and also to fill it up with hurdles and fascines, and level it for the passage of their moveable towers. Whilst this was doing, the archers, attended by young men carrying shields (pavoises), attempted with their arrows to drive the besieged from the towers and ramparts, being themselves covered by these portable mantelets. The garrison on their part essayed by the discharge of machines, cross and long bows, to keep the enemy at a distance."—*Grose.*

NOTE 37, PAGE 98.

"The following extract from the History of Edward III. by Joshua Barnes will convey a full idea of these moving towers. "Now the Earl of Darby had layn before Reule more than nine weeks, in which time he had made two vast belfroys or bastilles of massy timber, with three stages or floors; each of the belfroys running on four huge wheels, bound about with thick hoops of iron; and the sides and other parts that any ways respected the town were covered with raw hides, thick laid, to defend the engines from fire and shot. In every one of these stages were placed an hundred archers, and between the two bastilles there were two hundred men with pickaxes and mattocks. From these six stages six hundred archers shot so fiercely all together, that no man could appear at his defence without a sufficient punishment: so that the belfreys being brought upon wheels by the strength of men over a part of the ditch, which was purposely made plain and level by the faggots and earth and stones cast upon them, the two hundred pioneers plyed their work so well under the protection of these engines, that they made a considerable breach through the walls of the town. The archers and cross-bowmen from the upper stories in the moveable towers essayed to drive away the garrison from the parapets, and on a proper opportunity to let fall a bridge, by that means to enter the town. In the bottom story was often a large ram."—*Grose.*

NOTE 38, PAGE 99.

Against the moveable tower there were many modes of defence. The chief was to break up the ground over which it was to pass, or by undermining it to overthrow it. Attempts were likewise made to set it on fire, to prevent which it was covered with raw hides, or coated over with alum.—*Grose.*

NOTE 39, PAGE 107.

The Oriflamme was a standard erected to denote that no quarter would be given. It is said to have been of red silk, adorned and beaten with very broad and fair lilies of gold, and bordered about with gold and vermilion. The Oriflamme was originally used only in wars against the infidels, for it was a sacred banner, and believed to have been sent from heaven.

NOTE 40, PAGE 107.

At this woman's voice amidst the sound of war, the combat grows very hot. Our men, greatly encouraged by the virgin, run headlong to the bastion, and force a point thereof; then fire and flames rise

violently, as the English being amazed, forsake their defences: some are slain upon the place, some throw themselves down headlong, and fly to the tower upon the bridge. In the end this brave Glacidas abandons this quarter, and retires into the base court upon the bridge, and after him a great number of his soldiers. The bridge, greatly shaken with artillery, tried by fire, and overcharged with the weight of this multitude, sinks into the water with a fearful cry, carrying all this multitude with it.—*De Serres.*

NOTE 41, PAGE 109.

The Parliament, when Henry V. demanded supply, entreated him to seize all the ecclesiastical revenues, and convert them to the use of the crown. The clergy were alarmed, and Chichely, Archbishop of Canterbury, endeavoured to divert the blow, by giving occupation to the king, and by persuading him to undertake a war against France.—*Hume.*

NOTE 42, PAGE 109.

While Henry V. lay at the siege of Dreux, an honest hermit unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought upon Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and sudden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for within some few months after, he was smitten in the fundament with a strange and incurable disease.—*Mezeray.*

NOTE 43, PAGE 114.

The shield was often worn thus. "Among the Frenchmen there was a young lusty esquire of Gascoigne, named William Marchant, who came out among the foremost into the field, well mounted, his shield about his neck, and his spear in his hand."—*Barnes.*

NOTE 44, PAGE 116.

The armet, or chapelle de fer, was an iron hat, occasionally put on by knights when they retired from the heat of the battle to take breath, and at times when they could not with propriety go unarmed.

NOTE 45, PAGE 124.

Religious ceremonies seem to have preceded all settled engagements at this period. On the night before the battle of Crecy "King Edward made a supper in his royal pavilion for all his chief barons, lords, and captains: at which he appeared wonderful cheerful and pleasant, to the great encouragement of his people. But when they were all dismissed to their several quarters, the king himself retired into his private oratory, and came before the altar, and there prostrated himself to Almighty God and devoutly prayed, 'that of his infinite goodness he would vouchsafe to look down on the justice of his cause, and remember his unfeigned endeavours for a reconcilement, although they had all been rendered

frustrate by his enemies: that if he should be brought to a battle the next day, it would please him of his great mercy to grant him the victory, as his trust was only in him, and in the right which he had given him.' Being thus armed with faith, about midnight he laid himself upon a pallet or mattress to take a little repose; but he rose again betimes and heard mass, with his son the young prince, and received absolution, and the body and blood of his Redeemer, as did the prince also, and most of the lords and others who were so disposed."—*Barnes.*

NOTE 46, PAGE 125.

The conduct of the English on the morning of the battle of Crecy is followed in the text. "All things being thus ordered, every lord and captain under his own banner and pennon, and the ranks duly settled, the valorous young king mounted on a lusty white hobby, and with a white wand in his hand, rode between his two marshalls from rank to rank, and from one battalia unto another, exhorting and encouraging every man that day to defend and maintain his right and honour: and this he did with so chearful a countenance, and with such sweet and obliging words, that even the most faint-hearted of the army were sufficiently assured thereby. By that time the English were thus prepared, it was nine o'clock in the morning, and then the king commanded them all to take their refreshment of meat and drink, which being done, with small disturbance they all repaired to their colours again, and then laid themselves in their order upon the dry and warm grass, with their bows and helmets by their side, to be more fresh and vigorous upon the approach of the enemy."—*Joshua Barnes.*

NOTE 47, PAGE 126.

The pennon was long, ending in two points, the banner square.

NOTE 48, PAGE 131.

This inscription was upon the sword of Talbot—"Sum Talboti pro vincere inimicos suos." A sword with bad Latin upon it, but good steel within it, says Fuller.

NOTE 49, PAGE 131.

In the original letters published by Mr. Fenn, Fastolffe appears in a very unfavourable light. Henry Windsor writes thus of him: "Hit is not unknown that cruelle and vengible he hath byn ever, and for the most part with aute pite and mercy. I can no more, but *vade et corripe eum*, for truly he cannot bryng about his matiers in this word (*world*), for the word is not for him. I suppose it wolnot chaunge yett be likelenes, but i beseeche you sir help not to amend hym onely, but every other man yf ye kno any mo mysse disposed."

The order of the garter was taken from Fastolffe for his conduct at Patay. He suffered a more material loss in the money he expended in the service of the state. In 1455, 4083*l.* 15*s.* 7*d.* were due to him for costs and charges during his services in France, "whereof the sayd Fastolff hath had nouther payement nor assignation." So he complains.

NOTE 50, PAGE 134.

This fact is mentioned in Andrews' History of England. I have merely versified the original expressions. The herald of Talbot sought out his body among the slain. "Alas, my lord! and is it you! I pray God pardon you all your misdoings. I have been your officer of arms forty years and more: it is time that I should surrender to you the ensigns of my office." Thus saying, with the tears gushing from his eyes, he threw his coat of arms over the corpse, thus performing one of the ancient rites of sepulture."

NOTE 51, PAGE 135.

"The Frenchmen wonderfully reverence this oyle; and at the coronation of their kings, fetch it from the church where it is kept, with great solemnity. For it is brought (saith Sleiden in his Commentaries) by the prior sitting on a white ambling palfrey, and attended by his monkes; the archbishop of the town (Rheims) and such bishops as are present, going to the church door to meet it, and leaving for it with the prior some gage, and the king, when it is by the archbishop brought to the altar, bowing himself before it with great reverence."—*Peter Heylyn.*

THE END.

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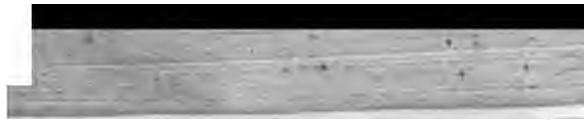

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